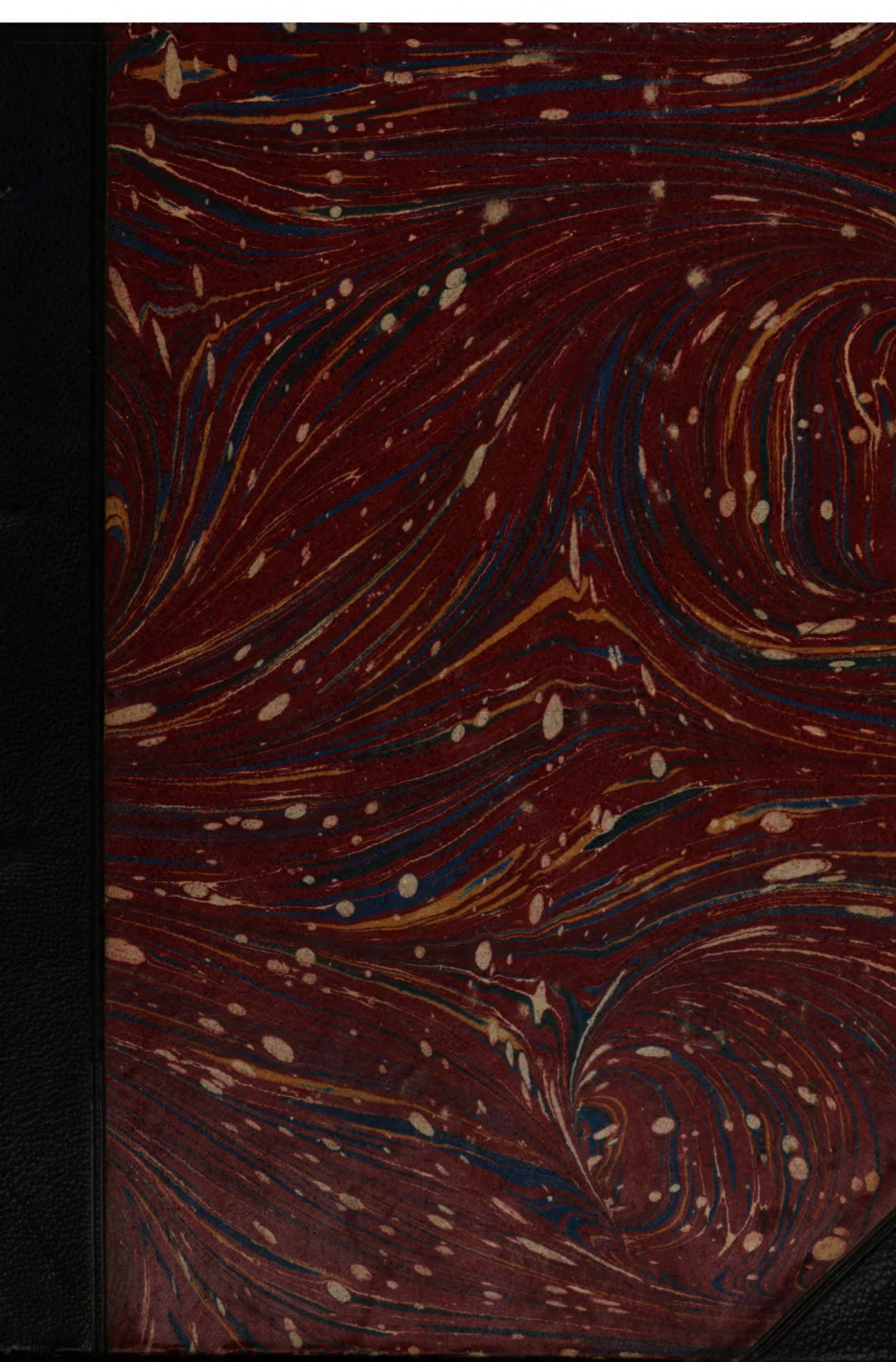

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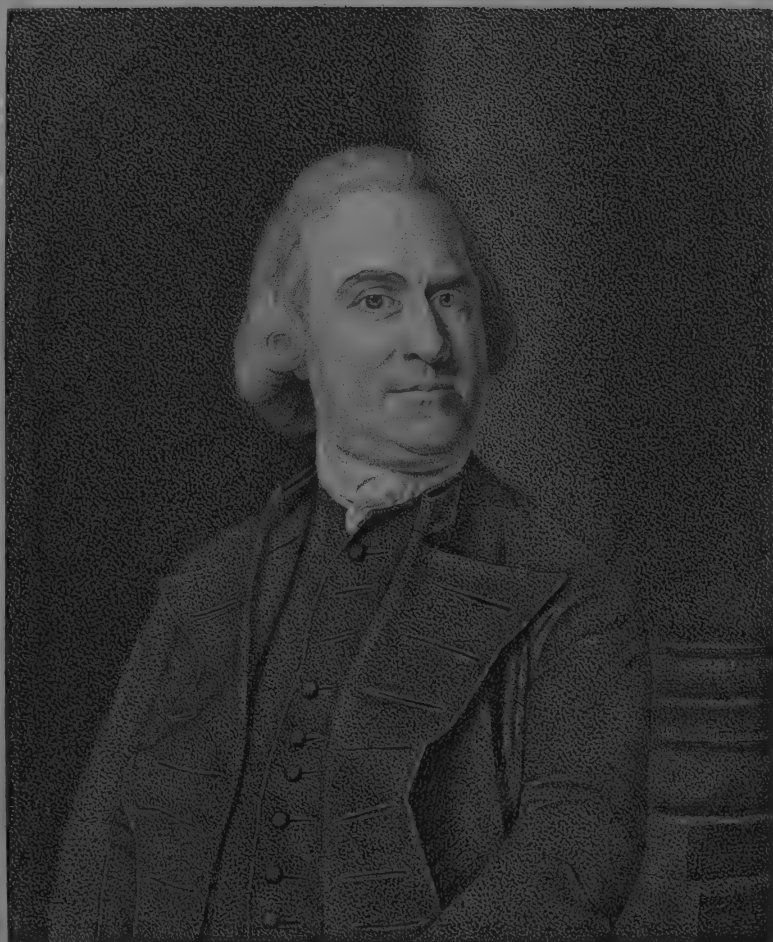




Hopeless add: 19.

THE
PORT FOLIO.

VOL. II.



PAINTED BY COPLEY

ENGRAVED BY C. GOODMAN & A. BIGGOTT

SAMUEL ADAMS

THE
PORT FOLIO.

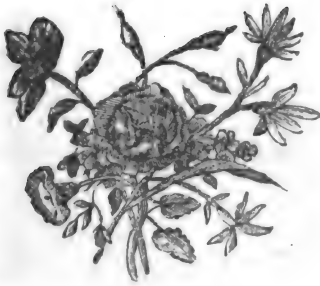
NEW SERIES.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VOL. II.

Various ;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.



PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR,

BY JOHN WATTS,

1806.

NEW PROSPECTUS OF THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ESTABLISHED LITERARY JOURNAL.

THE commencement of a new volume of the Port Folio confers on its Editor a sort of right to be heard, when speaking, in no Bobadil tone, of its pretensions to public favour. In the management of a Magazine, January and July are literary epochs, which interest both the proprietor and the reader. On our road to humble Fame we have arrived at another turnpike; and now may be permitted to count the milestones we have past, and describe the route which we shall take for the future.

During five years, the Editor, surrendering his own opinion to that of some of his associates, published his Journal in an awkward form, which, at length, appeared not less uncouth to others than to himself. It was deliberately changed in the January of this year, and the convenience, propriety and taste of the alteration have been clearly recognized, not only by the Editor and Publisher, but by all their Patrons.

In consequence of this improvement of our plan, we present, each year, two closely printed volumes, containing a vast variety of literary matter, exhibited in a style of typography sufficiently neat to entitle them at least to a place in the Lounger's library. With all the blemishes which must necessarily deform a periodical work, that cannot wait beyond its revolving Saturday for the inspiration or the contributions of genius, still among the various essays which constitute the semi-annual volume, some, perhaps, may be found, which may deceive the burthen of life, or invigorate the enthusiasm of literature. Single numbers may be dull; for what morning star of genius can be found in the galaxy, never shorn of its beams, and glittering with perpetual splendor? But, the whole series of six months' speculation may afford something for the amusement of the idler, and something for the edification of the man of business. For *Variety* is the motto of this paper, and our object is still to mingle and contrast its ingredients;

Like oil and acid, blent in social strife,

The poignant sauce to sweeten rapid life.

It is impossible for a critic, of the most captious and cavilling humour, to scrutinize a page with more keenness and rigour of examina-

tion than the Editor is accustomed to employ upon every production of his own pen. His self-complacency is seldom soothed by such analysis. No man can have a livelier sense of his literary defects, or deplore them more sincerely than he, who habitually numbers their frequency and their magnitude, and who sometimes, amid the recollection of domestic calamities, the gloom of sickness, and the frowns of fortune, still remembers, that he has a reputation to lose, as well as a fortune to acquire. Yet, though he may walk with a tottering or false step over the field of literature, he trusts, at a general review, to hear applause for the skill and strength of his adroit associates, though many a censure be uttered against the awkward leader. He has been supported by a phalanx of men of genius,

“ With learning, spirit, sense, endowed,
Whom real feeling rescues from the crowd ;
The FINISHED FEW, on whom each Muse depends
For candid judges, and for generous friends.”

Both in taking and maintaining his literary ground, he has been most ably seconded by the lawyers of the country; men who are unquestionably the best patrons which literature can hope to find in America. Quick to invent ingenious and useful papers, and powerful to disseminate them; eager to encourage, and generous to reward merit, they frequently unite, in one, the author, the publisher, and the patron. The Editor's heart would be like the *clod of the valley*, and his nerves would cease to vibrate, if he felt not the genial influence of that profession, which inscribes on her rolls the names of those, who, by the acumen of genius, the energy of eloquence, and the researches of study, have attained the summit of forensic eminence, and who “graft on the rough and knotty stock of jurisprudence” the scions of taste and polite literature.

Through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, and strong,
Profound and clear, who roll the copious flood.

But, from no solitary spring has the Editor derived such fountains of amusement and instruction as he has been able, either copiously or scantily to supply. He has had access to many sources of information, both foreign and domestic. Like the versatile apostle, he has been debtor both to the Greeks and the barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise. When *English* novelty was not at hand, he has had recourse to *Roman* antiquities, and, in the quaint language of the parable, has been often “like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.”

In fulfilling his task, the Editor has fully proved all its delicacy and difficulty, and has felt all the pleasures and pains of a Journalist. He has been obliged to appear, like a Martinet, in the field of literature, and to fight, like a partizan, in the trenches of politics. During the first year of his labours, his interest was jeopardized by the unit-

ed influence of fanatic folly and party rage. During the last year, his honour and his freedom were assailed by the savages of democracy, assuming a legal shape. But, from *the perils of false brethren*, from the poisoned cup of some, and the fiery darts of others, he has received no vital injury; and, *without parting with a principle, or a prejudice*, without *losing one jot of heart or hope*, without relinquishing his courage, or his care, he presses onward to the *radiant point* of duty, and reverently hearkens to the hallowed voice, saying, **THIS IS THE WAY; WALK YOU IN IT.**

At one moment, while most earnestly endeavouring to promote the *genuine* good of the country, the Editor was left nearly alone. He might start at the solitude of the scene, and perhaps sigh at so general a dereliction. But he did not regret the past, nor despair of the future. If his spirits suffered a momentary depression, they quickly recovered their wonted buoyancy. He remembered that it was his duty to be full of energy, fertile in resources; to be of an elastic spirit, and a stout heart, though favour were withdrawn, and fortune benignant no more.

He has been charged with cherishing a contempt for public opinion, and, above all, he has been taxed as the libeller of his country, and the calumniator of her Genius! If by public opinion be meant, the *unlearned reason* of a majority, *told by the head*, for that he has indeed a **MOST SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT**. The *common people*, in any country, in every age, are nearly the same. Their praise is often to be dreaded, and their censure is generally a proof of the merit of the object. That *miscellaneous rabble*, which BURKE emphatically calls the miserable sheep of society, have never yet compelled or allured him to run, with bareheaded debasement, the scrub-race of popularity.

For, what delight, says the independent MILTON, who was a republican, and one of the sternest of his sect,

What delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
His lot, who dares be singularly good.

But, if by public opinion be meant the clear and harmonious voice of the good and wise, the first charge against the Editor is false. To that voice he hearkens as to an oracle.

The second charge has been often preferred, but always in a very vague and undefined manner. The Editor pleads Not Guilty, with the clearest conscience and the most distinct utterance. He has, indeed, satirized, according to the measure of his talents, the absurdity of many of the institutions, and indicated the deformity of some of the literary productions, of America. He has been constant in the opinion that FOLLY was not to be spared, merely because it was folly of *our own growth*. Of that hoodwinked patriotism, which will not look at error, because it is *domestic* and a *native*, he never was, nor can be

a votary. But he has been studious, with all the powers of discrimination, to distinguish between genuine merit and mauntebank pretepsion. He has habitually volunteered as the harbinger of Genius. No literary project of any plausibility has he refused to aid. No tolerable specimen of authorship has ever been presented to him, without its receiving a full measure of honest praise. He is constantly on the watch, to descry the first beams of genius, and prompt to praise the spirit of literary adventure in all,

“ Who, Sampson like, in conscious might secure,
Burst the strong bonds that meaner minds endure,
Disdain the beaten track, the common crown,
And force an untried passage to Renown.”

Sanctioned by some of the most sagacious statesmen in America, the Editor has often expressed opinions, *hostile* to the *perverted* talents, and to the narrow, imperfect, and short-sighted systems of the country. But, does this constitute the last degree of political turpitude? Is this sufficient to expatriate a man, and give Faction a right to call him an alien and an enemy? No. He is a native American, bound to this country by the *cords of a man*, and not less jealous of her pure honour and genuine glory than the noisiest declaimer among more ostentatious patriots. With what pride could he contemplate his Columbia, if she were adorned and defended by a government of SURPASSING STRENGTH AND SPLENDOR; if for her Church there were a most liberal and magnificent provision; if she had a fleet of a hundred sail of the line to protect her coast, and an army in sufficient array to repel every invader! With what grateful emotions could he survey flourishing academies for every liberal art, and every useful science, and a national university, with all the endowments and all the *principles* of the OXFORD of the old world! Under such glorious auspices, to be saluted as an American would indeed be a noble distinction. May he hope for days, sufficiently protracted, to have these new reasons to love the country, when men, relinquishing the fantastic chase of the phantoms of fanaticism, and the meagre skeletons of spurious economy, will unite to build the temple of national renown on the eternal foundations of wisdom and experience! Let us witness an Athens without a democracy.

“ While meaner states, like meaner men, endure
To slumber life in luxury secure;
Sunk in the selfish present; check’d, suppress,
The heaven-wrought springs of glory in the breast,
That shoots the elancing soul through time’s career,
To reach renown and grasp hereafter here;
Be thine, COLUMBIA, thine the nobler aim
To live through long futurity of fame,
To gain the wreaths that grateful arts bestow,
Power’s proudest immortality below.”

Having in some preceding passages adverted, but without asperity, to the vexations and obstacles he has encountered, the Editor would

be unjust and ungrateful to others, and false to himself, if he did not state, that he is now cheered by the encouragement of a CLEAR MAJORITY OF THE GENTLEMEN AND SCHOLARS OF THE COUNTRY.

If his sole object were the acquisition of property, by the profits of publication, the *number* of munificent or punctual patrons would be insufficient to fill even his tiny coffers. But, though anxious for a competency, he confesses that Wealth is not so glittering to his eye as another splendid and dazzling Power, which often impels him

“ To scorn delights, and live laborious days.”

Even a sprig from the chaplet of Fame he would often prefer to the gold of the penurious. The approbation of the privileged few is at all times sufficient to console him for every inconvenience he may sustain from the “ *rascal* many.”

“ The blunt monster, with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
With every minute who do change their mind,
And call him Noble that was now their hate,
Him Vile that was their garland.”

Of the present plan of the Port Folio it is a duty to others and to ourselves to speak with precision, frankness and candor. The ensuing *preliminary professions* the public will please to consider as *promissory notes*, to be paid every six months, without *defalcation*.

The Lay Preacher will, in future, regularly appear once a fortnight. The alternate papers, for the sake of variety, and for the accommodation of our numerous correspondents, will be devoted to the widest range of Miscellany. In this variegated department we shall give a decided preference, and a conspicuous place, to ORIGINAL PAPERS upon topics of Classical Literature, Taste, Rhetoric, Criticism, Wit and Humour. Indeed, it is our wish to traverse the whole province of the Belles Lettres, and to address every polite reader in the language of POPE:

Together let us range this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield.

Variety, Sprightliness, and the Graces, are powers which we shall invoke, as well as Genius and Learning. The severity of a scientific speculation shall be always contrasted by the gaiety of the song, and the epigram; and the most fastidious reader, tired with the front pages of the Port Folio, shall find his fickle humour soothed by merriment and melody in the last. The Editor will omit no exertion, nor spare any just and reasonable expense, to render his paper as interesting as possible to all classes of his readers, and he now, perhaps for the first time during a long probation, has it in his power, from his own resources, and from the liberal stock of materials furnished him by the industry, genius, and friendship of others, to proceed with alertness and vigour. Without any increase of his terms of subscription, which, *it is demonstrable*, are more moderate than the price of any

other Journal of the same size and contents *published either at home or abroad*, the Editor exhibits his Port Folio upon a plan of Originality, Variety, and Spirit, such as, he has a *right to assert*, has never before been executed in America. He has long been very assiduously engaged in making the most liberal arrangements to this effect. First, with respect to the appearance and mechanical execution of the work. To ensure the beauty and uniformity of his page, he has made an extensive contract, with one manufacturer, for a copious supply of fine paper, of a very superior quality; he has employed, for this volume, an entirely new and beautiful letter, and his printer is competent to scrutinize his work, not only with a printer's, but a *scholar's* eye.

Secondly, with respect to the materials and quality of the literary department, the Editor has engaged able assistants, who associate to the enthusiasm of genius, and the liberality of learning, that spirit of industry and perseverance which, in the ruggedest road, never halts nor tires, and that "prompt Activity, which has no such day as to-morrow in its calendar." If, therefore, the blighting wind and the corrosive mildew of misfortune do not deface both hope and labour, the blooming time of genius shall not fail, and the fruitage shall be gathered.

For this care and charge of arrangement, the Editor trusts for remuneration to the *justice* of his Patrons. He has some obsolete, he has many recent, claims. In the words of the good-humoured GOLDSMITH, "it is time to vindicate them; and as others have lived upon me for some years, let me now try, if I cannot live a little upon myself. I would desire, in this instance, to imitate the fat man, I have somewhere heard of, in a shipwreck, who, when the sailors, prest by famine, were taking slices from his carcase, to satisfy their hunger, insisted, with great justice, *on having the first cut for himself*."

With respect to the influence upon public opinion of a Journal, not only supplied with contributions from a solitary Editor, or the immediate proprietors, but aided by the concentrated talents of ingenious and honest men, we give the following well-considered and scrutinized opinion, as the deliberate alchymy of ten years' experience.

A CONFEDERACY * of men of letters not exceeding in number

* On this momentous topic, which is of that general interest to the community, that the lines of Horace describe it exactly,

Æque pauperibus prodest locupletibus æque,

Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit,

we cannot omit quoting the opinion of one of the most profound observers, and beg our patrons, whether literary or political, to regard, with more than a cursory glance, the sentiments of that

Sage, whose reverend form

Was seen amid the tumult of the storm,

High waving Wisdom's sacred flag unfur'd,

In awful warning to a frantic world,

PROPHETIC BURKE.

that of the French academy, some of them men of fortune, of the fairest character, the staunchest principles, and the greatest intrepidity; all "quickened by the fervid spirit of enterprise and adventure," combined with the most unwearied activity and perseverance, would accomplish, and quickly too, all that the most sanguine disciples of the Old School would desire, either in politics or literature. In the first place, after sufficiently decrying the ordinary systems of education, they might revive classical discipline, create a passion for pure undefiled English, guide the taste and fortify the judgment of youth, multiply the editions of sterling authors, and *absolutely eradicate every bad book in the country*. By all the sharpness of Satire, aided by all the strength of Judgment, they might cut down that Bohun Upas of democracy, whose baleful power corrupts the life-blood of the nation, and plant in its place a TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, under which men might sit as under the beatific *Vine and Fig-tree* of the Gospel, and none to make them afraid. In this work, to pursue the metaphor, we are willing, with all humility, but with the most fervid zeal, to exercise the mattock and the spade. The Editor in this place will borrow the language of Burke. "I have very little to recommend me, for this or for any task, but a *kind of anxious perseverance of mind, which, with all its good and all its evil effects, is moulded into my constitution*. I faithfully engage, if my friends choose to appoint me to any part in the execution of this project (which when *such men* have made it theirs by the *improvements of their wisdom*, will be worthy of the *able assistance* they may give me) that by night and by day, in town or in country, at the desk, or in the forest, I will, without regard to con-

"Writers, especially when they act in a body and with one direction, have great influence on the public mind. He, who calls in the aid of an equal understanding, doubles his own. He, who profits of a superior understanding, raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.

Whilst men are linked together, they easily and speedily communicate the alarm of any evil design. They are enabled to fathom it with *common counsel*, and oppose it with *united strength*. Whereas, when they lie dispersed, without concert, order, or discipline, communication is uncertain, counsel difficult, and resistance impracticable. Where men are not acquainted with each other's principles, nor experienced in each other's talents, nor at all practised in their mutual habitudes and dispositions by joint efforts in business, no personal confidence, no friendship, no common interest subsisting among them, it is evidently impossible that they can act a public part with uniformity, perseverance or, efficacy. In a connexion, the most inconsiderable, man, by adding to the weight of the whole, has his value and his use; out of it the greatest talents are wholly unserviceable to the public. No man who is not inflamed by vain glory into enthusiasm, can flatter himself that his single, unsupported, desultory, unsystematic endeavours are of power to defeat the subtle designs and united cabals of ambitious citizens. When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle."

venience, ease, or pleasure, devote myself to their service, not expecting or admitting any reward whatsoever. I owe to this country my labour, *which is my all*; and I owe to it ten times more industry, if ten times more I could exert."

Having, perhaps tediously, described his *Pilgrim's Progress*, and his future plans, the Editor now looks, not with *supplicating*, but with sparkling eyes, to the patronage of America. In the language of Shakespeare's Prospero,

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails.

In this prolix harangue to the public, the Editor has sometimes spoken in a tone of boldness, but not in a spirit of arrogance. The servility of a bondman, and the simper of a parasite, are wholly unworthy of a votary of the muses. It is the duty of every Journalist to consider his course of life as a sort of warfare. A spirit of adventure and gallantry becomes him. "But his valour surely is not much to be respected, who cries out "Quarter!" *on coming into the field.*"

It has been judiciously remarked that an author should disdain to fight under false colours, or owe his security to any thing but his strength. When the Editor numbers his auxiliaries, he is sure to win
THE DAY.

To close the subject, and to change the metaphor, as the advancement of our national taste is the Editor's object, he hopes that all "who have hearts as well as heads, who are patriots as well as critics, will take part with the subject, whatever they may think of the execution." Let not the *incompetence of the pleader be allowed to prejudice the cause*. The cause is surely noble and interesting. He is arguing in favour of elegant and useful literature. He is of counsel for what embellishes and comforts life.

"As when, long shut in shades, the eye of day
Shoots from his lids of cloud a sudden ray,
Swift on the sombre scene effulgent flies
The golden gleam, and skims along the skies,
Flames up the mountains, flashes on the main,
Till one broad glory bursts upon the plain.
Thus lowering life the ORBS OF MIND illumine,
Adorn its prospects and dispel its gloom,
Chase passion's scowling tempests from the scene,
And o'er the mind's horizon shine serene."

The Editor has to add that Mr. Ezra Sargeant is the sole agent for New-York; and after next week, arrangements will be made to deliver the Port Folio to the Subscribers in that city, on the day of publication in Philadelphia. A regular list of Agents, throughout the United States, will be printed on the covers of our 28th Number.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 12, 1806.

[No. 27.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 172.

MR. SAUNTER,

IT is not from any desire of provoking a comparison between the poems of Fingal and other northern compositions of a similar nature, that I have translated the following songs. They are, I think, fully expressive of those sentiments, which must arise in the bosoms of an artless people. I have not been able to learn the name of the author; (for I presume all of them to be the work of the same poet.) From a passage in one of them, I conceive, they must have been composed in the reign of Howell Dha, Prince of North-Wales, who lived prior to William the Norman. The reader however must form his own conjectures in this particular.

The translations were accomplished in a few hours. If the poems should prove as pleasing to the reader as to the translator, his object is fully attained. The originals are certainly harmonious, picturesque, sentimental, and highly animated.

SPRING.

Lightly treading on aromatic shrubs and fragrant flowers, the offspring of his bounty, see! *Spring* approaches! Fragrance issues from his lips; and over his frame is thrown a garment, blue as the skies, which he enlivens;

whilst jocund he spreads the verdant mantle over valley, hill and grove. The birds resume their interrupted harmony. The stream disdains the tyranny of Winter, and murmurs its gratitude to the chearing season. The salmon, pride of the river, now visits the *Avons* of Cambria! Returning from the sea, he delights to sport again in our transparent waters! Prepare your implements, ye hardy sons of the waves! Ensnare the attendant Trout with art and patience! Thus shall plenty crown your labours, and earth be gladdened with the spoils of Ocean.*

The animals which own the power of man, as well as those who rejecting his authority, maintain their native liberty, acknowledge with rapture, the enlivening presence of spring. The Cock in triumph majestically struts before his admiring females, who equally confess the genial influence. The woolly tribe bleat forth its praises; the hills resound with the gratitude of the lowing Ox; and the majestic Horse with head erect and nerves distended with joy, at his approach disdains his solitary winter-mansion; neighing with impatience, he demands the hill, the vale and stream; that with recruited strength he may contribute, O man!

* Our patriotic Bard seems here to allude to the establishment of Fisheries; but it may be doubted whether his hint was attended with any degree of success, amongst a people who, in those days, considered the warrior as the most exalted of characters.

to thy health, thy pleasure and emolument.

And shall not man, O Spring! express his raptures at thy approach? Thou comest to repair his debilitated frame; to restore his exhausted spirits, to clothe his fields with beauty, and crown them with plenty; but chiefly to exalt his soul to those regions, where thou reignest and shalt reign in undiminished and everlasting glory.

SUMMER.

How pleasant are thy morning breezes, O Summer! how reviving thy pellucid streams! Thy birds salute the orient sun with all the melody of nature. Vegetation, indebted to thy bounty, blooms in all the luxuriance of approaching perfection. And see! the youth of the village salute the evening beams with unaffected sincerity. The hand of labour is suspended. The lawn is covered with blooming health and artless beauty. The strings of the harp, touched by the hand of rural harmony, excite the smile of complacency. The maiden adjusts her flowing locks. Decked in the garb of simplicity, her cheeks glowing with expectation, and her eyes anticipating the joyous scene, she yields her willing hand to the youth, who charms her fancy, and possesses her esteem. Their feet, responsive to music, are taught to move with grace and activity. Oft with averted eyes she seems to disregard the object of her love. Alarmed, or seemingly alarmed by the impassioned look, the tender whisper, or the gentle pressure, she checks the ardour of his flame: As oft, compassionating his contrition, and accepting his repentance, she smiles on him, with the tenderness of reciprocal affection, attuned by the delicacy of genuine modesty. Age sits or reclines on the bench of ease; recounts the triumphs of his youth; compares the present with the past; and whilst the sigh of recollection steals insensibly from his bosom, prefers the agility of the companions of his better days to the vivacity and activity of our modern youth.

How fervid are thy noon-tide beams, O Summer! Ah! who will place me on the heights of Snowdon, or cover

me with the greenest boughs of the vale of Slanberris!

Be hushed, ye birds, whilst, as I repose on the verdant banks of Arvon, the vast oak slowly waving his branches over my head. I yield to thy power, O Summer, and seek refreshment in the arms of balmy sleep!

AUTUMN.

Benefactor of the human race, and of all those creatures who cleave the air with rapid wing, or who, rendered subservient to man by the will of the Creator, range the lawn in peaceful subjection, and seek at night security and refreshment beneath the friendly roofs prepared by industry and art: *benefactor of the human race*, Autumn! I hail thee with resounding wires and with joyful lips. By thee the race of man is sustained! In thee we find the consummation of industry, in thee the completion of the year! and hark! the voice of labor resounds from hill to hill, from valley to valley! The scythe again is grasped by strong and willing hands! The harvest bows before the sickle!—How cooling, how grateful are thy fruits, O Autumn! the orchard glows with the ruddy apple, whose juices, prepared by art, rejoice alike the soul of the hardy swain and his imperious lord.—Drawn from the spirits of odoriferous plants and herbs and flowers, *Metheglin*! how shall I attempt to sing thy praise! On the board of the poet mayest thou ever sparkle, whilst, inspired by thee and virtue, he consigns to immortality the cheering smiles of beauty, the charms of rural retirement, the endearing happiness of domestic life, the wisdom of the patriot, and the valour of the hero!—Autumn! I greet thy return to Cambria's plains! may the rage of the invader never more destroy the hopes of her happy husbandmen; may her sons, if cruel war should again inflame their bosoms, respect in thee the exertions of industry, and the bounty of Providence!

Grasp, then, your bright sickles, ye sons of Cambria! may the sword sleep peacefully in its scabbard for ages! and as the ripened blessings of Autumn fill your graneries, sing aloud the vir-

times of the best of princes, and the glory of the God of harvest!

WINTER.

Tyrant of earth, seas, skies! destroyer of the fairest bounties of nature, why, *Winter!* should I sing the woes thou causest? but that I know thee to be an instrument in the hands of the Creator for the punishment of improvident man. But, *Winter!* I smile at thy threats and rage. Drive on with northern tempests, thy rain, thy sleet, thy snows! unfeelingly direct thy rage against the humble cottage! whirl the roof through that air which thou hast troubled! tear the strong oak from the trembling earth, and the rock from the brow of Snowdon! till with noise emulating the roar of thunder, it dash amidst the waters of *Llanllivon*. *Winter!* the poet scorns thy rage; secure he dwells beneath the roof of Howell, that strong roof which art and labour have placed on unconquerable walls.—There with ready hand he grasps the harp, to delight the soul of Howell; and whilst the offspring of his patron attentive stand around, he forms their souls to virtue, as well by the charms of music as the precepts of instruction.

Yet, *Winter*, spare the peasant, now trembling for his helpless charge, even though his improvidence may deserve thy rage. To him they look for protection! whilst he directs his eyes, his prayers, and his soul to heaven! Hard is the lot of the laborious rustic; nor can the princely disposition of Howell preserve them all from sufferings.

Yet, husbandman! spread thick the bed of straw for your faithful dependants. Be the rich produce of the meadow piled in plenty before them! The mild and laborious Ox; the Horse renowned for strength and swiftness; the Cow with distended udder, teeming with that sustenance which cheers the heart of thy offspring; and the patient sheep whose former covering now protects thee from the blasts of *Winter*. Scatter with unsparing hand before thy domestic feathered tribes, the rich blessings of Autumn; nor withhold from the churlish Hog his share of the produce of thy toil; useless in life, he will reward thee at his death!

Winter! no streams I discover! thy rage has bound them in fetters strong as adamant.—Although restorative of nature, dwell not long on our hills and plains; but, turning thy back on unregretting Cambria, seek the dreary regions of the north, and howl and rage, O *Winter*, amongst those who bear the figures of men, but are animated with the spirits of Tigers. On their bleak hills exert thy fury; or, leaving them exposed to want on their unproductive mountains, lift to the skies the foaming waves of the Ocean, and exhaust thy rage amongst the rocks of Thule!

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 13.

These thoughts are for the state.—

P. OF LITERATURE.

'THE tendency of measures, taken by a neutral state, for its own interest, which [measures] are not forbidden by the law of nations, is not a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture.'—This is what the author of the *cursor review* denominates a clear and just position; but, to be made just, it must be reversed. Common sense revolts from the doctrine, that the measures, or tendency of measures, of one state, taken for its own interest are not to be a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture, with another. Every state may complain, quarrel, or enter into warfare with another, not upon the ground that the measures of that other are abstractedly wrong, but, that they are injurious to itself. It is only upon the basis of this undeniable and obvious truth, that the United States can justly complain, quarrel, or enter into warfare with Great Britain, on the question of their neutral rights.

I have already refused to consider neutral rights as governed by any other principle than that which governs belligerent rights; and I have held, and, of necessity, must always hold, that all these rights are alike well founded, and sacred. To talk of the acts of a belligerent as of acts of tyranny, and of the

acts of a neutral as alone lawful, is, to the last degree, unfair. The truth is, that every human power is disposed to tyrannise; that is, to sacrifice others to itself; and that a neutral may be as willing to tyrannise over a belligerent, as a belligerent over a neutral.

Let us look at the condition of a belligerent. His principle of action is the desire of success. In pursuit of his purpose, he is strongly tempted, no doubt, to do every thing which, not reason only, but passion, may represent as expedient, and which power can effect. Whatever, in the strict sense, his reason, which is universal reason, dictates, must be excluded from the idea of tyranny. Tyranny is a vice of passion; reason may dictate rigour, but never tyranny. I have said, that it is the right of the belligerent to do whatever can overthrow, or tend to overthrow, his enemy. This right is the dictate of reason; and the exercise of this right, whatever may be the name given it by those whom it injures or offends, cannot, in its own nature, be tyranny.

On the other side, what is the condition of a neutral? Reason is not less in his favour. In the midst of the exercise of his undoubted rights, in the occupations of his lawful industry, in the enjoyment of his natural prerogatives, he is injured by the belligerent. Passion may dictate complaint or even resentment; but reason commands him to inquire into the cause of the injury, and to allow to the rights of others a weight equal to his own. In the most ordinary instances of life, it is possible for one man to injure another, purely from the necessity of the case, and without the slightest hostility of design. In pursuit of a thief, I may knock an innocent passenger down; but, though his hurts may be great, will he impeach my motives? In like manner, *if the injury sustained by a neutral be only an unavoidable consequence of the just exercise of the rights of the belligerent*, no just complaint can be made, nor no just resentment indulged.

I speak here, not of *just rights*, for the expression, however frequent, is nonsensical; but, of the *just exercise* of rights. *Rights* must be just; but the

exercise of rights may be unjust. But, besides that it is possible that this exercise of rights may be unjust, it is still more probable that it may be inexpedient; hence, though a state may begin order, as far as respects its abstract rights, much may commonly be said about the exercise of its rights; and hence that exercise (in other words, its measures, or the tendency of its measures, taken for its own interest) must always be a possible cause of just complaint, quarrel, and rupture.

The exercise of rights is unjust, when the benefit of the exercise, to the nation exercising, is insignificant, and its injury to any other nation, considerable. The exercise of rights is inexpedient, when they tend to the direct injury of the nation exercising; or, when the value of the friendship of the nation injured by their exercise exceeds that of the benefit to be obtained.

It is obvious, therefore, that measures, or the tendency of measures, may always be a just cause of negotiation; in other words, of complaint, quarrel, and rupture, between one nation and another: for it must always be competent to every nation to represent to every other, that its measures, though no more than the exercise of its rights, are unjust, or inexpedient; it may always appeal to its virtue or its prudence; such an appeal may always be made; and war, it is well known, is nothing more than *the last argument*.

In a negotiation, such as is here supposed, what must be the language of two powers, equally submissive to the voice of reason, equally far from using power to the subjugation of right. Assuredly, the neutral will never say to the belligerent, You have no *right* to take measures to the annoyance of your enemy, when such measures *tend* to the annoyance of myself? He will never dispute the right; but, he will say, that the exercise of this right is of little comparative benefit to the belligerent, or of direct disadvantage. He will say, relax in, or abandon, not this *right*, but this *exercise*, out of favour, or for an equivalent: he will appeal to his affections or to his selfishness, his avarice, his prudence, or his ambition.

As to the belligerent, his language is this: My measures are not taken with any view to your injury. Perhaps, I even desire your prosperity, and grieve for the inconveniences I inflict; but those inconveniences are only the unfortunate concomitants of necessary measures. When we burn the harvests, this is to deprive the enemy of forage, not to starve the cottagers, every hair of whose heads we would preserve. Such are his general sentiments. With respect to the particular views of justice, or expedience, which you present to him, he examines them, and answers accordingly.

But, if either the neutral or the belligerent be stronger than the other, and disposed to avail itself of that advantage, a shorter and very different negotiation ensues. The strong belligerent will say to the neutral, Your friendship is worthless, in comparison with the exercise of my most trivial rights; and, however small the benefit I may derive from that exercise, and however great the injury it may inflict on you, my purpose is as fixed, as my right is certain: as to what you have said, of the injury I do myself, that is worthy of attention. I thank you for the suggestion, and shall decide upon its merits.

Or, the strong neutral will say, Though I cannot deny your right to annoy your enemy, I am resolved that, whatever may be your fate, you shall not annoy me. I am not disposed to take part in the war, and I will not suffer by a war in which I have no share. Your destruction will not grieve or weaken me; your victories will add nothing to my strength or gratifications. You may fight, if you please; but, if your plans tend to my injury, they must not be pursued.

Thus far I have confined myself to principles; I shall now enter the specific question involved in the arguments of the cursory review, and which is strictly this, Whether Great Britain, during the last fourteen years, has outstepped the right of a belligerent power, to do whatever may overthrow, or tend to overthrow, his enemy. No minor question is stirred by the reviewer.

The justice, or expedience, with which she has exercised her right, he has not condescended to discuss. He impugns the right.

I. The first charge against Great Britain consists in this, That 'on the 15th of November of that early year (1792), while the whole maritime world was in peace, the government of Great Britain, after formal proclamation, detained in their ports all neutral vessels laden with grain and other goods, contrary to the law of nations, in violation of an existing treaty, and contrary to their own municipal laws.' The amount of the second is, That before the month of February, 1793, the same government proceeded to *capture* neutral vessels, bound to France.

In wording the first charge, it would seem that the *clear* reviewer made it a point of aggravation, that Great Britain detained the ships of neutrals, *after formal proclamation* that she would do so; this, however, I suspect, is not his intention. So that nothing is charged, of a deeper dye than the *detention*. The second charge is that *capture*; and here, as in all other places, great stress is laid upon the date of the French declaration of war; as if Great Britain could not be invested with the rights of a belligerent, could not act as a belligerent, till the day on which France thought proper to issue this declaration. The answer to this impertinent absurdity is an answer to the two charges.

II. The third charge arises out of the treaty with Sweden, of the date of the 25th of March, 1793, in which, conformably with the spirit of a subsequent order of the king, in council, of the date of the 8th of July, in the same year, by which the contracting parties bound themselves to *stop all neutral vessels bound to, or freighted for, France; and to compel them, either to sail back, or enter some neutral harbour*. Here, among other ridiculous comments, the reviewer reiterates the falsehood, that Great Britain, at the time she adopted these measures, was not at war! Does he mean to say, that she was at peace? Are these the measures of peace? Was she not committing hostilities? Were

not these measures hostilities?—Oh, but they were before the death of Louis XVI, or the *French declaration of war!*

III. Great Britain is further charged with issuing subsequent orders, 'in the same spirit, and of the same character of *illegitimate* injury to neutral commerce and rights.' The reviewer constantly uses the word *illegitimate*, when he means *illegal*.

We are next presented with count Bernstorff's opinion against Britain, and with an account of her efforts, to the injury of neutrals, to annoy France, on the side of Italy.

IV. The succeeding charge is that of having completed the *blockade of France*, by superadding to the order of the 8th of June, 1793, a second, dated the 6th of November, in the same year, in which is directed 'the capture of all neutral ships, with the produce of the French colonies on board, or provisions or dry goods, and other supplies for the use of those colonies.' I see nothing in this charge, different from the rest, except as it brings into question the *right of blockade*, which will deserve our separate regard, and except an assertion, that this order was '*studiously and effectually concealed*, till our ships, our seamen, and our property, were found under the muzzles of their cannon on the free ocean.' I suspect, that the meaning of all this amounts to no more than that some American ships, freighted and under sail before the order was heard of in America, fell a prey to its consequences. I have no leisure to ascertain the particulars of this transaction; but, if there were any thing of that *studious concealment* described by the reviewer, I have no more disposition to defend its justice than I have discernment to perceive its policy.

V. No new aggression is charged upon Great Britain, till the year 1797, when 'a proclamation of a most extraordinary and extravagant nature, as it regarded neutrals, was issued by sir Horatio Nelson, who was afterwards lord Nelson. It opens thus: *In consequence of the unprovoked war made by his Catholic Majesty against Great Bri-*

tain, it is found right, that Spain shall no longer have any trade.' Nothing can be more certain than that these are not the words of any proclamation of any British officer: they are deficient, both in technical forms and in plain English, and bear a strong affinity to the reviewer's 'king and council,' put for 'king in council.' This, however, is a trifling remark. Of the correctness of the quotation, as to spirit and meaning, I have no doubt; though there appear to be a singular anticlimax. The proclamation opens with a representation, *that SPAIN shall no longer have any trade*:—It proceeds to announce, that no neutral vessel is hereafter to be suffered to enter or leave the *port of Cadiz*, without permission; and, that from that moment, *Cadiz is to be considered as a blockaded port*. I shall make no serious reply to the observation, that this is a decree, by its terms, perpetual in its duration; nor to the folly with which the reviewer, always afflicted with the pettiest feelings, labors, on the subject of this proclamation, to insult the manes of an illustrious officer.

VI. My reader will see that the preceding charge, like the former, has nothing which takes it out of the common question of blockade, and of the general rights of belligerents and neutrals. One other remains to be noticed, of a more peculiar character: 'It is a remarkable and impressive fact, in the history of the British inroads upon our neutral rights of trade, that she expressly exempted Denmark and Sweden, in her orders of *king and council*, of January, 1798, which subjected to seizure all American homeward-bound vessels, from the French, Spanish, and Dutch colonies.'—I confess, that I cannot call to mind the history of the order here alluded to, and I will not indulge myself in offering conjectural topics of defence. I shall only remark, that whatever appearance of partiality may here betray itself, that partiality is naturally at the option of the authority from which it proceeds. I contend, that Great Britain might have lawfully seized all vessels engaged in trade with her enemy: why she exempted those of Sweden and Denmark, as I have already

said, I am not certain, and will not, from conjecture, explain.

Whatever may be the extension it is wished to give to these charges, they contract themselves, by nature, within a narrow compass. *Great Britain, as a belligerent, has exercised her right to annoy her enemy, in such a way as that she has annoyed neutrals also.* This is the head and front of her offending. It will have been seen, that, as I previously observed, the reviewer stirs no minor or subordinate questions; it is her right, not the justice or expedience of the exercise of her right, that he impugns.

He, indeed, may reply that, in truth, he has impugned the expedience or justice of that exercise. He has often repeated, that her acts were done without necessity. In no instance, however, has he offered an argument against that necessity, except one, which, as I think, miserably fails him. He tells us, of those acts, that they were not 'justifiable on the plea of necessity, for she was a prosperous and powerful neutral, blest with a measure of divine bounties, full, and heaped, and runing over;' and, again, 'There was not even a plea of necessity. There could be none; for Great Britain was stronger, in every department than Spain.' To this I shall answer, first, that every nation, like every man, is the best judge of its own necessities; secondly, that, as Great Britain was far from enjoying any immoderate success in the last war, and, to all appearance, is equally far from having any prospect of it in this, as she has not yet conquered France, nor even Spain; her superiority to the calls of necessity is a little doubtful: thirdly, I answer, that she was and is under a direct and obvious necessity, of which I shall say more hereafter. As to the expression, 'powerful neutral,' as applied to Great Britain, we must forgive the reviewer this. *That way lies madness.* We are overwhelmed with cogent arguments, in the very sentence that follows: 'There was no pretence, then, of war in disguise; for neutrals could not aid France in war against England, when they were in mutual peace, and when France unanimously

desired the peace to continue.'—I would not be thought to enter into the question, on the pacific dispositions of France; but, solely, to make myself merry, at the expense of a writer, who can argue, from such premises, that Great Britain was not entitled to the rights of a belligerent; and which argument, besides, as it is held by the reviewer, implies nothing less than this, that a state has not a right to take such measures as it shall judge to be for its interest.

I am happy in being enabled to offer some relief, from the ruggedness of political disquisition, in the following little ode, a tribute to one of the best of our best treasures, the domestic charities.—

ODE.

Who, with her arms of love, carest,
And lay me, youngling, on her breast,
And hush'd me there to downy rest?
My mother.

Who o'er my infant-ailings wept,
And, by my bed, long vigils kept,
And kiss'd and bless'd me while I slept?
My mother.

Who, in each frolic-sport, and toy,
With glist'ning eye, indulg'd my joy,
And shar'd the transports of her boy?
My mother.

Who, patient of a wayward child,
Forgave my headstrong humours wild,
And soon the frown forgot, and smil'd?
My mother.

Who, guardian, champion, counsel, friend,
To schoolday-cares her aid would lend,
My tears would dry, my cause defend?
My mother.

Who to brave truth, and honor, bred
My heart, and in their high-road led,
And bade me there forever tread?
My mother.

Who nurs'd me in the proud disdain
Of all that scoundrels feel, or feign,
And all that scoundrels boast, or gain?
My mother.

Who, by her fair example, taught
Each holy aim, and gen'rous thought,
And virtues never to be bought?
My mother.

Who, to this filial bosom dear,
Through onward life's maturer year,
Is cherish'd, lov'd, and worshipp'd here?
My mother.

I make no comment on what I further subjoin.

SONNET.

TO THE SEA-BIRD.

Pleas'd I behold thee, rover of the deep,
That brav'st the terrors of this raging world;
And follow'st still, with curious eye, thy sweep,
'Mid emerald waves, with snowy heads,
y-curl'd!
Pleas'd, I behold thee o'er the expanse ride,
Now pois'd aloft, amid the lurid skies;
Descending now the wat'ry valleys wide,
Now rising slow, as slow the billows rise:
Pleas'd I behold thee; and think; blest it
were,
Like thee, the dark seas dauntless to explore;
Like thee, to toil unwearied, and to dare;
Nor, with a coward's haste, to seek the shore:
Tempt, while I please, the fortunes of the day,
Then spread the wing, and bear, at will,
away!

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 3.

ON THE POETRY OF THE ARABS.

WE are not to speak of the *poetic genius* of the Arabs; for that is beyond all question, whether we judge from their character or from their works; but, of the *genius of their poetry*. Now, to speak of the genius of their poetry, it is necessary that we should define the character of their nation; for it is the one that produces the other; and the Arabs, as a nation, are marked by very peculiar features. It is probable, indeed, that, in the general outline, they differ but little from the Nomadic tribes that pitch their tents on either side of Caucasus; but they have a superior right to fix our attention, derived, not merely from our more ancient and familiar acquaintance with their manners and literature, nor from their more southern situation, more favorable, it may be presumed, to the expansion of genius; but, also, from their having lived, for many thousand years, on the borders of rich and polished empires: for, from these geographical and political circumstances, it has resulted, that we behold this singular phenomenon, a people at once savage and civilised, pastoral and polished. With such a people, there are many points in regard to which we can have nothing in common.

The Arabs, there is little reason to doubt, have long since reached the utmost point of *civilization*, attainable in the pastoral state. Though they do not pursue, they highly value, the manual arts; such arts as their situation recommends, and their religion does

not proscribe. Splendid arms, jewels, and rich clothing, they admire; and their genius, forbidden, not less by their pastoral and rural life, than by the commandment of Mohammed, to occupy itself with the luxuries of painting and sculpture, is devoted to poetry and letters. The inhabitants of cities, with that eagerness which is never wanting for what is at once pleasing and strange, have always loved to hear, that, among this people, a thousand years ago, as it is at this hour the same, the daughters of kings carried pitchers to the wells, and brought home the water that had been poured into them by the gallantry of princes; but these incidents, which are *silly, sooth, and suit the innocence of love, like the old age*, will scarcely impress our literary times with so much respect for this people, as will the fact, that, at the beginning of the seventh century, the Arabic language was brought to a high degree of perfection, by a sort of *POETICAL ACADEMY*, which used to assemble at a place called *Oadh*, where every poet produced his best composition.

What other people, then, we may safely ask, can be compared with the Arabs, with the Wandering Arabs? From what other people ought we to expect pastoral poems, at once natural and noble, at once, *rustic* and refined? From whom beside can we receive the sentiments of a man, at the same moment a warrior, a poet, a herdsman, and a gentleman? of one who carries with him, not more to the camp of war, than to the stalls, all the polish of a polished nation, and whose eyes are, at the same time, fixed on nature, in her simplest state; his hands, employed in the most humble offices; and his mind, enlarged, warmed, and occupied, with the most beautiful and most sublime productions of genius; with the brightest images of taste, the profoundest maxims of prudence, and the noblest sentiments of virtue, presented to his mind in forms the most engaging and elevated, in words the most sonorous, and in numbers the most tuneful and most sweet?

A striking dissimilarity here presents itself, between this people, and any one of those by whom cities are built. A camp of the Arabs, or of any other people leading the same Nomadic life, is, in one sense, a city; a moveable city: but, a fixed city has features peculiar to itself, and such as have a very considerable effect upon society. It divides a people into two classes, wholly unlike each other; the citizen and the peasant. In all that concerns the mind, the citizen takes the pre-eminence; he criticises, he decides on all matters of taste, he determines this to be mean, and that to be noble.

An inevitable consequence of the building of cities, is the division of labour; the same hands no longer guide the plough and the sceptre, nor, to take images directly to our purpose, hold the sheep-hook and the pen.

Certain offices of life are confessedly humble; but, while they are performed by those who likewise perform the most respectable, though humble, they are not mean; what is commonly done by dignified men cannot take from the dignity of any man. No sooner, however, is the separation effected, than those offices, deprived of that support which they derive from the union, sink into contempt; for, what dignified men cease to do, must, in the estimation of society, cease to be dignified. Hence, the menial duties of the city, and the rural labours of the country, come to be despised; and, of that which we are too refined to do, we must be too refined to receive pleasure in hearing: our sympathy is gone; and, therefore, our pleasure is at an end. With respect to the labours of the country, that instinct which for ever attaches us to the fields, as to our proper home, always endears them to our hearts; but, with the citizen, they are endeared only in the general; the details are offensive. He loves to hear of flocks, and harvests, and meadows; but those particulars which alone can give value, in the eyes of a peasant, to the descriptions of these things, appear, to him, trivial, dull, or coarse. Shearing sheep, and manuring lands, in the poetry of Virgil or Thomson, are delightful employments; but, in rural life, they are contrary to all his ideas of elegance and convenience.

And, whence this essential difference in his sentiments, as they respect the substance and the description; a difference which has often been remarked, but of which the explanation does not seem to be so familiar? In great measure, it arises from this; that the city poet, whose habits are congenial with those of the city-critic, touches only on generals; those particulars, which a rustic pen would describe, and a rustic reader admire, are altogether out of the sphere of observation of the two former. Thus, a city life, by estranging men from the details of rural occupations, deprives them of the relish for the poetry in which they are described; and hence *polite writers* confine themselves to general allusions. In such a state of society, many pictures will appear forced, or coarse, which, were the originals continually before our eyes; habit would not only smooth the harshness of the features, but make us acquainted with beauties to which, for want of this, we are blind.

This influence of manners upon literature is a subject which deserves to be considered in a manner more regular, and more ample, and illustrated from the writings of different nations and ages. On our part, we shall content ourselves with such reflections, more or less desultory, as may assist us in fixing the attention of the readers on the remarkable effects it produces, and above all on the peculiarity it teaches us to

expect in the poetry of such a people, so polished and so remote from civilisation, as the Arabs. With this view, we shall merely subjoin one or two additional remarks.

The peasantry of every country, overawed by the mental superiority of the city, have abandoned even their own just pretensions. A town-cap, and a town-book, set every effort of the country at an immeasurable distance. No excellence is hoped for, but through the medium of imitation; and the praise that satiates the ambition of the most ambitious countryman, is to have made some approach to the merits of the city. All that originality, which was produced in the fields, which will never be found any where else; all that originality which has sprung from rustics, and which so many thousand polished scholars have spent their lives in exploring, transcribing, and borrowing; all this is neglected, for the sake of the oft-told tales of the city. The peasant is despised; and, what is worse, he despises himself. The town calls him ignorant, and he believes that he is so. The whole body of his own information, the whole range of his ideas, appear to him as nothing; and this, for no other reason, than because neither his information, nor his ideas, are of that species which is current with the town. It is obvious that hence the republic of letters is reduced within a much too narrow compass.

We ought to make a fair estimate of the character of the peasant. On the one hand, it is deprived of, or denied, many of or all those sources of melioration, which, with us, are open only to a part, but, with the Arabs, to the whole of the community. Man, in society, deprived of the advantages possessed by others, is not merely excluded from extraneous benefits, but is dejected, by the comparison which is drawn both by others and by himself. While his neighbour is encouraged by his situation to call forth all the energies of his natural powers, in aid of his acquired; he, dispirited, leaves even his natural powers unemployed. He suffers, not only a relative, but an absolute, depreciation.

But, the peasant, in spite of all, is not so low in the scale as we are too ready to imagine. There are points in view, in which we draw a false comparison. It is not every refinement of the city that adds any thing really valuable or important to the human race; there are some, without which man, though no fit habitant for our drawing-rooms, may be very happy and very noble. —Our delicacy and refinement, in numerous instances, are real advances in morals; in many, however, they derive their value solely from their adaptation to our circumstances; and in many more, they are but mechanical results, which have no moral value at all. They add nothing to what is

estimable in our character. We shall often be much deceived, if we suppose that coarseness of manners implies want of delicacy in sentiment, firmness in principle, or dignity in purpose.

From what has been said, it will, among other things, suggest itself, that *polite literature*, as to its origin, might bear a subdivision, into the literature of civilised and of uncivilised writers, and in which, the former alone would be *polite literature*, properly so called; for nothing can be more certain, than that, let the superiority of civilisation be as little or as great as it may, it is from civilised writers that civilised readers must receive the most natural gratification; it is these that must act with the least violence on their sympathies. In the other class, we must always find much that is obscure, and much to which we are repugnant. We are ignorant of its allusions, and at war with its manners. The Spectator and the poems of Ossian, or of the Arabs, may be cited as examples of the two species of *polite literature* to which we refer. Our readers will readily distinguish a numerous variety of others.

The productions, meanwhile, of uncivilised writers, are not without charms, to which every reader is awake. These are of several kinds. We shall not dwell on the frivolity which is too frequently the companion of every thing civilised, and, contrasted with which, things less artificial approach, and even reach, the great and the sublime: this is not all; we are to allow much to extrinsic considerations; to the novelty that, as it respects us, invests them; and to the curiosity they inspire; and more to those particulars which they have in common with all productions which proceed from, and which interest, men of all countries and times, and in reference to which no writing can be foreign, barbarous, or antiquated: these are the breathings of the heart, and the soarings of the imagination.

We shall not detain our readers by entering into any regular application of the principles, at which we have hinted, to the Genius of the poetry of the Arabs. It is enough to observe, that, as far as the influence of manners extends, we must conceive it to be such as the physical and moral condition of the people inspires. On its peculiar features we shall have other and frequent opportunities to remark; but, in a general view, this leading circumstance must never be forgotten, That it is the genius of a nation, not unpolished, and yet pastoral; a nation in which the highest and lowest offices of life are performed by the same persons; a nation conversant in what softens the human heart and enobles the human character, and at the same time in daily acquaintance with the meanest objects that can engage the human mind.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

ON THE ORIGIN OF BELLS.

Bells were used by the Romans to signify the times of bathing, and naturally applied by the Christians of Italy therefore to denote the hours of devotion, and summon the people to the church. They were so applied before the conclusion of the seventh century in the monastic societies of Northumbria, and as early as the sixth even in those of Caledonia; and they were therefore used from the first erection of parish-churches among us. Those of France and England appear to have been furnished with several bells. The second excerption of Egbert, about the year 750, which is adopted in a French capitulary of 801, commands every priest, at the proper hours, to sound the bells of his church, and then to go through the sacred offices to God. And the council of Enham, in 1011, requires all the mulcts for sins to be expended in the reparation of the church, cloathing and feeding the minister of God, and the purchase of church-vestments, church-books, and church-bells. These were sometimes composed of iron in France; and in England as formerly at Rome were frequently made of brass. And, as early as the middle of the tenth century, there were many cast of a large size and a deep note. Two of them were given by Egebrich to his own abbey of Croyland in the reign of Edward, and another much larger by his immediate predecessor Turketul. And several of them were presented by Archbishop Dunstan to the monastery of Malmesbury in the preceding reign of Edgar. The number of bells in every church gave occasion to that curious and singular piece of architecture in the campanile or bell-tower; an addition, which is more susceptible of the grander beauties of architecture than any other part of the edifice, and is generally therefore the principle or rudiments of it. It was the constant appendage to every parish-church of the Saxons, and is actually mentioned as such in the laws of Athelstan. And the custom of ring-

ing regular peals, now peculiar to the inhabitants of England, commenced in the time of the Saxons, and was common before the conquest.

The services of every parish-church among them were celebrated at seven periods of the day, which were called the canonical hours, and were three and six in the morning; nine, twelve, and three, in the evening and the midnight. These services were generally chanted; and, in a canon of 747, the Presbyters are commanded not to chatter like re-peating bards in their offices, and either mar the composition or confound the distinction of the words by a theatrical pronunciation; but to follow the plain and holy melody of the church. And such as could not chant were permitted to read the service. Some parts of it were also sung, the custom being introduced into Northumbria by James the Deacon, an attendant on Paulinus; and every greater church and monastery, even previously among the Britons, having choral service celebrated regularly in it. Since Moclocunus has left his monastic abode, says Gildas in his epistle, he hears no more the praises of God in the sweetly modulated accents of young choiristers, and listens no longer to the breath of ecclesiastical melody. And the instrumental music of British churches is here distinguished sufficiently from the vocal. Both the British and Saxon instruments were called organ or organs. The Romans had an instrument which they equally denominated an organ, as Alexander Severus, says his historian, *Lyra, Tibia, Organum cecinit.* Very early after the conversion of the Northumbrians, we find an instrument of that name familiarly used in the services of the north, Alchfrid, the son of King Oswi, requesting Wilfrid to stay with him, about 660, to preach the Word of God to him and the other Northumbrians, and to be to them a spiritual organ, voluntarily heightening the devotions of the church with its pious tones. And all England, says the History of Ramsey, lamented the death of Edgar, the choirs of the monasteries and their organs, cum verteretur in luctum chorus monachorum, organa

in vocem flentium. But that grand combination of instruments, which we now denominate so, was absolutely unknown in Europe in that period. It was the happy production of an Eastern genius. And the first that ever appeared, in the west of Europe, was sent by Constantine, the Grecian Emperor, to Pepin of France, in 756. The artists of the West availed themselves of the present. Organs were constructed on the continent and in the island, and erected in some of our cathedrals, before the middle of the tenth century. And Archbishop Dunstan, in the reign of Edgar, presented the church of Malmesbury with one, in which (according to the historical description) the pipes were formed in certain musical proportions of brass, and the air was impelled through them by a pair of bellows.

[From the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique* we have translated the ensuing concise article, which reminded us of the fairy-fiction of *Cinderella*.]

Gabriel Vincent Thevenart, of the Opera, excelled in counter tenor at once sonorous, soft, and distinct, as well as in acting. He was born in Paris, in 1669, and died in 1741. At the age of sixty, he married a young lady of whom he became enamoured *from the circumstance of seeing her slipper in a shoemaker's shop*. The character of Thevenart was gay and cheery, and the blood of Bacchus contributed not a little to animate the joviality of his spirits.

[The following brief Biography, derived from the same work, presents a striking and instructive example of the energy of the *immortal mind*. Milton, like the literary hero, whose genius and perseverance are recorded below, was blind, but, we know that his mental vision not only comprehended this *visible diurnal sphere*, but other horizons, and other worlds.]

Francis Salinas, a native of Burgos, in Spain, had the misfortune, at the age of six years, to become *entirely blind*. This calamity did not hinder his proficiency in the Greek and Latin languages, and in the *Mathematics* and *Music*. He died in 1590, after enjoy-

ing the friendship of many illustrious persons. Among his patrons were, Paul the Fourth, and the Duke of Alva, from whom he received a benefice. Salinus was the author of an admirable tract on Music, written in Latin, and published in folio at Salamanca, 1592. He likewise made a translation in Spanish verse, of some of the best of Martial's epigrams.

NUPTIAL.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High Wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, God of every town.

SHAKS. *As You Like It.*

In the Farmer's Museum, of the 30th of May last, we perused the following paragraph.

Married, in this town, on Sunday morning last, by the Revd. Mr. Fessenden, Mr. *John DENNIE*, of Woodstock, Vermont, to Miss Mary Carlisle, of Walpole.

At the first cursory glance of this article, before we had fully perpended the difference between *John* and *Joseph*, and, while we were dwelling principally upon the *surname* of the above bridegroom, we concluded that the Editor of this paper, weary of the celibacy of the cloister, had exchanged that comfortless state, for the torrid, or temperate zone of matrimony. We saw, with rapture, this same Oldschool metamorphosed from a monk to a married man, and could not help felicitating the converted Benedick on his glorious privileges as a husband, after living, for such a series of years, without the smallest indulgence in what Dr. Willich calls, with picturesque propriety, the *sexual intercourse*. But, as the Printer's Devil, or some other Devil would have it, all this is delusion. *There is no such man* as Mr. *John Dennie* in the above village. This gentleman, who has thus "thrust his neck into the yoke, and wears the print of it" is, we suppose a Mr. *Dana*. The only *John Dennie*, of whose existence we can feel tolerably assured, must be a young man, who, most unaccountably chuses to

live in a certain place, called *London*, in the *kingdom of Great Britain*, rather than at *Woodstock*, in Vermont, although the latter is situated in a *republic*, and boasts of its *militia* major, and Presbyterian elders. Moreover, like his cousin, he lives in single blessedness, and perversely sings

He, who has but one love
Is like a man—with one glove.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

I do not often quote the works of Godwin, but the polite scholar will forgive me for calling his attention to a picture of Falkland, after the murder of Hawkins:

"He appeared like nothing that had ever been visible in human shape. His visage was haggard, emaciated and fleshless. His complexion was a dun and tarnished red, the colours uniform through every region of the face, and suggested the idea of its being burnt and parched by the eternal fire that burned within him. His eyes were red, quick and wandering, full of suspicion and rage. His hair was neglected, rugged and floating. His whole figure was thin to a degree, that suggested the idea rather of a skeleton than of a person actually alive. Life seemed hardly to be the capable inhabitant of so wo-begone and ghost-like a figure. The taper of wholesome life was expired; but passion, and fierceness, and frenzy were able, for the present, to supply their place."

A DUTCHMAN.

At Basil, says Dr. Moore, when at table, I expressed to a Strasbourg acquaintance my regret, that I could not speak a little Dutch, to enjoy the conversation of a Dutchman my neighbour. It was immediately translated to him, he heard it with great composure, took his pipe from his mouth, and made the following answer, That I ought to console myself; for, as we had no connection or dealings together, our conversing could not possible answer any purpose.

The following ingenious Rondeau, sung by Anthonio, in Mr. Sheridan's opera called the Duenna, is worthy of its witty author. The thought in the two last stanzas is perfectly in the manner of Carew and Suckling.

Friendship is the bond of reason,
But, if beauty disapprove,
Heaven absolves all other treason,
In the heart that's true to Love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view,
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then, if to one I false must be,
Can I doubt which to prefer,
A breach of social faith with thee,
Or sacrilege to Love and her.

A facetious song by Isaac, introduced in the same opera, is extremely lively and characteristic. The allusion to the dell and dimple is delightfully arch, and Isaac's indifference to the colour, though solicitous for the *dual* number of his mistress's eyes, is truly laughable.

Give Isaac the nymph, who no beauty can
boast,
But health and good humour to make her
his toast,
If straight I don't mind, whether slender or
fat,
And six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for
that.

Whate'er her complexion—I vow I don't
care,
If brown—it is lasting—more pleasing, if
fair,
And though in her cheeks I no dimples
should see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to
me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were
seen,
And her eyes may be of any colour—but
green;
For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and
hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have
two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her
back,
And white teeth I own are genteeler than
black,
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
I only desire she may'n't have a beard.

The emperor Joseph being asked, during the American war, which side he favoured, replied very ingenuously, I am a royalist by trade.

The following is one of the most original and extraordinary epitaphs we ever recollect to have perused.

Epitaph in a Church-yard in Cornwall.

Here lies the body of Gabriel John
Who died in the year one thousand and one;
Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
You may, if you please, or let it alone,
For it's all one

To Gabriel John,
Who died in the year one thousand and one.

I hardly know, says Mons. Furetiere, any time so ill spent as hunting with an immoderate ardour after *news*, and diving into the schemes of politicians and princes. I knew a man, who spent most of his income in post letters from various countries. He was one day very angry with the monarch of Spain. If the king, says the irritated politician, goes on in this way, I will never interfere in his concerns again.

I went the other day, says the arch Dr. Moore, with a French officer, to hear a celebrated preacher. The subject of his discourse was the miserable situation of men, who were under the dominion of their passions. The wretch, cried the preacher, who is under the government of his passions, has his very soul in chains—Is his passion lust?—He will sacrifice a faithful servant to gratify it;—David did so.—Is it avarice?—He will betray his master—Judas did so.—Is he attached to a mistress?—He will murder a saint to please her—Herod did so.

As we returned from the church, the French officer, who had been for some time in a reverie, said, *Ma foi, cet homme parle avec beaucoup d'onction; je vais profiter de son sermon.—Où est-ce que vous allez, said I. je m'en vais chez Nanette, me débarrasser de ma passion dominante.*

A DELICATE REPROOF.

The confessor of Bernarbo, viscount of Milan, surprised this nobleman in company with a courtesan. Bernarbo, in great confusion, at the discovery, asked the priest what he would have done, had he been under the same temptation. I know not, my lord, replied the good monk, what I should have done, but I know what I ought to have done.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not forgotten the suggestion of a respectable correspondent, respecting the French college at Baltimore. It would be extremely pleasing to receive from the proper source a history of its establishment and endowments. We are solicitous to be of service to this Classical Seminary, and cherish a high opinion of the learning, morals, talents, and taste of the Clergy under whose truly Catholic care this liberal institution flourishes.

E. H. S. has very well translated the Spanish epigram on a squinting lover. In the works of Yriarte, and in *El Tesoro Español*, he may find many exquisite themes for the exercise of his genius.

The epitaph on Cervantes, in the original Spanish, is eminently beautiful; but the French translation, owing to the badness of the manuscript, and a blunder of the workmen, makes but a sorry figure.

"Staterus" has both valiantly and vigorously defended the poetical reputation of Gray against the furious onset of Goliath Johnson.

Lucio may ask, with as much propriety as his predecessor in the play,

Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

We have long remarked, with pain, that miserable policy to which C. alludes. Avowed hostility is better than such culpable supineness. Such friends are the *lukewarm Laodiceans* of the Gospel. A genuine partizan acts always in the spirit of BURKE, and holds no other language than that expressed in the manly dialect of CHURCHILL: For me, all warm and zealous for my friend, In spite of railing thousands, I commend; And, no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,

In spite of railing thousands I oppose.

We have no inclination to transcribe from a newspaper a political essay grounded on principles not only radically rotten, but perfectly obsolete, and which no legitimate statesman ever surveys through any other medium than that of ridicule. The fanatic author is evidently one of that tribe, the curse of the country:

Asps of the state! who poison with their lies,
Each bud that blossoms, and each breeze
that flies.

"Aminta," the poetess of Baltimore, with such *Sappho* softness calls her *Phaon*, that he must be colder than his insensible namesake of antiquity, if he shun a lady, whose heart appears to be the throne of love, and whose head is encircled with the chaplets of the muse.

The verses from D. are so many strings of quibbles. This style of writing might have recommended the author to a Laureatship in the reign of James I, but in the present age it is entirely exploded.

Maggots half form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet:

Here one poor word a hundred clinches makes,

And ductile Dulness new meanders takes.

We think Y. has mistaken his powers, when he applies them to the arduous task of legitimate Criticism. A great master has published a precept which Y. will do well to remember:

But you, who seek to give, and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Besure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,

And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

There is a sort of affectation of terseness in the verses from Burlington, which makes us exclaim with Jaques, when we scrutinize the phrase of this writer. "He has been acquainted with Goldsmith's wives, and conn'd them out of rings."

"Torrismond" is a very juvenile writer; and seems to have only reached that awkward era, when, although some of the schoolboy's blunders have been reformed, the style of vigorous manhood is not acquired. "He's not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when it is almost an apple, 'tis with him e'en standing water between boy and man. He is very well favour'd, and speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him."

"S." must not be surprised, though the din of that importunity, to which he alludes, should silence all the bells of Poetry, and all the tongues of Eloquence.

C. B. the juvenile bard, though he call upon the muse with a *treble pipe*, yet, is very distinctly heard, and favourably answered.

We wish that our friend "Lucio" would, in the periodical style, describe, like his namesake in the play, a character, similar to Lord Angelo's,

a man, whose blood
Is very snow broth; one, who never feels
The wanton stings and motion of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

"Vindicator" is perfectly correct, and his defence of a favoured bard is founded on principles of the purest taste.

We should be much pleased, if some of our poetical countrymen would, in that spirit with which M. G. Lewis so sweetly renders the poetry of Spain, translate the *Antiguo romance de los amores desgraciados de Fernando y Elzira*.

The "Bee," who, with chymic power, can extract sweets from the flowers of literature, we hope will fly far, and bring much to the hive.

The essay on avarice contains some false doctrine. It is wonderful that every man cannot perceive, with the discernment of Horace, that

Nullus argento color est
—nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

The character, habits, and conversation of a *tea-party* fribble are most exquisitely described by the author of Anticipation:

Perch'd at my lady's toilet Minim sits,
The little scholiast of the female wits.
Tir'd of conjecture, and perplex'd with doubt,

To him they fly—to make a riddle out;
To pierce a paragraph's mysterious veil,
And eke out scandal's hesitating tale.
With conscious pride, the flippant witting shares,

This motley task of miscellaneous cares;
Expounds *charades*, thro' close detraction pries,
Construes *initials*, and the *blanks* supplies.
And oft, with varied art, his thoughts digress

On deeper themes, the *documents of dress*,
With nice discernment to each style of face
Adapt a ribbon or suggest a lace;
O'er Laura's cap bid loftier feathers float,
And add new charms to Julia's petticoat.

We are fully sensible how much our friend A. can effect, both by his tongue and pen, to guide the taste of many of our rude countrymen. He may be thus deservedly apostrophized:

Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis,
Qui *feros cultus* hominum *recentum*
Voce formasti.—

That tremendous and bloody power of the populace, to which "Senex" alludes, is like that irresistible energy described by the poet of Venusium:

—quas neque Norieus,
Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.

"Sebastian Sluggish neither nods after dinner, nor snores at sunrise. We cannot apply to him the lines of the ballad,

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
While drowsy watchmen idly knock.

"Florio" appears to be a "dear perfidious." Volatile, inconstant and sensitive, one would think he was continually humming,

I'm in love with twenty,
And could adore as many more,
There's nothing like a plenty.

The advice of "Jocundus" is perfectly palatable as well as wholesome. We can apostrophize the friend alluded to, in two stanzas from a classical imitation of Horace. Let the gentleman in question repair to the festive board,

And while the merry jest goes round,
Solicitude, in bumpers drown'd
Shall cease her gloomy reign.
Joy to the cheek her glow impart,
Unclouded Hope possess the heart,
And Fancy rule the brain.—

Thus shall we cheat one night of care,
And life, dear Jack, has much to spare,
Then happiest he, who knows,
With love or wine, with mirth or play,
To whirl the lingering hours away,
Imbitter'd least with woes.

The description of Leander's Sunday ramble reminds us of a simile in the Anti-Jacobin:

Such rich confusion charms the ravish'd sight,
When vernal Sabbaths to the fields invite.
While muslin'd Misses and Mammæ are seen
Link'd with gay cockneys glitt'ring o'er the green,
The rising breeze unnumber'd charms displays,
And the tight ancle strikes the astonish'd gaze.

"Corniger," we suspect, belongs to a numerous family. But even the injured husband, in every age, has his consolations.

Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and *Pompey* were both of them horned.

and Shakspeare, in a song sung by two courtiers to Jaques, asks no impertinent question,

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,
It was a crest, ere thou wast born.
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

On the papers of "Detector" other animals than critics have made depredation,

Rats half the manuscript have ate,
Dire hunger, which we still regret!
O may they ne'er again digest,
The horrors of so sad a feast.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

A SONG,

TRANSLATED FROM THE WELCH.

Addressed to Anna.

How sweet the lilies of the vale,
 By Nature's lavish bounty grac'd!
 But richer odours they exhale,
 When on thy lovely bosom plac'd;
 The brow of vonder hill how gay,
 Where watch'd by thee, thy lambskins
 play!

Simplicity, and ancient worth,
 Deriv'd from sires who took delight
 In taming a rough rocky earth,
 And tending flocks on Snowdon's height,
 More rapture to my soul impart
 Than all the splendid works of art.

With that neat cot in yonder grove
 What pompous palace can compare?
 There dwell the parents of my love,
 And own a daughter's tender care.
 More solid worth adorns that cot.
 Than e'er was fierce ambition's lot.

W. P.

A SONG,

THE PARTING HUSSAR.

My Adelaide weep not, though sad the
 adieu,
 And cruel the moment that tears me from
 you;
 Yet weep not, my love! 'twill be doubly
 severe
 To bid thee adieu, when it beams through
 a tear!
 Still faithful to thee will thy Henry remain,
 Whether scorch'd by the noon-tide, or chill'd
 by the rain,
 Though the sport of all seasons thy soldier
 should be,
 He will find from all seasons a shelter in
 thee.
 Then weep not, my love, on the transient
 adieu
 That parts thy fond Henry a moment from
 you,—
 In battle's wild daring he'll merit those
 charms—
 Then repose on thy bosom, and die in thine
 arms.

LODINUS.

A SONG,

FROM THE WELCH.

To thee, the object of my care,
 Alike accomplish'd, good, and fair;
 Lively without excess, and gay
 As those bright flow'rs which gladden May,
 To thee, my mistress and my friend,
 This tribute of my heart I send.

For thee, sweet maid! for thee alone
 My vows I pay to heav'n's just throne.
 If o'er my head a year should pass
 Unpitied by my much-lov'd lass,
 The next would see me on my bier,
 Then surely thou wilt shed a tear.

False friends advise thee to remain
 A member of the virgin train.
 These idle tales thou should'st reject:
 An ancient maid claims no respect.
 Let me then thy protector be,
 Since thou art all the world to me.

W. P.

ADDRESS TO THE POLAR STAR.

Star of the north, how oft have I alone,
 In midnight walks, ador'd thy golden throne.
 Remote from vulgar fires thou dost retain
 Thy sphere forever in the starry plain.
 Fix'd to the pole thou never dost remove,
 Far from the planet that preserves thy love;
 But to this orb thy faithful fires confine
 True to thy trust with constancy divine.

L. G.

EPIGRAMS.

TO A LADY, WHO PAINTED.

Phillis, like Daphne, strives each day to
 shun,
 The warm embraces of the amorous sun;
 In winter chuses to unfold each grace,
 For then her beauty freezes to her face:
 Who to a kinder nymph could pay his vow,
 Did her heart melt as often as her brow.

THE INDULGENT SAILOR.

Tar with beau *Fopling* caught his wife,
 He scream'd and fled; she begg'd for life.
 Tar saw contrition in her eyes,
 And thus the blunt old sailor cries,
 Spouse, the first fault we may forgive,
 But ne'er repeat it while you live.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
 in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 19, 1806.

[No. 28.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him."

THIS text is more concise than even Sallust's history of the conspiracy of Cataline; but I think the prophet Samuel has sketched the features of Rebellion with bolder strokes and a more correct outline, than even the Roman narrator. The words of Samuel, few as they are, may be intitled a complete description of the motives of revoltors. Distress, debt, and discontent. What a magazine of combustibles for every Guy Faux. What a train of artillery for warfare with every legitimate government. Distress, Debt, and Discontent, gaunt monsters, fiercer than the furies of the classical poets, and more wicked than the weird Sisters in our own Shakspeare.

Let us open the Bible, however, once more, search the context, and discover the whole truth, respecting the above described throng of afflicted, insolvent, and dissatisfied people.

The palaces of princes are rarely free from inquietude. Man is eternally impatient of a superior; and the frequency of court intrigues is proverbial. The pavilion of Saul, the Jewish monarch, sometimes resounded with other notes than those of the harp, the cymbal, the tabret, and the lyre. Even a careless listner might, in the pauses of

the music of the son of Jesse, hear the clamours of competitors, the struggle for precedency, and the bray of discontent. Among the courtiers of Saul none was higher in the regal favour than David, after his victory over the champion of the Philistines. The sequestered shepherd was instantly metamorphosed into a court favourite. *Sweet Fortune's minion and her pride*, he was made free of the palace, and, at length, commander in chief of the royal army. Such was his popularity, that, on his return from a fortunate battle, a higher degree of military renown was ascribed to him, than even to his sovereign. The blossoming hopes of the youthful subject excited the jealousy of his master. "If," the king reasoned, "my people imagine this successful stripling is a greater warrior than myself, if he has the glory of slaying ten, and I only one thousand of my enemies, what can he have more but the kingdom? The laurels of conquest will not be a sufficient meed for his ambition. He will aspire to, and perhaps attain, my crown and sceptre.

Such seeds of suspicion would naturally produce a plentiful harvest of bitterness and animosity; and the angry Saul soon *thrust in the sickle*. At least, in the vengeful moment, he thrust a javelin at once to pierce the heart and annihilate the hopes of a suspected foe. The proofs of the king's enmity soon became so flagrant, that David sought his safety in flight; and, after wandering in different parts of the country,

and attempting admission at the court of Gath, he retired to the cave Adullam, and was immediately joined by four hundred malcontents; and who were they? Who thronged into a fortress; who repaired to a dark cavern to plot the darker schemes of Sedition, Rebellion, and Mischief? The answer is obvious, even if it had escaped the pen of the historian. Every one that was in distress, every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented.

It is not the design of this sermon to impeach the motives of David. They were perfectly correct. The dread of assassination, and the inveteracy of Saul, were a sufficient cause for the terrified youth to flee, like a partridge, to the mountains. The suspicions of Saul were not only injurious, but groundless; and their object abandoned the court from a natural desire to save his own life, and not from any nefarious wish to usurp or embroil the kingdom. But four hundred poor, profligate, and restless men did not assemble at Adullam for such valid reasons. This banditti flocked to a wilderness, and shrouded themselves in its gloom, from motives base as their condition, and desperate as their circumstances. Saul had not quarrelled with this Council of Four Hundred. He was not the source of their misfortunes, he had not urged their creditors to enforce the claims of Justice, neither had he raised the cloud of discontent round their anxious brows. By Folly and Vice reduced to a low station in Jewish society, they wished, by a more summary mode than that of industry or economy, to rise from the mire of contempt, and to cancel the bonds of the creditor. They wanted power, and place, and riches, and consideration; and, hearing that David had retired from court in disgust, concluded that this was the lucky moment to change the colour of their fortune. Their hopes were, probably, as wild, their speeches as declamatory, their declarations as false, their gestures as fierce, and their hearts as rotten, as those of Cromwell's long Parliament, a French National Assembly, a club of miscreant Jacobins, or the savage De-

mocrats of North America. An inside view of the cave of Adullam would be worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa. Had he painted at Jerusalem, during this defection of David, what an interesting group of ferocious faces, indented with discontent, despair and crimes. Without the aid of the Italian artist, I can, through the optics of fancy, see them in their subterraneous retreat. They are rendered visible by the gleam of a single lamp, whose "doubtful and malignant light" assists one of the rebels to read his Tablet of Proscription. *Care sits on their faded cheeks.* Their looks are as terrible as their purposes. Through the deeper shades of the solitary recess may be discerned the lowering eye of each murderer, and the crimson spots on their daggers. Though it was not the mode, perhaps, for Jewish assassins to wear a *red cap* of freedom, yet the ruddy insignia of their office are not wanting. Blood is in their thoughts, and upon their hands. The silence of the lurking-place is broken by the threats or the vaunts of each insurgent. "I shall redden the temple with the blood of the priest," says one. "I shall now wipe out my debts with a sponge," exclaims another. "In the jumble of a revolution I shall rise from the lees of beggary and become uppermost," cries a third; while a fourth shouts, like exulting Adonijah, "I will be king."

This is not a reverie. This is the language, and these are the intentions of men, disaffected to government, whether you seek for them in the forests of Judea, or through the more murky shades of a democratic club-room. In a compound of distress, debt, and discontent, infuse a little ambition, and the receipt to make rebellion is infallible and complete.

In an age, when love of pernicious novelties, and aversion to established religion and government, are cherished with fanaticism, it becomes a duty to indicate the criminal motives which urge the spurious patriot to tamper with the passions of the restless. In every government, even in that of England, the fairest, the mildest, the most liberal one that has been in-

vented by the wisest heads, and administered by the purest hearts, may be found men, like the associates of David, who groan under a load of debt, who are distressed, alike by the recollection and the commission of crimes, and who are discontented, because unadmitted to the graver counsels of the state. But it were madness to believe either that the misfortunes of this class are attributable to the prevailing polity, or that, should their visionary hopes be gratified, the sum of national felicity would be encreased. Ye credulous and gaping widgeons of the populace, ye gosling Gibeonites, who stretch your long necks to catch the dulcet sounds of the factious declaimer, it is not a melioration of *your* condition he seeks. No; he is exploring, with ambitious eyes, the ladder of promotion, and wishing, by the aid of your strength, to reach an upper round. Ye are cajoled to believe that it is to search for your benefit he wishes for elevation. Dislodge a worthier man. Place the patriot there; and soon he will "scorn the base degrees by which he did ascend," leaving you still to struggle with all the difficulties and all the debasement of your lowly situation.

The politics of this country are so notoriously correct, and both the form and administration of the government so admirable, that to apply any of my doctrine to the use of my fellow *citizens* would be what the critics call a gratuitous assumption. The office would be a sinecure. But though I am a hermit in many habits, and sit much in my study, my vagrant Fancy, ever excursive, sometimes makes me reflect upon the pleasures and advantages of foreign travel. Let me imagine myself in England or in Ireland. Suppose I should discern a mob, *gathering themselves* against the government, I should not ask if the constitution had been infringed. I should not even dream of mal administration or tyranny. Knowing the genius of British polity and the amiable character of the sovereign, I could not imagine that the laws were a dead letter, and that the House of Lords was suddenly transformed into Persian satraps, or Turkish bashaws.

Should, therefore, the tempest of commotion blacken the political sky, and I should hear the growl of sedition in the public walks, I should look narrowly round and see whether I had not unfortunately fallen into company with men, who had lost their ears, or been whipped, or *distressed* by a rope round their necks, or *discontented* with an uneasy position in a pillory. Criminals of every class make excellent Jacobins. If the Government of Heaven could be realized on earth, every dæmon and every sinner would, in character, and of course, *rail at the administration*.

Now, if both History and Experience teach us that all seditious meetings are nothing but conventions of idle, profligate, restless characters, who, criminal themselves, strive to impute wickedness and corruption to their rulers, it behoves a prudent subject to shut his ears against the clamours of that vicious race, whose schemes, if accomplished, must, from the very nature of the projectors, loosen every social band, annihilate Order, dissipate Wealth, degrade Talents, vacate Morals, and subvert Religion.

I would advise that man, who is weak enough to suppose the revolutionary spirit is salutary to the state, and who, from groundless terrors of arbitrary power of the Few, labours to establish the more tyrannical domination of the Many, to read diligently the history of the Grecian commonwealths; the life and adventures of one Lucius Cataline; memoirs of the Gracchi family; a narrative of the civil wars in the reign of CHARLES the FIRST, and the exploits of the famous Maximilian Robespierre. Indeed, to this list of books the history of France, from the year 1789 to the accession of her First Consul, may be very profitably added. Such a course of study might cure political restlessness; but, unluckily for the success of my advice, many of those, for whose benefit it is intended, cannot unfortunately either read or think. These illiterate rebels can be healed only by the rougher prescription of a whip, or a prison. More enlightened malecontents, from a view of the miseries arising from revolt and anarchy may, pos-

sibly, learn to think better even of the administration of such a government and such laws as is witnessed in the halls of Westminster and St. Stephen's Chapel. But alas! I preach in vain, and spend my strength for nought. The multitude perpetually mistake their benefactors. They revolt from the freest and happiest government upon earth, and solicit an alliance with the most despotic. They depose a Charles, and make Cromwell their protector. They crucify their Saviour, and intercede for a thief.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

MATHURIN REGNIER.

MATHURIN REGNIER was born at Chartres, the 21st December, 1573, and was baptised there in the Parish church of St. Saturnin. He was the eldest son of *Jacques Regnier*, bourgeois of that town, and *Simone Desportes*, sister of the abbé Desportes, a famous poet of his time. His father, in his marriage-contract, passed the 5th January, 1573, is entitled a *man of honour*; a title, which in those times, was only bestowed on the most eminent citizens. As he was fond of amusement, he built, the same year of his marriage, in the marketplace, a tennis-court; the ruins of the citadel of Chartres, which were obtained by him on the credit of his brother-in-law, and this tennis-court bore, until his death, the name of (*Tirot Regnier*) tennis-court Regnier. It is this circumstance, probably, which occasioned those who spoke of Regnier to say, that he was the son of a *Tripotier*.

Jacques Regnier and *Simone Desportes* died of the plague; but not at the same time, nor in the same place. The husband died the 14th February, 1597, at Paris, to which place he had been deputed to further the interest of the town of Chartres, of which he was actually an alderman (*Echevin*) and was interred in the church of St. *Hilaire*. The wife lived a considerable time after that period; that is, she died the 20th September, 1629, and was buried in

the church-yard of St. Saturnin in the neighbourhood of Chartres.

The fruits of this union were three children; *Mathurin*, of whom we are about to speak; *Antoine*, who was counsellor at Chartres; and *Marie*, who married *Abdenago de la Palme*, officer of the king's household.

Mathurin Regnier joined the church and received the tonsure the 31st March, 1582, by *Nicholas de Thou* Bishop of Chartres. He did not bear to the sanctuary the best regulated life; he gave himself up, on the contrary, in his youth, to dreadful debauchery, which considerably shortened his days, and brought upon him at 30, as he himself inform us, all the distressing infirmity of old age.

We are informed, by tradition, that his satirical powers unfolded themselves at an early period, and that the verses which he made on sundry occasions were the cause more than once of chastisement from his father, who charged him at the same time to write no more, or at least to employ his mind on subjects which could give no one offence.

We learn by his writings, that he travelled twice to Rome; the first time in the year 1593, at the age of 20, with the cardinal *François de Joyeuse*, archbishop of Thoulouse, to whom he was much attached; but who never rendered him any services: apparently on the score of his licentious mode of living. *M. Brossette* contradicts this account, by declaring, in his notes upon Regnier, this journey to have been undertaken in 1583, and by making at that period our poet twenty years old. He made the second journey in 1601, with *Philippe de Béthune*, who went there in quality of ambassador; and it is to him that he addresses his 6th satire, which he composed during his residence at Rome.

He obtained in 1604, by devolution, a canonry in the cathedral church of Chartres, after having proved that the resigner of this benefice, in order to give sufficient time for the acknowledgment of his resignation at Rome, had concealed for more than a fortnight the death of the last titular, in whose

bed they had placed a log, which was afterwards buried in room of the body that they had secretly interred; and he took possession of the canonry the 30th July of that year.

He had, besides other benefices, a pension of two thousand livres granted to him in 1606, by Henry IV, on the abbey of *Vaux-de-Cernay*, after the decease of the abbé Desportes; who was invested with that dignity.

He died at Rouen, in his 40th year, the 22d October, 1613, in the Hotel of *l'Ecu d'Orleans*, where he lodged. His bowels were taken out in the parish-church of *St. Marie de Rouen*; and his body, after being enclosed in a leaden coffin, was conveyed to the abbey de *Royaumont*, as he had directed.

P. Garasse, in his *Recherche des Recherches*, page 648, says, that Regnier wrote the following Epitaph on himself in his youth, having despaired of his health, and being to all appearance at the point of death:

I've trod life's stage without one care,
To cloud my pleasant prospect fair,
Obeying Nature's wise decree:
And it surprises me to find,
As I on death ne'er turn'd my mind,
He should incline to think on me.

But, it is not this Epitaph, nor some of the other licentious poems of our author, which ought to serve as examples for the formation of a decisive judgment on his sentiments and manners. Although it cannot be denied he carried debauchery to excess, and that his pen was loose and unrestrained, yet it appears he changed in the end his style and conduct. His sacred poems, the first of which was composed ten years before his death, and in his thirtieth year, bear edifying marks of his repentance; and he there discloses sentiments truly worthy of a penitent christian.

Regnier stands first among those French writers who have been versed in the art of satire; and we may venture to say that he is as excellent as *Despreaux*, who has entirely superseded him. He chose for his models Persius and Juvenal.

Ingenious follower of these learned masters, Regnier alone amongst us caught their spirit;

Still, in his style, tho' old, new graces charm.
Ah! happy if his lines shall awe the youth,
To shun the place the author did frequent,
And the bold sound of his satiric lines
Offend not often modesty's nice ears.

This is the language of Mr. Despreaux, who alludes principally to the 11th satire of Regnier, where the poet describes a place of debauchery. As for the rest, though he is inexcusable in having preserved so little decency in his style, we must not judge him by the taste of our age; the muses being at present more chaste and reserved—if he be there in error, we must reject that part of his writings where he pretends, as M. de Valincourt observes, in the eulogium on M. Despreaux, 'that obscenity is a salt absolutely necessary to satire.'

Mademoiselle de Scüderi gives a very just idea of Regnier in the 8th volume of her *Cletie*. The muse Calliope appears there in a dream to Hesiod, asleep upon Mount Helicon, and announces to him the principal poets who will come after him. She says to him on the subject of Regnier: "Behold that man negligently and slovenly clothed—He will be named Regnier, will be nephew of Desportes, and merit much of his glory. He will be the first who shall compose satires in French; and although he will have the benefit of some famous originals among those who shall precede him, he will be nevertheless himself an original. His happiest efforts shall reach excellence; and, even in his most careless mood, his genius shall be visible. He will portray vice with ingenuousness, and the vicious shall be pleased. Finally, he shall take a distinct course amongst the poets of his age, wandering very often."

It is worthy of remark, that Regnier is not so much an original that he has not often copied and translated passages of antient Latin and Italian authors, who have written on subjects upon which he would treat; and that he has not even taken entire pieces from the Italians. Hence, it is wrong that those, envious of the glory of M. Despreaux, have opposed to him Regnier, as a poet entirely original, who was indebted to nothing but his genius, and who depended

solely on the inexhaustible funds of his own mind.

Mr. de Valincourt, secretary of the king's cabinet, in the discourse he pronounced on the reception of the abbé d'Etrées, successor of M. Despreaux in the French academy, says, Juvenal, and sometimes even Horace, have attacked the vices of their day with arms which alarmed the maiden timidity of virtue."

Regnier, perhaps in that alone, a faithful disciple of these dangerous masters, owed to this shameful licence a part of his reputation: and he then pretended that obscenity was a salt absolutely necessary to satire; as it has been since imagined that love, ought to be the basis, and of course the soul, of the Drama.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 14.

Quando aliquid prohibetur, prohibetur et omne, per quod devenitur ad illud.

LAW MAXIM.

EITHER there is no such thing as a *right of blockade*, or it is a right, like all other rights, to be exercised at the discretion of him to whom it belongs. Rights, natural rights, do not exist for particular purposes. The right of blockade arises out of the right to oppose an enemy; and a belligerent is not to be told, that he may oppose his enemy in this way, but not in that.

But, if the right of blockade be such as it is here described, there is an end of the limitation of blockade, to a port, or place besieged; an argument which suits the condition of France, and which is echoed by the *cursor reviewer*.

We are told, that the conduct of Great Britain amounts to the blockade of a whole empire. This is not true; but I have no hesitation in declaring, that a belligerent has the same *right* to blockade a whole empire, as to blockade a single town.

II. The second point, in respect to which the conduct of Great Britain is denominated tyrannous, belongs to the

doctrine of *contraband of war*. Commodities are contraband of war, either by convention, or by the nature of things. I contend that a belligerent (I care not what or which belligerent) has an undoubted right to treat, as contraband of war, whatever it esteems to be of much importance to its enemy, and productive of much injury to itself. There is no other principle in the doctrine of contraband of war. There is nothing in the nature of things, that can render iron, rather than corn, contraband of war; the corn which feeds the besieged is of as much importance as the iron with which they fight. It is the principle; not the commodity. Whatever may have been established by conventions, with immediate reference to military assistance, nature gives to the belligerent the right of excluding his enemy from the receipt of whatever he please.

III. I will not separate the neutral carrying trade, between a belligerent and her colonies, from the general topic of neutral trade. The reviewer charges Great Britain with having pursued her measures, 'not only to distress her enemies, but to reach the property of neutrals.' The latter assertion I presume to be a libel; the former amounts to no charge at all. The right of neutrals to an unlimited trade, to the export and import of every species of commodity, and to the navigation of every sea, I have already maintained. On the other hand, I equally maintain, that a belligerent has the right of opposing the trade of neutrals, whenever, and wherever, it is injurious to himself. No doubt, this is a species of warfare upon the neutral; but it is a warfare into which he is forced by his just regard to his interests.

IV. In this summary of the points in debate, I shall recur to the subject of impressing, that so I may be enabled to draw into one view my sentiments on the whole. The right of blockading at the pleasure of the belligerent, the right of treating every commodity as contraband of war, and the right of opposing every export and import of the enemy, appear to me to rest on a basis which nothing can shake: they are

rights which power may trample under foot, but which nothing can destroy. Thus far, then, I am the advocate of Great Britain; but, when, committing outrages not exceeded by France, nor by any other nation upon the globe; when, in defiance of the rights of an independent state, she invades its jurisdiction (the decks of its ships) and there, by lawless violence, seizes on the bodies of men, and disposes of them at her pleasure, I know not which of the two powers fills me with the stronger sentiment: the one, committing these acts, the most atrocious that ever pretended to be just; the other, suffering them, the most despicable that ever called itself *independent*.

I come now to meet the reviewer, at large, and in conclusion, on the question of blockade; but I protest, that, ever and anon, as I proceed in my reply, I 'suspect myself a fool,' for thus joining issue with such a writer, upon any subject of state policy. How shall I excuse myself, if I suffer language to escape me, harsher than that of contempt, in return for that of a statesman who expresses himself as follows? 'But, as if the measure of our losses was not full, and in a moment when we are negotiating to settle other wrongs, a blockade of four rivers, *for the mere purpose of interrupting business, and general domestic comfort*, is announced to our minister in London.' If any thing can heighten the ridicule, that attaches itself to this passage, it is, that a little further on, we find this other: 'This *mere* statement of the *purport* of this *illegitimate* and excessive proceeding seems like hostility to England.'—I will not be so cruel as to make English of these words. In particular, I will not say, with Hamlet,

Seems, madam! nay, it is.—

But, what is this top and finish of iniquity, with which the British government is now charged? A *mere statement* might contain no more than this, That Great Britain has declared the ports, rivers, and coasts, belonging to, or under the control of Prussia, to be in a state of blockade; a fact which it will be proper for us to consider in three points of view, as it respects its de-

fence: the *right*, the *interest*, and the *manner*.

1. The right is unquestionable; provided, that the *right of blockade* be such as I have above defined it. But, the right of blockade, such as it is contended for by the reviewer, and by those who argue with him, is something altogether different: what this is, and upon what foundation it rests, it is necessary to examine.

Here, as from a more ostensible champion, I shall quote the letter of Mr. Monroe, to my lord Mulgrave, of the 23d of September, 1805. The extract will show, that I am not absolutely fighting a wind-mill; but that, however entitled to repose the reviewer may in other respects appear, he deserves notice for this, that his sentiments are those of the government of the country.

'The list of contraband,' says Mr. Monroe, 'is well defined, as are also the *circumstances that constitute a blockade*. The best authorities have united in confining the first to such articles as are used in war, and are applicable to military purposes, and *in requiring, to constitute the latter, the disposition of such a force, consisting of stationary ships, so near the port, by the power which attacks it, as to make it dangerous for the vessels of a neutral power to enter it*. The late treaty between Great Britain and Russia designates these circumstances as necessary to constitute a blockade, and it is believed that it was never viewed before in a light more favourable to the invading power.'

I profess myself at a loss to determine the sense of *invading*, as the epithet is here employed by Mr. Monroe. Does he mean simply, a *belligerent*? or, does he mean an *assailant*, and does he wish to mark in this manner, his strict limitation of blockade, to a place or port besieged?

But, there is a previous and more important question. Whence does the right of blockade originate? To ascertain its existence, must we search for authorities? Is it of a nature to be defined by convention?

If my reader examine the doctrine of Mr. Monroe, he will find it to be

founded on the supposition, that blockade is a matter purely of convention; a thing accorded to the belligerent, through the indulgence of neutrals. He does not appear to entertain the smallest notion of a *right*; but refers solely to practice.

I am guilty of no misrepresentation. My reader may see that I am not. Mr. Monroe thinks of nothing, but precedent, practice and convention. Here, if there be error, the error springs.

Mr. Monroe thinks of nothing, but precedent, practice and convention. Why else does he talk of *authorities*, and *treaties*, and *views*? For the substantiality of a *right*, does he thumb Vattel? for its *existence*, does he depend upon an agreement between Great Britain and Russia, or upon the *view* of this man, or the other? Let him shut his books, and take his own *view*!

So then, the sole question is, Whether the right of blockade be a right natural or conventional? If it be natural, we have nothing to do with *authorities*, *treaties*, nor *views*; if it be conventional, these must determine every thing. What convention creates, convention may define; but no more.

But, the right of blockade is a natural right; and, proceeding upon this principle, it is no wonder that we differ essentially from those, by whom (not to treat with disrespect their understanding) I must suppose this to be denied. From *authorities*, we may learn how this right *has* been exercised, but not how it *may*; from *treaties*, how it has been agreed to be exercised, but not how it *must*; from *views*, what it has been understood to be, but not necessarily what it *is*. To speak more particularly, the *treaty between Great Britain and Russia* could not possibly designate *THESE* circumstances as necessary to constitute a blockade; but it might very reasonably designate what, between the contracting parties, should be held so to do.

I repeat it, the right of blockade has no other basis than in the right of the belligerent to annoy his enemy. If he propose to annoy him through the medium of siege, he may use blockade with this view. If the annoyance be of

any other kind, blockade is equally at his command. There is nothing in reason then to limit the operation of blockade to the case of siege. That, in practice, it may have been so limited, is not at all to the purpose.

Waving, however, the question of right, Mr. Monroe is anxious to establish the nature of the *circumstances that constitute a blockade*. I know of but one circumstance; the existence of *danger* (as Mr. Monroe requires) to the vessel entering. It is this *danger that constitutes the blockade*. Whence the danger results, is not worth inquiry; its existence is all. When a belligerent, by any means, makes it *dangerous for the vessel of a neutral power to enter his enemy's port*, he then, to all intents and purposes, blockades that port; when he does not make it *dangerous*, he does not blockade it. Now, either Great Britain creates this danger, and thereby effects a *bond fide* blockade; or, she does not, and therefore is guilty of no blockade at all. The whole doctrine is very plain: the belligerent may blockade what he *pleases*, and does blockade what he *can*. The first depends upon his prudence; the second upon his power.

A treaty between two nations, upon the question of blockade, can only go to *acknowledge* the right, or *regulate* the practice.

2. I will allow myself no longer to dwell on what tends to establish the right of G. Britain to blockade the *four rivers*; that is, the *abstract justice*, with which it is possible for her to do this act. I face an inquiry of equal importance, the *relative justice*; the *justice to herself and justice to others*, with which she may so blockade. This *relative justice*, as applied to an act of violence, must depend upon the *necessity of the case*.

I promised, in my preceding paper, that I would not lose sight of the *necessity* under the dictates of which Great Britain does or does not take those measures which are offensive to neutral powers. That promise I am now about to fulfil.

If we look for the source of all the obloquy which Great Britain suffers from other nations, we shall find it in

the *maritime*, or rather *commercial* war she pursues. This is a strong fact, very diffusive in its results, and one to which I claim my reader's most earnest attention.

Incidentally, it may be proper to observe, that all commercial operations and interests peculiarly suffer from the prejudices of mankind. With violence, we secretly associate the idea of grandeur; with trade, that of meanness. It will always be held in less disesteem, to sack a city, than to carry away its trade.

The effect of public opinion, in this instance, is not particularly my concern. It is enough, that I have called to my reader's recollection, the distinguishing character of the warlike measures of England, and warned him of the disadvantage under which they labour. I proceed to their necessity. Here, it may be expected, that I shall rely on the geographical and moral condition of Great Britain; that I shall show her territory to be insular, and her people, manufacturing and maritime, and thence assume, without fear of overthrow, the reality of those commercial interests, which it is her business to pursue; and thence, the *necessity* of those measures by which they are to be maintained.

It is not, however, my intention to stop at this. I shall show, not only that Great Britain is commercial, but that all the nations of Europe, all the nations within her sphere of action, are commercial; that the age is commercial; and that it is not Great Britain alone who is engaged in commercial warfare, and who makes warlike measures of those which are commercial. Look at France; laurelled, military France! By what measures does she seek, by what measures does she hope, to subdue her enemy? By commercial. Hear monsieur Cretet, counsellor of state, in his discourse on the finances, delivered to the legislature, April 14th, 1806: *means of coercion must be resorted to against England; but Nature opposes their effect, by obstacles, the duration of which we are unable to calculate.*—Here, the counsellor attempts to counterbalance this unpromising ac-

count, by bringing into notice the hopes of security which France may draw from her continental strength and influence; but, returning to England, he observes, *England, abusing her local advantages and immense maritime power, has herself betrayed her vulnerable points. To the efforts which she makes on the ocean, it may become necessary to oppose still more vigorous efforts by land; and, since she presumes to insulate and cut off the commerce of other nations, by subjecting the sea to her dominion, it will be no more than just reprisal in us, to insulate her, and shut her out from the continent, to the greatest extent that may be possible.*—Are we not now in possession of the French plan of operations, the commercial campaign? But, we may hear still more. We may listen, if we please, to the French decrees of pains, penalties, confiscation and death, against the importers and dealers in British manufactures. We may hear her outcries against Switzerland, Germany and Holland. What is the prominent feature in the French military operations? Wherefore do French armies march? To seize granaries and magazines? rather, to drag miserable pedlars from their beds, and pillage warehouses of dry-goods. General Oudinot, says the *Moniteur*, *has taken possession of the counties of Neuchâtel and Valangin.* And what follows? He found those counties filled with English merchandise, carried there by the merchants of Switzerland. OF THIS THE FRENCH ARMY HAS MADE SEIZURES, TO THE AMOUNT OF MANY MILLIONS. *All the banks of the lake of Neuchâtel have been furnished with French manufactures.* Again, observe the military importance attached to these commercial measures: *Switzerland, at this moment, is little more than a warehouse for English goods: when it shall be cleared of these manufactures, we shall, possibly, have found a medium through which to give a new check to the enemy.* Again, in the event of this continuance in the trade with England, *Who shall protect Basle from a visit from the French army? Lastly, if the French shall regard the toleration of these magazines of prohibited goods AS AN ACT OF DIRECT*

HOSTILITY, *will not all the complaints of the Swiss be unfounded?* &c. These are her arguments and menaces; let us hear next her lamentations; her pathetic figure of *weeping Commerce, la Commerce larmoyante*, &c. so successfully rivalled by the reviewer's *weeping voice of bleeding Europe*. Thus, till England shall soothe the weeping commerce of nations, and, renouncing an universal monopoly, shall restore their natural rights, and no longer dispute with them, except in what regards the advantages of soil and the improvement of the arts, her vessels, freighted with unproductive wealth, shall show themselves in vain upon these extensive coasts.—Need I take further pains to show, that, in Europe, the scheme of hostilities is reciprocally commercial?

Our next view shall be homeward. When the United States feel themselves aggrieved, in what way do they prepare to assert the rights of nations? Do they collect an invading army, or do they equip their navy, that navy the *superiority* of which, in North America, is so humourously hinted at by the reviewer? No; they too make war upon commerce, and through commerce; they resort to prohibitions of manufactures, and threaten navigation-laws.

Commercial warfare is therefore the practice of the age; and what can be more reasonable? Warfare is an attack upon the resources of the adversary; it attempts to crush, or to sap. The taste for luxury, which grows with the growth of civilisation, recommends commerce to the people; the facility with which it affords a revenue recommends it to the tenderest solitudes of the government; hence, all those nations, which we commonly honour with the name of civilised, are more or less embarked in its career, and have in this *their vulnerable points*. It is not unnatural, that against these the blows of warfare are directed.

From all these premises together I infer, that Great Britain, in the commercial character of her hostilities, calls down upon herself no *peculiar* obloquy; and that she may, in the fair exercise of her belligerent rights, do acts that cannot necessarily fix upon

the charge of commercial monopolisation, the tyranny of the seas, or the desire of *reaching the property* of neutrals. I infer, that the warfare of a commercial age must inevitably take a commercial character; that it must be directed against commercial interests; and that, if the warfare of Great Britain be super-eminently imbued with this character, or more remarkably directed to these ends, it results not, by any certain consequence, from the *abuse of her advantages*, but from the necessity of her situation. France, we know, and have just seen, interferes with equal activity, in the *trade of neutrals*, by land. The Swiss, the Swabian and the Dutch merchant could describe, at least, an equally numerous catalogue of *wrongs*, sustained from the strong hand of the belligerent; and, were it not for the Atlantic and the British cruisers, America would be allowed no market, in England, for her cotton, nor, unless the policy of the Thuilleries commanded it, for her tobacco, nor her flour.

Applying the principles of warfare, as operating in a commercial age, to the particular question of blockade, I think no difficulty can attend our perception, that the *practice* of this act of hostility is not to be governed by precedents of another age, or from the conduct of belligerents otherwise situated. The same argument will also serve as a reply to the charge so often made against Great Britain, in reference to the changes in her orders respecting the trade of neutrals. I ask, Whether she may not change her conduct with the times? Whether she may not so exercise her right as to render that right most conducive to her benefit? Whether she may not improve nor alter her policy? and, Whether she may not follow mercantile expedients of evasion, with political expedients for the attainment of her purpose? To answer these questions properly, we must always remember, that the action is matter of right, and the mode of action only, matter of choice.

After what I have said, I need not insist very particularly, on the species of *necessity*, of which I suppose Great Britain to labour under the possible influence, as it respects commercial block-

side, and the trade of neutrals; I shall however, consider more distinctly the blockade of the *four rivers*.

I am ready to allow, that the order of blockade does not assign a good reason for the measure it directs. The simple refusal of one nation to maintain a commerce with another can be no just ground of violence. But, however carelessly or weakly that order may have been written, we are not thence to conclude that Great Britain has no just cause of blockade. First, she, as every other nation, has an undoubted right to consider and treat Prussia as an enemy, whenever she thinks proper; secondly, the king of Prussia, in shutting the ports in question against the British commerce, interferes with that commerce, not only in his own proper dominions, not only in the ports over which, by violence, he assumes the control, but in many and large inland, neutral, and friendly countries; and, thirdly the *motive* of this exclusion is very sufficient cause of war. It is one thing, when a nation, through just regard to its internal policy, prohibits the introduction of foreign goods; it is quite another, when the prohibition has no other motive than that of hostility. I shall close this defence with the words of Mr. Fox, contained in his letter to Mr. Monroe, in which the blockade before us is described as having been adopted, "the king taking into consideration the new and extraordinary means resorted to by the enemy, for the purpose of distressing the commerce of his subjects."

3. The manner in which this blockade is proposed to be executed, is also another subject for consideration. I find this to embrace the utmost tenderness for the interests of neutrals, consistent with pressing ones of Great Britain. The coasts, rivers, and ports are left open to neutral vessels, laden with goods, not being the property of his majesty's enemies, and not being contraband of war,—provided the said ships and vessels shall not have been laden at any port belonging to or in the possession of his majesty's enemies, and that they shall not be destined to, or sailing from, any port in the pos-

session of his majesty's enemies, nor have previously broken the blockade.' It follows, that the objects of the blockade are twofold, and that these are all, To prevent the landing of commodities contraband of war, and to cut off the commerce of an hostile power. With respect to the neutral, not carrying contraband of war, it only forbids him to be the carrier of that commerce of the hostile power. This is the whole of an affair which occupies a column, at once so melancholy and so diverting, of the *cursorius review*.

Once more I halt on my march through the political field; and once more (such is the bounty of my correspondents!) I can offer to my reader, to soothe, as the poet advises, *his travel with a song*.—The *procellarius-pelagicus* is the bird commonly known to mariners by the name of *Mother Carey's Chicken*. In size, form, colour, and motion on the wing, it bears a general resemblance to the swallow. It may be said rather to float than swim upon the water, changing its place only by flight. I conjecture that it is not web-footed; for, to what purpose should so small an animal swim, upon so extensive a surface as the sea? Besides, for every action it rises into the air. The ocean is its resting-place. If it be to eat, it does this sitting, like the duck, but expands its wings, which it constantly flutters, while, half standing on the water, it pecks at its food, in the manner of a *chicken*, whence, it may be presumed, its name. It is amusing to see it, in this attitude, raised and lowered by the waves, still standing on the surface, and still picking at the scrap.

ODE,

TO THE PROCELLARIUS-PELAGICUS.

Tiny wand'r'er of the deep,
Tell me whence thy distant way?
Where thou dost in safety sleep?
Where thy home, thou vagrant, say?
On what course my bark I steer,
Where unmeasur'd waters roar,
Tiny wand'r'er, thou art near,
Careless which way lies the shore!
In my far-borne vessel's wake,
All day long thou hov'rest nigh;
Picking morsels, thou dost take,
There, thy humble life's supply.

Thou, when ev'ning's star serene,
Glistens in the glassy main,
All beside me, flitt'st unseen,
Chirping, flitt'st; a luckless strain!
Hence art thou the seaman's hate;
When thou sing'st, dead falls the gale;
Calms the rolling ship await;
Idle hangs the swagging sail.

Tiny wand'rer of the deep,
Tell me whence thy distant way?
Where thou dost in safety sleep?
Where thy home, thou vagrant, say?
On what secret rock, or beach,
Do thy callow offspring rest?
Or, as fabling sailors teach,
Is the tossing wave thy nest?
Tiny wand'rer, tender form,
O'er this drear expansion roaming,
How abidest thou the storm,
Skies inclement, ocean foaming?
Little fragile skiff! thy keel
By what compass dost thou guide?
For thy wants the hand reveal
That doth here the stores provide?
Bird, we tiny wand'ers are,
Wand'ring over sea or land;
One sure hand's sustaining care;
One, the all-sustaining hand!

SONNET I.

Come, simular of joy! thy baleful hand
Wave, Disappointment, o'er these op'ning
flow'rs!

Come, that approach'd me with sweet as-
pect bland,
Fair winning smiles, and voice of happy
hours!

Come, fiend malignant! thy foul form reveal,
Thy dark cold features, flinty bosom, own;
Show thy hard hand, that to the wretch can
deal

For fish a serpent, and for bread a stone:
Come, thou shalt me against thy will be-
friend;

And, whilst thou shak'st each pillar of my
heart,

And, whilst thou wouldst Hope's straining
cables rend,
Thou shalt high Wisdom's saving lore im-
part:

Withdraw my leaning arm, new nerve my
force,

And send me, victor o'er thee, on my
course.

SONNET II.

Yes, Disappointment, of full many a joy,
Thou stern disposer, at whose frown depart
The timid pleasures, thou canst rob my
heart,

And, at thy bidding, my poor life annoy!
Yes, thou canst dash away the cup I raise
To these parch'd lips; canst wake the gale,
And rough the smooth sea, when I spread
the sail;

Canst break the branch where my depen-
dence stays:

Yes, thou canst rob me, canst afflict me still;
From my fond hands each little treasure
wring,

And sorrows hourly to my bosom bring;
But yet not all things hast thou at thy will:

It is not thine, unpitiful pow'r, to tear,
From this arm'd breast the jewel that I
wear.

SONNET III.

I know thee, blaster of the buds of spring,
Fell Disappointment, that dost, cank'ring,
eat

The rose's bloom, and spoil'st the berry
sweet,

And 'mid the young corn light'st, with lo-
cust-wing;

I know thee, in thy gauzy garment drest,
Apples of ashes in thy hand that bear'st,
Wreaths of false flow'rs and hollow sheels
that wear'st,

A reed thy hand-staff, and a cloud thy crest;
I know thee, curst enchanter! that em-
ploy'st

Thy wand to close each prospect that doth
ope

At the blest call of that good wizard, Hope,
And, what he deftly buildeth, still de-
stroy'st;

I know thy form, thy arts, thy strong con-
trol,

Yet dare defy thee in my fixed soul!

SONNET IV.

So as the pilgrim, on that desert bare
Trav'ling all day, across the thirsty land,
Where white waves rise, a sheeny sea of
sand,

On, with worn limbs and heavy heart, doth
fare;

But, when, before his eyes, there stretches
wide

Fair water, as he deems, in which the skies,
Reflected there, behold their own sweet
dyes,

And where tall shadows bathe, the palm-
tree's pride,

Then leaps for joy, and only counts the way
That is between him and those living banks,
And lifts to heav'n his sunken eye, in
thanks,—

Then still finds sand, where seemed water
lay;

So I, Maria, have but hop'd in vain;

And, from my hope, draw but my newer
pain!

SONNET V.

Thou noted promise-breaker, that between
The lover step'st, and his fair mistress dear,
When as, bright Venus' star beneath, the
green

He paces soft, but can no signal hear,
No whisper by the blind boy taught; no
sound

Of tender feet; and, vainly peering, tries,
 E'er yet, returning oft, he leave the ground,
 That shape to see for which all day he sighs!
 Thou, that from month to month, th' expect-
 ed sail

Deny'st the anxious merchant, on the strand,
 Thou, that has fill'd with wo so many a tale,
 And lay'st on me, at ev'ry turn, thy hand;

Hard-hearted Disappointment! oh, that
 verse

Not fail'd me thus, when I thy crimes re-
 hearse!

SONNET VI.

Oh, not thy strength, but other's weakness,
 see

Supporter, Disappointment, of thy reign;
 There are that yield no vassalage to thee,

And all thy power and thy wit disdain!

The infirm sea thou may'st in high waves
 heave,

And wreck the gay ship on the look'd-for
 shore;

Time's waxen form thou may'st of bliss be-
 reave;

Blight the frail herb, and blast the fruit it
 bore:

His golden promise pluck from tender
 Youth;

Make spoil of Beauty's evanescent snow;

Fortune's unstable smile, and Friendship's
 truth;

And, from inconstant breasts, work True-
 love's woe:

Such are thy triumphs; but thy might,
 nor art,

Can take, from me, my rest in Mary's
 heart.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN the miscellaneous works of Doctor Franklin there is an ingenious parable, exposing the folly of persecution. Turning over an old English magazine (The Repository for May 1788) I found that the Doctor's title to this little piece was controverted and disproved. The story is said to be found in G. Gentius's dedication of a book entitled *Ieribu Jude Salomonis*, &c. and printed in 1688, as quoted from a still more ancient author. I have transcribed, for the amusements of your readers, the extract copied into the Magazine from the above mentioned work. The Doctor, in his translation, or, rather paraphrase, certainly excels the original; but, it was not altogether consistent with candor, to permit it to be published as his own.

EBORACENSIS.

Illustre tradit nobilissimus auctor Sadus, venerandæ antiquitatis exemplum Abrahamæ Patriarcham, hospitalitatis gloria cele-

bratum, vix sibi felix faustumque credidisse hospitium, nisi extremum aliquem, tanquam aliquod presidium domi excepisset hospitium, quem omni officiorum prosequeretur genere. Aliquando, cum hospitem domi non haberet, foris eum quæsiturus, campestris petiit; forte virum quandam, senectute gravem, itinere fessum, sub arbore recubentem conspexit. Quem comiter exceptum domum hospitem deducit, et omni officio colit. Cum cænam appositam, Abrahamus et familia ejus à precibus auspicaretur, senex manum ad cibum protendit, nullo auspicio usus. Que vis? Abrahamus eum ita affatur: "Mi senex, vix decet canitiem tuam, sine prævia numinis veneratione, cibum sumere." Ad quæ senex: "Ego ignicola sum, istiusmodi morum ignarus; nostri enim majores nullam talem me docuerunt pietatem. Ad quam vocem horrescens Abrahamus, "rem sibi cum ignicola profano et à sui numinis cultu alieno esse, eum e vestigio à cæna remotum, ut sui consortii pestem et religionis hostem, domo ejecit. Sed ecce summus Deus Abraham statim monet: "Quid agis, Abraham? Itane verò fecisse te decuit? Ego isti seni, quantumvis in me usque ingrato et vitam et victum, centum amplius annos dedi; tu homini nec unam cænam dare, unumque eum momentum ferre potes?" Qua divina voce monitus Abrahamus, senem ex itinere revocatus domum reducit, et tantis officiis, pietate et ratione colit, ut suo exemplo ad veri numinis cultum eum præduxerit.

DR. FRANKLIN'S TRANSLATION.

"And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun. And behold a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness leaning on a staff. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "turn in I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning and go on thy way." And the man said, "nay for I will abide under this tree," but Abraham pressed him greatly: so he turned, and they went into the tent: and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?" and the man answered and said, "I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things." And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger? and Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name."

therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness," and God said "have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

During the famous disputes about *liberty* between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, a very pretty girl appeared at a masquerade in the habit of the former. This whimsical circumstance gave occasion to the following epigram:

On s'étonne ici que Caliste
Ait pris l'habit de *Moliniste*,
Puisque cette jeune beauté
Ote à chacun sa *liberté*.
N'est-ce pas une *Janseniste*?

IMITATED.

What means Calista's mimic wit?
Calista is no *Jesuit*.
Where'er the damsel rolls her eye,
We all give up our *liberty*:
Able no longer to resist,
We hail the lovely *Jansenist*!

A singular coincidence of sentiment the reader will perceive between this French epigram, and the Latin one of Dr. Johnson, addressed, in answer to her *high-flown speeches on liberty*, to a lady, who professed herself of *whig* principles:

*Liber ut esse velim suasisti, pulchra Maria,
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.*

Epictetus compared Fortune to a female, who granted favours to the meanest of her servants. The following madrigal pursues the idea:

Dans l'amour comme dans le jeu,
Rien n'est certain, rien n'est solide:
Et le mérite sert bien peu
Ou sans ordre, et sans choix la Fortune pré-
side.
Du plus adroit et du plus généreux,
Du plus aimable et de plus amoureux,
Souvent le malheur est extrême
Et souvent, sans y penser même,
Le plus sot est le plus heureux!

IMITATED.

The gamester and the gallant find,
Fortune and Love are of one mind;
Both are by mere Caprice directed.

In vain the generous lover sighs,
In vain his art the gamester pines,
Virtue and Skill are both neglected.

Fortune and Cupid, all agree,
Are so stark blind they cannot see,
The worth of any kind of merit.
Blockheads grow rich ere we're aware,
To women fools and fops are dear,
Dearer than men of wit and spirit.

The polite reader will readily remember an old song, ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh, of which two lines are,

If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be.

This beautiful little poem, which finely displays the jealous pride of a lover, has, we think, been imitated by Mr. Sheridan, in his charming opera, the *Duenna*. But Mr. S. is no plagiarist, and his copy is as enchanting as the original:

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid, who seeks my heart,
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.
Is her hand so soft and pure,
I must press it to be sure;
Nor can I e'en be certain then,
'Till it grateful press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh;—
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

An Italian who was very much addicted to gaming, and was both very poor and very unlucky, used to exclaim, O Fortuna, traditrice, tu mi puoi ben perdere; ma pagar no. Fortune, thou vile traitress, it is true you can make me lose; but you cannot make me pay.

The Abbé de la Victoire used to say of Mons. G. who was a notorious parasite and calumniator, That fellow never opens his mouth, but at another man's expense.

In one of his last lessons to his son, Lord Chesterfield most ungallantly says, that women are never either good or bad by halves; their passions are too strong, and their reason too weak, to do any thing with moderation.

Charlotte Smith is the author of the following poetical description of one of the prettiest fellows of the forest. The natural history of the Squirrel, in the sixth stanza, and the fine simile at the close, are very just, elegant and pleasing.

The Squirrel, with aspiring mind,
Disdains to be to earth confin'd,
But mounts aloft in air;
The pine tree's giddiest height he climbs,
Or scales the beech tree's loftiest limbs,
And builds his castle there.

As nature's wildest tenants free,
A merry forester is he
In oak o'ershadow'd dells,
Or glen remote, or woodland lawn
Where the doe hides her infant fawn,
Among the birds he dwells.

Within some old fantastic tree,
Where Time has worn a cavity,
His winter food is stor'd:
The cone, beset with many a scale,
The chesnut, in its coat of mail,
Or nuts complete his hoard.

Of wise prescience thus possest,
He near it rears his airy nest,
With twigs and moss entwined.
And gives its roof a conic form,
Where, safely sheltered from the storm,
He braves the rain and wind.

Though plumeless, he can dart away,
Swift as the woodpecker or jay,
His sportive mate to woo:
His summer food is berries wild,
And last year's acorn cups are fill'd
For him with sparkling dew.

Soft is his shining auburn coat,
As ermine white his downy throat,
Intelligent his mein;
With feathery tail and ears alert,
And little paws, as hands expert,
And eyes so black and keen.

Soaring above the earth-born herd
Of beasts, he emulates the bird,
Yet feels no want of wings:
Exactly pois'd, he dares to launch
In air, and bounds from branch to branch,
With swift elastic springs.

And thus the man of mental worth
May rise above the humblest birth,
And adverse fate control;
If to the upright heart be join'd
The active persevering mind,
And firm unshaken soul.

Mr. O——, on reading Pliny the younger's account of his villas, observed, that it was written with such accuracy of detail, as if Pliny had intended to put them up for sale.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The indignation of our old correspondent F. is very properly excited against the pitiful subjects of our national *economy*. Such items, however, are suited exactly to the humour of our *haberdasher* politicians, such items are *tape*, *thread*, and *buckram*, perfectly proper in a *taylor's bill*, perfectly fit to be huckstered by a pedlar, by "a *Franklin* in the wilds of Kent," but wholly unworthy the fiscal calculation of a liberal statesman, and what the genius of a BURKE or a WINDHAM would disdain as the very *scrappings from the trenchers of penury*, as the *cheese parings* and *candle ends* of the most sordid and abject avarice.

"*Delia*" we believe, is more of a seamstress, than a shepherdess. Her heart, as Matthew Bramble would say, is as soft as butter, and as easily melted. In the conflict between Discretion and Love, it is easy to see, which will prove the victor, and that, one of the most favourite choruses in *Delia's* choice collection of songs is,

In spite of all my friends could say,
Young Colin stole my heart away.

The description of a celebrated belle and beauty has too near a resemblance to the *Olivia* of Goldsmith. But, although we do not fully approve of the picture, we admire the original, and can say with the enthusiasm of Orlando,

All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.

The sketch of *Papilio* is too much in the chalk and charcoal style, partaking more of the caricatures of Gilray, than the resemblances of Reynolds. Dr. Young has already described such an insect as *Papilio*:

His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then he can out-bow the bowing dean;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.

In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face,
For ornament in every public place;
As sure as cards, he to the assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing rooms.
When Play invokes, his hand and heart are free,
And join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.

Narcissus is the glory of his race:
For, who does nothing, with a better grace.

Before we can pronounce a single word in the American oration style, we must, in the words of Shakspeare's *Celia*, "borrow *Garagantua's* mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of our age's size."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,
Augusta, Georgia, Feb. 1806.

"On to the Church-Yard horrors led,
 Whilst fearful echoes burst around,
 On some cold stone he leans his head,
 Or throws his body on the ground."—

"To some such drear and solemn scene
 Some friendly pow'r direct my way."—

The night in a garb full of horror appears,
 And the earth seems some rude shock of
 nature to dread;

I look round with an awe which confesses
 my fears,
 Whilst, reclin'd on a tomb, I converse with
 the dead.

That grave has long clos'd o'er the eyes of a
 friend,

Here a father's lov'd corpse to the dust was
 resign'd;

As o'er these green hillocks with rev'rence
 I bend,

How solemn the sorrow that steals o'er my
 mind!

Tho' no deep sculptur'd marble to fame will
 consign

The names of those bones which here mould-
 er away,

Yet affection and friendship shall hallow the
 shrine,

And visits of rev'rence full frequently pay.

Of yon willow's bare branches how deep is
 the sigh;

With another it mixes which steals from my
 breath,

Whilst more mournfully far the shrill wind
 whistles by

The rank grass that o'er shadows these
 mansions of death.

The sound of that bell seem'd to strike on
 my heart,

On the murmuring wind 'twas borne slowly
 along;

My soul for a moment appear'd to depart,
 For touch'd to the quick was each feeling
 that's strong.

Again all is still, and almost I believe,
 Every being lies hush'd into slumber but me,
 That I, only I, must unceasingly grieve,
 And endeavour in vain from existence to
 flee.

Ah! why am not I too permitted to rest,
 From false joys and vain sorrows why am
 not I free?

In life there are few who have been more
 distrest,

There are few to whom death were more
 welcome than me.

Since Reason's bright ray first illumin'd my
 mind,

Life's gay-painted scenes I have carelessly
 review'd,

And nought in the wide changing prospect
 could find

That wisdom admir'd or virtue pursued.

Wealth I found but a thorn to the pillow of
 care,

A breath could destroy the proud fabric of
 fame;

Ev'n hope furnish'd pleasure with arts to
 ensnare,

And of all our enjoyments the end was the
 same.

The caresses of pow'r were meant to de-
 stroy,

Disappointment and sorrow still follow'd her
 train,

And friendship and study could offer no
 joy,

That was not soon clouded by sickness and
 pain.

Love alone for a moment induc'd me to
 stray

From stoical coldness, contentment and
 ease,

That moment has made me to anguish a
 prey,

Which no reas'ning can lessen, no time can
 appease.

From mem'ry I thought I have long strove
 to fly,

They, alas, still relentless, my footsteps pur-
 sue;

Of this pray'r half escapes from my lips in a
 sigh,

Oh life be thou evermore shut from my
 view!

But death, like the swallow, companions of
 bliss,

Seeks the gay sparkling domes of the
 wealthy and fair,

And as he resembles all false friends in this
 Like them too he shuns the lone haunts of
 despair.

GUIANDOT.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
 in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 26, 1806.

[No. 29.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 173.

MR. SAUNTER,

I AM one of those who have seen with peculiar pleasure and interest the Welch poems contained in your paper of last Saturday; and, as I flatter myself, that even in the way of example, the commentary of a reader may not be unacceptable, I have concluded on sending you mine.—I say, in the way of example; because I persuade myself, that such an occasional discussion of the literary topics that present themselves, would often produce to you no disagreeable communications, and tend, in a peculiar manner, to the growth of public taste. For my part, I am not without the hope of establishing, through your favour, a short correspondence with the ingenious translator of the courtly bard of the Britons; or of inducing him, at the least, to appear again in your paper, though my wandering steps should render it impracticable for me to make any rejoinder.

In the first place, Mr. Saunter, I think you will join with me in expressing a wish, that the originals of the four odes on the seasons, written in the Roman character, could be supplied, for your paper. The originals, as the translator assures us, are harmonious; and I

doubt not, that within the circle of your readers, there are some by whom they would, in their own language, be understood. Through this communication, you might hope to obtain, either from the present translator, or some other, such versions, as, superadding to the imagery, sentiment and animation, preserved in those before us, the charm of numbers, might present them in the harmony of their native dress. With the originals, the translator would also, it were to be desired, associate what particulars his leisure allowed him to set down, whether in regard to these poems, or to Welch poetry in general.

Your correspondent professes, that he has no desire of provoking an *invidious* comparison (as I presume) between these odes and the poems of Ossian, and other northern poets. The result I draw, is that these are infinitely more cheerful, and more characteristic of a civilised nation; insomuch, that I scarcely perceive in them any thing of that peculiarity which appears to strike the translator, when he says, that they are expressive of those sentiments which must arise in the bosoms of an 'artless people.' Nor, are they remarkable for *novelty* of sentiment, as I shall show from some extraordinary resemblances to familiar passages in modern poetry. What alone appears to me to be new, is a sentiment concerning Winter: 'Ty-rant of the earth, seas, skies; destroyer of the fairest bounties of Nature; why, Winter, should I sing the woes thou

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causest, but that *I know thee to be an instrument, in the hand of the Creator, for the punishment of improvident man?*— This, I confess, I do not remember to have seen before; and I shall not be sorry—if I never see it again.

The sentiment that succeeds, at a first reading, appears to be deficient in humanity. We accuse the poet of saying, with Apemantus,

I pray for no man but myself:—

candidly considered, however, we must give it a different construction. It is certainly a sentiment of self-gratulation; but it amounts to no more than this, ‘Do what thou wilt, I am secure.’

But, let the address to the husbandman, in this ode on Winter, be compared with a similar address, in Thomson’s poem on Winter:—‘Yet, husbandman, spread thick the bed of straw for your faithful dependants! Be the rich produce of the meadow piled in plenty before them; the mild and laborious ox, the horse renowned for strength and swiftness, the cow with distended udder, teeming with that sustenance which cheers the heart of thy offspring; and the patient sheep, whose former covering now protects thee from the blasts of Winter. Scatter with unsparing hand, before the feathered tribes, the rich blessings of Autumn; nor withhold from the churlish hog his share of the produce of thy toil: useless in life, he will reward thee at his death.’

Now, shepherds, to your gentle charge be kind!

Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict.

.....
Drooping, the lab’rer ox
Stands cover’d o’er with snow, and then demands

The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heav’n,
Tam’d by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them.

A resemblance equally extraordinary is to be found between the principal imagery in the Ode to Summer, and two passages of Goldsmith, the first in his *Deserted Village*, and the second in his *Traveller*. I transcribe only the

lines of Goldsmith, referring you, for the Ode on Summer, to your very recent paper:—‘*And see! the youth of the village salute the evening beams with unaffected sincerity; the hand of labour is suspended; &c.*’

How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey’d;
And many a gambol frolick’d o’er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;

And still, as each repeated pleasure tir’d,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir’d;
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter’d round the place;

The bashful virgin’s sidelong looks of love,
The matron’s glance, that would those looks reprove.

The strings of the harp, &c.

How often have I led thy sprightly choir,
With tuneless pipe, along the banks of Loire,
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And fresher’d from the wave the zephyr flew!
And haply, though my harsh touch, fault’ring still,

But mock’d all tune, and marr’d the dancer’s skill,

Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,

And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour:

Alike all ages; dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,

And the gay grandsire, skill’d in gestic lore,
Has frisk’d beneath the burden of threescore.

Alike all ages, I shall exclaim, in another sense; for, in the Ode on Summer, Age prefers the agility of the companions of his better days, to that of the *modern youth*, who danced and died—before William the Norman!

In this poem, it were injustice, equally toward the translator and the author, not to remark the beauty of the conclusion:—‘How fervid are thy noontide beams, O Summer! Ah, who will place me on the heights of Snowdon, or cover me with the greenest boughs of the vale of Llanberris! Be hushed, ye birds, while, as I repose on the verdant banks of Arvon, the vast oak slowly waving his branches over my head, I yield to thy

power, O Summer! and seek refreshment in the arms of balmy sleep!

It is refreshing, in this sultry season, to think of the heights of Snowdon; and the wish, to be covered *with the greenest boughs of the vale of Llanberis*, is worthy of Hafez.—I venture to read, *Llanberis*, presuming that *Slanberis* is an error of the press. As to *Arvon*, the translator will excuse my inquiry, whether this word, in the original, stand here as a proper name, or whether only as signifying a *river*? I put this question, because, in the preceding poem, the word *Avon* is once, rather injudiciously. I think, retained, when it might have been translated. If the translator say, 'The salmon, pride of the river, now visits the *Avons* of Cambria,' he might also say, 'The salmon, pride of the *Avon*,' &c. Is *slowly waving* exactly the sense of the original? and, amid these matters, is the name of the prince, *Howell*, and not, *Hoël*?

In the Ode to Spring is another curious similarity: 'And shall not man, O Spring, express his raptures at thy approach?'—Here, we all recollect the Hymn of Eve, so familiar that I should not subjoin it, but for the sake of its own beauty:

How cheerful, along the gay mead,
The cowslips and violets appear!
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year:
Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call;
Forbid it, Devotion and Love!

The *rapture* of the animal creation, sung by the Welch poet, and so obvious to the perception of all, we may reasonably expect to find in numerous authors. In particular, it is thus glanced at by Gray:

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures, now that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis man, alone, that joy describes
With forward and reverted eyes:—

of the imagery and philosophy of which stanza, the former principally belongs to Horace, Lib. I, Ode iv.—The same

rapture is the subject of the following French rondeau. A translation appeared in an early number of the Port Folio, New Series:

Le Temps a laissé son manteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluie,
Et s'est vêtu de broderie,
De soleil luisant, clair et beau:
Il n'y a bête, ni oiseau,
Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crie,
Le Temps a laissé son manteau
De vent, de froidure ou de pluie.

I shall close my comparisons, with that of the delineation of Spring, by Thomson and by the Welch poet. In the poem of the latter, the stream that *murmurs its gratitude*, may be remarked; though I know not whether a thought of this kind be not something very like a conceit. The *horse*, that *demand*s the hill, the vale and the stream, is very animated. In the two pictures of Spring, it is observable, that that of the Welch poet makes the personification male: 'Lightly treading on aromatic shrubs and fragrant flowers, the offspring of his bounty, see, Spring approaches! Fragrance issues from his lips, and over his frame is thrown a garment, blue as the skies which he enlivens; while, jocund, he spreads the verdant mantle over the valley, hill, and grove: the birds resume their interrupted harmony:—'

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness,
come!

And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

The *stream*, that disdains the tyranny of Winter—that breaks its icy chains—is nothing new.—'Winter!' cries the bard, in the poem to which I paid my first attention, 'Winter! no streams I discover; thy rage has bound them in fetters strong as adamant.'—It is when he talks of *streams*, if any where, that we ought to discover a resemblance to Ossian; but the genius of the two poets has no point of unity. The bard, that *dwelt beneath the roof* of a Welch Augustus, regards as animated with the *spirits of tigers*, those who on the hills of Morven, *bear the figures of men*; and very obligingly recommends it to Winter, to *howl and rage* among them, un-

less, leaving man to famine, he should prefer to exhaust himself on the ocean, or among the rocks of *Ultima Thulé*.

I have one serious quarrel with the translator, and no more: not *fisheries*, but simple *fishing*, was in the contemplation of the poet; and I wish that this contortion had not been employed for the reiteration of the silly things, that, now-a-days, we perpetually hear, of *warriors*. I cannot see the use, in a mercantile mechanic age, like ours, of labouring at the degradation of the military character. A lighter subject remains: I submit to the translator, that *implement*, *emolument*, *debilitated frame*, *adjust*, *exertions of industry*, and some others, are not poetic terms; and, that in prose translation, while we part with the *harmony* of verse, we can by no means spare the *diction* by which it ought to be accompanied. Another point, is the danger of bestowing, in translation, the *phraseology* of modern poets, on the *thoughts* of ancient. I can by no means assert that this has been done, in the sentence, *The harvest bows before the sickle*;—but the fact is suspicious.

METRICOS.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 4.

ON THE MOALLAKAT.

But ah, thou know'st not in what youthful
play
Our nights, beguil'd with pleasure, swam
away!
Gay songs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the
time,
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;
Sweet was the draught, and sweet the bloom-
ing maid,
Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant
shade:
We sipp'd till morning purpled ev'ry plain;
The damsels slumber'd; but we sipp'd again:
The waking birds, that sung on ev'ry tree
Their early notes, were not so blithe as we.—

COULD we present our readers with the whole of the Moallakat, reduced into verse like this, we should sensibly increase whatever portion of pleasure

they may receive from the prose translation. On the other hand, from a prose and literal translation, a more faithful picture of the original will be obtained: its music indeed must be wanting; but the thoughts and images will be more accurately given, than by a translator who is constantly tempted to sacrifice these to the difficulties of measure. Of this truth, a sufficient example presents itself in these lines themselves, which are rendered by sir William Jones, from the poem of Lebeid, when compared with the prose version of the same pen:—*Althou knowest not how many serene nights, with sweet sport and mirthful revelry, I pass in gay conversation; and often return to the flag of the wine merchant, when he spreads it in the air, and sells his wine at a high price! I purchase the old liquor at a dear rate, in dark leathern bottles, long reposit, or in casks black with pitch, whose seals I break, and then fill the cheerful goblet. How often do I quaff the pure wine in the morning, and draw toward me the fair lutanist, whose delicate fingers skilfully touch the strings! I rise before the cock, to take my morning draught, which I sip again and again, when the sleepers of the dawn awake.*

After all, we must be strictly upon our guard, not hastily to decide against the merits of any poem, the contents of which come to us only through the medium of prose. In our initial numbers, we endeavoured to show, that measure is not merely a quality, but the very substance of poetry; and if this be taken from the thoughts and language of a poet, he appears under an incalculable disadvantage. In translation, much of his choice of expression is stripped away; and, in prose translation, all the charm of his numbers. Thus circumstanced, he must be viewed with every indulgence.

II. A second occasion of indulgence is, when the writings of a poet are read by a nation, the manners of which are essentially different from those of his own. Of this, as it respects the Arabian authors of the Moallakat, our read-

ers are already warned. The manners, customs, and theology of every country, are the subjects of allusions, and produce forms of expression, which, often where they are peculiar beauties in their native language, are necessarily but ill relished by those to whom their sources are unknown: often they are pointless, often perplexing, and often disagreeable. Nothing but the most prolonged research could discover to us, how much of our own speech is made up of allusion; and we must allow the same characteristic to every other.

III. Some other considerations deserve to be pressed upon the reader of the *Moällakat*; but we shall previously take a brief view of the history and nature of this collection of poems. A school of poetry, held at Oadth, where, in occasional assemblies, new compositions were produced by their authors, has already been described, as existing at the beginning of the seventh century. At this school, or assembly, those compositions which obtained sufficient favour, were adjudged to be suspended in the temple of Mecca, on the walls, or on the gate; for in which situation, or whether indifferently in all, we are not satisfied. But, to be thus preserved, or displayed, they were also transcribed upon Egyptian paper, and in letters of gold; and hence, poems so honoured, were denominated *Modhahebat*, or Golden; and *Moällakat*, or Suspended. The poems themselves, without reference to these circumstances, were called *casseidas*, or *eclogues*. Of these, the seven that are esteemed the finest, *prior* to the Flight of Mohammed, are preserved in the libraries of Europe, under the general title of *Moällakat*.

The *Moällakat*, fairly transcribed, and accompanied by explanatory notes, is among Pocock's manuscripts, at Oxford, No. 164; and in the same collection, No. 174, there is a manuscript containing above forty other poems, all of which have received similar honours, and are properly to be ranked in the *Moällakat*. The names of the seven poets of the *Moällakat*, under the limitation given to it by European scholars, and such as we are here to regard it,

are Amriolkais, Tarafa, Zohair, Lebeid, Antara, Amru and Hareth.

IV. Sir William Jones has accompanied his translation with commentaries, of part of which we shall avail ourselves. It is to be lamented, that he did not live, or had not the leisure, to add that preliminary discourse which he deferred to write, till after he should have received the strictures of the learned, and of which he has prefixed the following prospectus:—'The discourse will comprise observations on the antiquity of the Arabian language and letters; on the dialects and characters of Himyar and Koraish, with accounts of some Himyarish poets; on the manners of the Arabs in the age immediately preceding that of Manomed; on the temple at Mecca, and the *Moällakát*, or pieces of poetry *suspended* on its walls or gate; lastly, on the lives of the *seven poets*, with a critical history of their works, and the various copies or editions of them preserved in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

'The notes will contain authorities and reasons for the translation of controverted passages; will elucidate all the obscure couplets, and exhibit or propose amendments of the text; will direct the reader's attention to particular beauties, or point out remarkable defects; and will throw light on the images, figures, and allusions of the Arabian poets, by citations either from writers of their own country, or from such European travellers as best illustrate the ideas and customs of eastern nations.'

What sir William Jones deferred to undertake, we are far from assuming to accomplish. We shall occasionally submit the observations that occur to us; but our chief object is to put our readers in possession of a set of poems, marked by at least some novelty of character, and in which, to say nothing of other recommendations, through his own comparisons with what he has elsewhere read, he will find an abundant source of pleasure. They will recal many passages of the Greek and Roman classics, surprising us with unexpected similarities, or pleasing us by

opposite beauties. In particular, it will be a gratification, within every one's reach, to read them along with the more poetical books of the Scriptures, as those of Isaiah, Hosea and Habakkuk; where, allowing for their dissimilitude in other respects, striking resemblances of thought, and above all, of style, will be perceived: the same abruptness; the same want of arrangement; the same frequent and diffuse introduction of natural objects; the same landscape, and the same eyes.

V. What we have just advanced, brings us to speak more directly of the topics to which these poems are devoted. If any of our readers, misled by the account of their suspension at the temple of Mecca, have at any time supposed them to be of a religious character, the remarks quoted from sir William Jones, in our preceding number, the extract from the poem of Lebeid, in this, and the detail we have since entered into, on the circumstances under which the suspension took place, must have put an end to the deception. These poems are amatory, pastoral, warlike, patriotic; sometimes didactic, but more frequently bacchanalian. They breathe a spirit of freedom, and, what we must be allowed to name as something distinct, a freedom of mind. Their philosophy is Epicurean; they reiterate expressions of contempt for those who would rob life of the sensual pleasures; and, it must be confessed, that they sometimes wear all the effrontery of debauch. In listening to them, man seems to enjoy a loftier character; undaunted in the field, unwearied in action, exulting in his strength, joyous in his relaxation, and disburthened of the shackles of narrow systems; but, on the other side, our poets are proud to describe themselves as little better than drunkards, and we are attempted to be cajoled into a good understanding with tiplers, who take *spiced wine* in the morning, *before the censurers are awake, breaking the seals of so many dark leathern bottles*, that, exhausting the *wine-merchant*, they *make him strike his flag*. In a word, the Moallakat is replete with vigour and gaiety; and, if its authors would sometimes re-

commend, by their example, a *more* unbridled addiction to pleasure than we know to be consistent with happiness, it is our business—to reject the advice. We have gloomy writers enough, in our part of the world; and, if we sometimes meet with those who overstep in their cheerfulness, there is no reason why we should follow or quarrel with the one sort, more than the other.—The following sketch of the *casseida* or *eclogue* of Lebeid, of which the lines at the head of this paper are a part, and which we may safely pronounce to be one of the most exquisite poems of any age or nation, is by sir William Jones:

‘The fourth, composed by Lebeid, is purely pastoral, and extremely like the Alexis of Virgil, but far more beautiful, because more agreeable to nature: the poet begins with praising the charms of the fair Novâra (a word which in Arabic signifies a *timorous fawn*), but inveighs against her unkindness; he then interweaves a description of his young camel, which he compares for its swiftness to a stag pursued by hounds; and takes occasion afterwards to mention his own riches, accomplishments, liberality and valour; his noble birth, and the glory of his tribe: the diction of this poem is easy and simple, yet elegant; the numbers flowing and musical, and the sentiments wonderfully natural.’

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[THE ingenious and venerable RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq. has published in a large quarto, a very entertaining narrative of his life, together with amusing anecdotes of many of his literary compeers. We are glad that a cheap and portable edition of this work has been published at New-York and Philadelphia. An idea of the entertainment to be derived from this biography may be formed by perusing the following article, which very pleasantly describes Goldsmith's Stage Adventures, and gives us a lively idea of the interest that his friends took in his success.]

“Oliver Goldsmith began at this time to write for the stage, and it is to be lamented that he had not begun at an earlier period of life to turn his genius to dramatic composition, and much more

to be lamented, that, after he had begun, the succeeding period of his life was so soon cut off. There is no doubt but his genius, when more familiarised to the business, would have inspired him to accomplish great things. His first comedy of *The Good-natured Man* was read and applauded in its manuscript by Edmund Burke, and the circle in which he then lived and moved: under such patronage it came with those testimonials to the director of Covent Garden Theatre, who could not fail to open all the avenues to the stage, and bespeak all the favour and attention from the performers and the public, that the applauding voice of him, whose applause was fame itself, could give it. This comedy has enough to justify the good opinion of its literary patron, and secure its author against any loss of reputation, for it has the stamp of a man of talents upon it, though its popularity with the audience did not quite keep pace with the expectations, grounded on the fiat it had antecedently been honoured with. It was a first effort however, and did not discourage its ingenious author from invoking his muse a second time. It was now, whilst his labours were in projection, that I first met him at the British Coffee-house, as I have already related somewhat out of place. He dined with us as a visitor, introduced, as I think, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and we held a consultation upon the naming of his comedy, which some of the company had read, and which he detailed to the rest after his manner with a great deal of good humour. Somebody suggested—*She Stoops to Conquer*, and that title was agreed upon. When I perceived an embarrassment in his manner towards me, which I could readily account for, I lost no time to put him at his ease, and I flatter myself I was successful. As my heart was ever warm towards my contemporaries, I did not counterfeit, but really felt a cordial interest in his behalf, and I had soon the pleasure to perceive that he credited me for my sincerity.—“You and I,” said he, “have very different motives for resorting to the stage. I write for money, and care

little about fame—.” I was touched by this melancholy confession, and from that moment busied myself assiduously amongst all my connexions in his cause. The whole company pledged themselves to the support of the ingenious poet, and faithfully kept their promise to him. In fact, he needed all that could be done for him, as Mr. Colman, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, protested against the comedy, when as yet he had not struck upon a name for it. *Johnson at length stood forth, in all his terrors, as champion for the piece*, and backed by us, his clients and retainers, demanded a fair trial. Colman again protested, but, with that salvo for his own reputation, liberally lent his stage to one of the most eccentric productions that ever found its way to it, and *She Stoops to Conquer* was put into rehearsal.

“We were not over sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to *struggle hard for our author*: we accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakespeare Tavern in a considerable body for an early dinner, where *Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps*: the poet took post silently by his side with the *Burkes, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whiteford*, and a phalanx of North British predetermined applauders, under the banner of Major Mills, all good men and true. Our *illustrious president was in inimitable glee*, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his raillery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day or every day of his life. In the mean time we did not forget our duty, and though we had a better comedy going, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to separate, and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconcerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon in a manner that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

“We had amongst us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to

his friends, and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious, laugh, that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly forewarned us that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired therefore to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvres was complete. *All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in a front row of a side box; and when he laughed every body thought themselves warranted to roar.* In the mean time my friend followed my signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author; but, alas, it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now unluckily he fancied that he found a joke in almost every thing that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more mal-à-propos than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our play through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but our own."

[I know not the name of the author of the ensuing description, but from internal evidence, suspect it to be L'Estrange, from the quaintness of the antitheses, and from an occasional sprinkling of the dialect of Alsatia. In many passages, however, the

ingenuity of the author, rising above cant and affectation, has very elegantly, as well as justly, described a lawyer of skill, eloquence, and probity. Our partiality to the profession and knowledge of many an advocate urge us to declare that the character is not uncommon in America. A day, in the term of many of our lawyers, which is unmarked by some deed of justice or humanity, is a *dies non* in his calendar. Industry is his pledge for prosecution, and Skill is the subscribing witness to all his instruments.]

CHARACTER OF AN HONEST LAWYER.

Justitia cultor, rigidi servator Honesti, in commune bonus.

An honest lawyer is the life-guard of our fortunes, the best collateral security for an estate: a trusty pilot, to steer one through the dangerous (and oftentimes inevitable) ocean of contention: a true priest of justice, that neither sacrifices to fraud nor covetousness; and in this outdoes those of a higher function; that he can make people honest that are sermon-proof.—He is an infallible anatomist of *Meum* and *Tuum*, that will presently search a cause to the quick, and find out the peccant humour, the little lurking cheat, though masked in never so fair pretences: one that practices law, so as not to forget the gospel, but always wears a conscience as well as a gown; he weighs the cause more than gold; and if that will not bear the touch, in a generous scorn puts back the fee.

Though he knows all the criticisms of his faculty, and the nice snappers of practice, yet he never uses them, unless in a defensive way, to countermine the plots of knavery; for he affects not the devilish skill of out-baffling right, nor aims at the shameful glory of making a bad cause good; but with equal contempt hates the wolf's study, and the dog's eloquence; and disdains to grow great by crimes, or build himself a fortune on the spoil of the oppressed, or the ruin of the widow and orphan. He has more reverence for his profession, than to debauch it to unrighteous purposes; and had rather be dumb than suffer his tongue to pimp for injustice, or club his parts to bolster

up a cheat with the legerdemain of law-craft.

He is not faced like *Janus*, to take a retaining fee from the plaintiff, and afterwards a back-handed bribe from the defendant: nor so double tongued, that one may purchase his pleading, and the other at the same, or a larger price, his silence; but when he undertakes a business, he espouses it in earnest—and does not follow a cause, but manages it. A mollifying letter from the adversary's potent friend, a noble treat, or the remora of a lusty present from the great, have no influence to make him slacken his proceedings: for he is so zealous for his client's interest, that you may sooner divorce the sun from the ecliptic, than warp him from his integrity; yet still is his patron only *usque ad aras* (as far as just;) for if once he finds the business smells rank, *St. Mark's* treasure, or the mines of *Potosi*, are too small a fee to engage him one step further.

As his profession is honourable, so his education has been liberal and ingenious; far different from that of some jilting pettifoggers, and purse-milking law-drivers, whose breeding, like a cuckoo's, is in the nest of another trade, where they learn wrangling and knavery in their own causes, to spoil those of other men, and, with sweetened ingredients of mechanic fraud, compound themselves (though simple enough) fit instruments for villany. But his greener years were seasoned with literature, and he can give better proofs of his university learning, than his reckoning up the colleges, and boasting his name in the buttery book: he understands logic (the method of right reasoning), and rhetoric (the art of persuasion), is well seen in history (the free school of prudence), and no stranger to the ethics and politics of the ancients. He is skilled in other languages besides *declaration Latin* and *Norman gibberish*: he read *Plato* and *Tully* before he saw either *Lyttelton* or the *Statute Book*, and, grounded in the principles of nature and customs of nations, came (*lotis manibus*) to the study of our common municipal law, which he found to be *multorum annorum opus*,

a task that requires all the nerves of industry; and therefore employed his time at the Inns of Court, better than in hunting after new fashions, starting fresh mistresses, haunting the play-houses, or acquiring the other little town accomplishments, which render their admirers fine men in the opinion of fools, but egregious fops in the judgment of the wise.

In his study, he traffics, not only with the infantry of epitomes, abridgments, and diminutive collectors in *decimo-sexto*, but draws his knowledge from the original springs, digesting the whole body of the law in a laborious and regular method, but especially aims to be well versed in the practice of every court, and rightly to understand the art of good pleading, as knowing them to be the most useful to unravel the knotty intrigues of the cause, and reduce it to an issue; yet hates to pester the court with *circuties*, *negative pregnant*s, *departures*, and multiplied *inconveniences*.

He never goes about with feigned allegations, to cast a mist before the eyes of justice, that she may mistake her road, and assign the child to the wrong mother: endeavours not to pack a jury by his interest to the under sheriff; nor to balk an evidence with a multitude of sudden ensnaring interrogatories; nor maintains any correspondence with the knights of *Alsatia*, or *Ram-alley* vouchers. He can prosecute a suit in equity, without seeking to create a *whirlpool*, where one order shall beget another, and the poor client be swung round (like a cat before execution) from decree to rehearsing, from report to exception, and *vice-versa*, till his fortunes are shipwrecked, and himself drowned, for want of white and yellow earth to wade through on. He never studies delays, to the ruin of a family, for the lucre of ten groats; nor, by drilling quirks, spins out a suit more lasting than buff, depending a whole revolution of *Saturn*, and entailed on the third and fourth generation. He does not play the empiric with his client, and put him on the rack to make him bleed more freely, casting him into a swoon, with frights of a judgment,

F

and then reviving him again with a cordial writ of error, or the dear elixir of an injunction, to keep the brangle alive as long as there are any vital spirits in the pouch. He can suffer his neighbours to live quiet about him, without perpetual alarms of actions and indictments, or conjuring up dormant titles to every commodious seat, and making land fall five years purchase, merely for lying within ten miles of him.

He delights to be an arbitrator, not an incendiary, and has *beatus pacificus* is oftener in his mouth than *currat lex*. He never wheedles any into endless suits for trifles, nor animates them to undo themselves and others for damage feasant, or insignificant trespasses *fedibus ambulando*; but (as *Telephus's* sword was the best cure for the wounds it made) advises people to compose their assaults and slanders over the same ale that begot them; nor does he, in weightier cases, extort unreasonable fees; for whatever the foul-chapp'd rabble may suggest, a lawyer's profession is not mercenary; the money given him is only an honorary gratuity for his advice and trouble, or a grateful acknowledgment of our obligations for his well-intended endeavours; and the old emblem of the brambles tearing off the sheep's fleece that ran to it for shelter in a storm, can have no reflection upon him, whose brains is as active, and his tongue as volatile, for a penniless pauper, as when oiled with the *aurum potabile* of a dozen guineas.

In a word, whilst he lives, he is the delight of the court, the ornament of the bar, the glory of his profession, the patron of innocence, the upholder of right, the scourge of oppression, the terror of deceit, and the oracle of his country; and when death calls him to the bar of heaven, by a *habeas corpus cum causis*, he finds his judge his advocate, nonsuits the devil, obtains a liberate from all his infirmities, and continues still one of the long robe in glory.

The courtier's pomp, or glorious scar
Got by a soldier in the war,
Can hold no weight with his brave mind,
Who studies to preserve mankind.

For the Port Folio.

[We have amused ourselves for five minutes by translating from the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*, the following account of one of those rakehells, whom the French call by the expressive name of *bons diables*. Taconnet, in his taste and habits, appears very closely to have resembled the famous Tom Brown of merry memory.]

Gaspard Toussaint Taconnet, was born at Paris, in 1730. He was the son of a carpenter, but abandoned his trade to indulge his love of libertinism. He became a rhymier, and the tavern was his Parnassus. He connected himself with a company of strollers, and thus appeared in the double capacity of player and poet. He was called, the *Molière of the suburbs*. He composed, for the *Spectacle of Nicolet*, many *Parodies*, *Farces* and *Shows*: a catalogue of which may be found in *la France Littéraire*. Among the crowd of these temporary productions, composed for the amusement of the populace, *Indiscreet Confessions*, and, *The kiss given and returned*, were distinguished, in some degree, by the approbation of men of taste. His personages were always Coblers, Drunkards, Blackguards, and Libertines; and he mingled in his performances, the same gaiety, and the same extravagance, which he displayed on the stage. He died at Paris, in the Hospital of Charity, the 29th of December 1774, in consequence of his excesses. Bacchus was his Apollo, and when he manifested his contempt for any person, he used to say, that he despised such a one, as much as he did *a glass of water*. It is asserted, that the liquor he loved so well cost him his life; and, as *Poinsinet*, one of his rivals, was drowned, a short time before, in the Guadalquiver, the following lampoon was written against them by some wag.

O Mort! en veux-tu, dans ta rage,
Aux plus grands auteurs de notre âge?
Dans trop d'eau, s'éteint Poinsinet,
Et dans trop de vin Taconnet.

The sense of which is,

O Death! were you enraged against the two greatest geniuses of this century, that you extinguished the life of the one with *water*, and the other with *wine*.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
 Constancy is not for me;
 So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

To preserve a regular connection with our friends, it is prudent to renew our visits on distant intervals. Continual rain, says the Jewish axiom illustrating this position, is unpleasant, and most welcome when wished for and expected. Familiarity, the bane of friendship, is strongly and wisely condemned in the following lines, at the conclusion of an epigram in the XIIth book of Martial:

*Si vitare velis acerba quædam,
 Et tristes animi cavere morsus:
 Nulli te facias nimis sodalem;
 Gaudebis minus et minus dolebis.*

Epitaph upon a very insignificant and contemptible Frenchman, who left a sum of money in his will for that purpose:

*Colas est mort de maladie;
 Tu veux que j'en pleure le sort;
 Que diable veux tu que j'en dise?
 Colas vivoit, Colas est mort!*

The ingenious Mr. Ellis, in his *Specimens*, quotes the following little poem, and praises it with an emphasis not louder than it deserves. The two last stanzas cannot fail to charm the poet and the lover:

TO THE MOON, BY MISS SCOTT.
 Thou silent moon, that look'st so pale,
 So much exhausted and so faint,
 Wandering over hill and dale,
 Watching oft the kneeling saint—
 Hearing his groans float on the gale,
 No wonder thou art tired and pale.
 Yet I have often seen thee bring
 Thy beams o'er yon bare mountain's steep,
 Then, with a smile, their lustre fling
 Full on the dark and roaring deep,
 When the pilgrim's heart did fail,
 And when near lost the tossing sail.
 Sure, that passing blush deceives;
 For thou, fair nymph, art chaste and cold!
 Love our bosom seldom leaves;
 But thou art of a different mould.
 Hail, chaste queen! forever hail,
 And, prithee, look not quite so pale.
 Yet stay—perhaps thou'st travell'd far,
 Exulting in thy conscious light;
 Till, as I fear, some youthful star,
 Hath spread his charms before thy sight,
 And, when he found his arts prevail,
 He left thee, sickening, faint, and pale.

Henry IV, of France, whenever he swore, used to exclaim, "Ventre St. Gris." One would in vain look over every history of martyrs to search for such a saint. But, says D'Argonne, a gentleman told me, who had heard it from some of the guardians of this prince, that they, being afraid that Henry might fall into the fashion of those times, which were much addicted to profane oaths, permitted the young prince to use the words *ventre St. Gris*, as they were expressive of no signification whatever.

It is rare that a modern novel, of the circulating library of Lane, contains sense or exhibits nature. In "The Mystic Cottager of Chamouny," amid a mass of absurdities, we are surprised to find the following gem. It is worthy to be preserved; and the readers of the Port Folio will exclaim, that we have picked up a diamond from a compost heap:

THE MULETEER.

When o'er the moon a mystic veil
 Obscures her pallid silver light,
 When howling winds burst o'er the dale,
 And no bright eve-star lends her light;
 Then o'er the cliff's impending brow
 The lowly muleteer must go.
 His twinkling lamp he cautious bears,
 To guide him from the chasms deep;
 And oft the rushing cataract hears,
 When every eye is sealed in sleep.
 Though drear the hour, through hail and snow,
 Alas the muleteer must go.
 Joyous he views the rising dawn
 Break from the thick rob'd shades of night,
 With fluid gold the blushing morn
 Sheds the soft ambient beam of light;
 Then gay o'er tracks of Alpine snow
 The lowly muleteer must go.

There are certain persons who pass their whole age in consultations, and never put in practice what they are so busily employed in meditating upon. To such idle persons may be applied the words of Eccles. chap. xi, verse 4.—He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

An advertisement in a provincial print begins thus:—"To be let for ever, or longer if required."

I offer no apology for transcribing the following trifles. Though short, they are not without sentiment.

I've roam'd through many a weary round,
I've wandered east and west,
Pleasure in every clime I found,
But sought in vain for Rest.
While glory sighs for other spheres,
I find that one's too wide,
And think the home, which Love endears,
Were worth the world beside.
The needle thus, too rudely mov'd,
Wanders unconscious where,
Till having found the plain it lov'd,
It fondly settles there.

What though Fate forbids me offer
Golden gifts from Fortune's store,
All I have to Love I proffer,
Fortune cannot offer more.
What though bright the jewell'd treasure,
Which Peruvian mines supply,
Brighter still are tears of pleasure,
Sparkling from Affection's eye.
Hymen in his power for ever
Fain the god of hearts would hold,
Binding oft, a vain endeavour
Love with Interest's chain of gold.
Soon their weight his strength o'erpowers,
Soon they crush the puny elf;
Love can bear no chains but flowers
Light and blooming like himself.

When the Athenian ambassadors returned from Macedonia, they expatiated much on the beauty of Alexander's person, and his power of drinking a large quantity of wine at once. The Grecian orator heard these reports with indignation, observing that the first topic of praise belonged to a woman, and the second contained the qualities of a sponge.

In the lexicon of Suidas is the following sublime passage, which describes the genius and talent of the great father of ancient philosophy. The fine turn of the expression carries with it evident proof of its originating from some Greek writer of the purest ages, 'Aristotle was the secretary of Nature, and he dipped his pen in MIND.'

I held, says the gallant and witty Menage, the beautiful hand of Madame G. for a long time within both of mine, and on letting it go, the abbé P. observed, that it was by far the finest work that ever went out of my hands,

DIBDIN's buxom Nan is so well described by that nautical poet, that we will hang up the picture of a sailor's sweetheart:

The wind was hush'd, the storm was over,
Unfurl'd was every flowing sail,
From toil releas'd, when Dick of Dover,
Went with his messmates to regale.
All dangers o'er, cried he, my neathearts,
Drown care then in the smiling can,
Come bear a-hand, let's toast our sweet-
hearts,
And first I'll give you buxom Nan.
She's none of those that's always jiggling,
And stem and stern made up of art;
One knows a vessel by her rigging,
Such ever slight a constant heart:
With straw hat and pink streamers flowing,
How oft to meet me has she ran,
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with smiles my buxom Nan.
Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies;
To see him stare when he came back,
The girls were all off of the hinges,
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack.
Jack masted all to see who's tallest,
Breast work, top-ga'nt sails, and a fan,
Messmate, cried I, more sail than ballast,
Ah, give me still my buxom Nan.
None in life's sea can sail more quicker,
To shew her love, or serve a friend;
But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor,
This one word then, and there's an end.
Of all the wenches whatsoever,
I say then, find me out, who can,
One half so tight, so kind, so clever,
Sweet, trim and neat, as buxom Nan.

The learned Huet, a very hard student and a nonagenarian, observes, that it is a great mistake to imagine that the pursuit of learning is prejudicial to health. We see that studious men live as long as persons of any other profession. History will confirm the truth of this observation. In fact, the regular, calm, and uniform life of a student conduces to health, and removes many inconveniences and dangers, which might otherwise assault it, provided that the superfluous heat of the constitution be assuaged by moderate exercise, and the habit of the body be not overcharged with a quantity of aliment, incompatible with a sedentary life.

There are some persons, says Poggius, from whose conversation we retire with a thorough conviction of the existence of a vacuum.

A knight of the order of the Golden Fleece wore, with great parade and ostentation, several chains round his neck. A man of wit, who saw the knight thus caparisoned, observed, that for other mad people one chain was thought sufficient, but this fellow requires a dozen.

The honorable Mr. Spencer is entitled to a distinguished place among the present poets of Great Britain. The following pathetic poem does great honour to his genius and to his humanity.

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

Founded on a true Story.

Why mourn ye, why strew ye the flow'rets
around,
To yon new sodded grave as your slow
steps advance?
In yon new sodded grave (ever dear be the
ground)
Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile
from France.
And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,
No longer the sport of misfortune and
chance!
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too
shall flow,
For the stranger ye lov'd, the poor exile
from France.
Oh! kind was his nature, tho' bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, tho' broken his
heart;
No comfort, no hope, his own heart could
elate,
Tho' comfort and hope he to all could im-
part.
Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
Still foremost was he, mirth and pleasure
to raise,
And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was
his strain,
When he sung the glad song of more for-
tunate days!
One pleasure he knew; in his straw-cover'd
shed
For the snow-beaten beggar his faggot to
trim,
One tear of delight he could drop on the
bread
Which he shar'd with the poor, tho' still
poorer than him.
And when round his death-bed profusely
we cast
Every gift, every solace, our hamlet could
bring,
He blest us with sighs, which we thought
were his last,
But he still had a prayer for his country
and KING.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturbed be thy sleep!
From the feast, from the wake, from the
village green dance,
How oft shall we wander by moonlight to
weep
O'er the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile
from France!
To the church-going bride shall thy me-
mory impart
One pang, as her eyes on thy cold relics
glance,
One flower from her garland, one tear from
her heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the exile of
France.

The following Latin hendecasyllables contain an ingenious answer of a gouty epicure to the remonstrances of his physician.

Tentatum podagra senem Vacerram,
Nec vini tamen abstinentiorem;
Visens Archigenes, Amice, dixit,
Cado parcere, si sapis, memento;
Fons est ille tuæ unicus podagræ.
Audiuit placide senex monentem,
Et gratias, specie probantis, egit.
Verum post aliquot dies reversus,
Ad ægrum medicus, scyphos ut illum
Vertentem reperit meraciores:
Eheu, quid facis? inquit. At Vacerra;
Fontem sicco meæ, ut vides, podagræ.

IMITATED.

Chalkstone was dying of the gout,
But still would see his bottle out.
Old friend, the doctor oft would say,
I wonder you're alive to-day.
Wine is the *deadly fount*, whence flows
This *torrent* of arthritic woes.
Be sober, my advice is mild—
The wily patient bow'd and smil'd.
Some few days past, the doctor came,
Found Chalkstone's visage all a flame,
Who, *emptying a large decanter*,
Began the doctor thus to banter;
Soon, Galen, all my pains must fly,
For, see! the *fatal fount* is dry.

As there are characters of pretended valour, so are there wits of false splendour and little judgment. When I was young, says Urban Chevreau, I remember attending a sermon preached by a Prelate who was celebrated at court for the greatness of his talent. It was on the feast of Mary Magdalen. The Bishop having enlarged much on the repentance of Mary, observed that her tears had opened to her a way to heaven, and that she had travelled by water to a place, where few other persons have gone by land.

To a man of an exalted mind, the forgiveness of injuries is productive of more pleasure than vengeance obtained. Lewis the twelfth of France, in answer to those who advised him to revenge himself on those who had been his enemies before his accession to the throne, replied nobly: "The king of France does not remember the injuries of the duke of Orleans." A sentence of equal magnanimity is recorded to have been uttered by the emperor Adrian, on seeing a person, who had injured him in his former station: "You are safe; I am emperor."

Dryden's sluggishness or dullness in conversation, of which even he himself complains, and upon which Dr. Johnson speculates so much, probably arose from a deficiency of animal spirits alone. This perhaps, better than any other cause, will account for that modesty, reserve and diffidence, for which many men of genius are remarkable. Virgil spoke but little. The wit of Thomson never flowed till midnight. Pope was observed to be silent in company, till he had heated his fancy by a cheerful glass. Addison's taciturnity is notorious. It was not till late at night, when claret circulated freely, that any portion of that humour and elegance in conversation could be elicited, of which none but his most intimate friends knew him to be possessed. All these were men of low animal spirits and of delicate nerves. They therefore needed more than an ordinary spur to unfold and display their intellectual treasures.

Extract from a sermon of an Augustine monk:

When the preacher had arrived at that passage in the New Testament, where the Evangelist describes the servants of the High Priest warming themselves by the fire side, he addressed his audience very solemnly, observing, My brethren, ye are to notice that the Evangelist is not content to mention this circumstance merely as an historian would, by the words *calefaciebant se*, they warmed themselves, but adds, in the spirit of a philosopher, *quia frigus erat*, because it was cold.

A young man of Florence, whose understanding bore no proportion to his vanity, communicated his design of travelling to one of his friends. I mean, says the stripling, to lay aside a thousand florins, in order that I may make myself known in the world. I would rather, says his friend, that you would lay by twice the sum, that you might secure to yourself some secret retreat from the world, where you might not be known.

Mr. S. says De Valois, was very fond of gaming, though he knew very little of the matter, and was very unlucky. Madame B. his sister, who was suspected strongly of gallantry, used frequently to reproach him for his attachment to cards. 'Brother, you will ruin yourself: when do you mean to quit the gaming table?' 'When you, sister, quit your gallants,' said he. This story gave occasion to the following verses of Mons. D——.

Jouirez vous éternellement,
Vous, qui jouez si malheureusement!
Disoit une dame à son frère.
Je quitterez le jeu, reprit-il en colère,
Quand vous quitterez vos amours.
Ho! le méchant, dit-elle, il veut jouer tou-
jours.

IMITATED.

Dear brother, why for ever game?
Cannot ill luck your madness tame?
Said a young lass of frail eighteen,
With face so fair, and eye so keen.—
Sister, no more my faults upbraid;
I own I've lost, whene'er I've played:
This hour to dice I'll bid adieu,
But you must quit your lovers too.—
Alas! your feelings I bewail,
Brother, I fear you'll die in jail.

Santeuil coming into company after having attended a very dull discourse, delivered by the abbé C. observed to his friends that the abbé had done better the year before. He did not preach then, replied one of the company. That is the very thing I mean, rejoined Santeuil.

A rector of a parish in France being asked, rather impertinently, what was the name of the saint to whom his church was dedicated, replied that he did not know, as he was not acquainted with the saint by sight.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

AN ODE,

TO THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER SAMPIT.

*By the late William Martin Johnson, written
at Georgetown, S. C. in 1796.*

Still winder of the pensive wave,
That calmly tend'st thy little urn,
Than Tempe's lovelier vales to lave
And quench the potent beams that burn
Thy tender offspring's verdant forms;
Nor dost forsake thy rising care
When Jove descends in awful storms,
And bolted thunders singe the air!
What, though along thy lonely banks
Not oft the tuneful sisters rove;
Nor tripping light in twilight ranks,
The fairies fill the neighb'ring grove:
Though thou on no Etruscan shore
Hast seen a thousand villas smile,
Nor hast, like rapid Hebrus, bore
An Orpheus to the Lesbian isle:
Nor dost thou number with the gods,
Like Nile, from heaven derive thy source,
Nor visit Pluto's dark abodes,
Like Arethusa's latent course:
Yet hast thou charms my muse to fire,
And though her voice not long shall live,
Her trembling hand shall wake the lyre,
And give what fame her strains can give.
While the just bounds the thunderer gave,
The boisterous brothers oft despise,
And rising fierce with impious wave,
O'erwhelm the earth and threat the skies.
To hoary Neptune's coral throne
Thou mildly leads't thy limpid race,
While pleas'd to meet his meekest son,
The monarch melts in thy embrace.
Diana oft withdraws her gaze
From dull Endymion's slumbering charms
And flies to keep with brighter blaze
A tenderer vigil in thy arms:
Like fairy knights in silver clad
To sportive war advancing gay,
A shiver'd beam each radiant blade,
Thy waves in bright confusion play.
Along thy banks where canes compose
The humid bower and tiny grove,
Thy naiads through the day repose,
And consecrate the night to love.
If chance, no monster from the deep,
In scaly terrors grim invade,
And stretch'd immense in dragon sleep,
Fright the fair tremblers from the shade.
To catch the breeze and court the muse,
At crimson dawn or evening grey,
Oft shall my sandals brush the dews
That richly gem thy devious way.

But thee, staid Eve, most sweet I prove,
When led by gleams of insect light,
Thought wanders wild with hapless Love,
And Sadness sighs along the night.
Yes! sweet thy cells and rayless groves,
Where lonely Woe delight to haunt,
And wounded hearts like dying doves
With pangs too big for utterance pant.
Yon gloomy pines that stand aloof,
With thick and darkly waving locks,
Amidst whose shades with silent hoof,
The trembling deer wild gazing stalks:
The thick'ning cloud, the screeching storm,
The nimble lightning's lurid glare,
The gliding phantom's half-seen form
Though sad, not all unlovely are.
The nerve by pity interwove,
Pale grief low-bending o'er the bier,
The poignant sympathies of love,
And suffering friendship's confluent tear:
All these their mingled pleasures know,
A little gold amidst th' alloy,
And from the poisonous mass of woe
Extract a melancholy joy.
In fate's worst cup of bitterest spite,
Some drops of comfort still are found;
In pain itself there is delight,
If love and pity bathe the wound.
Thus some pale flowers in deserts bloom,
Where never pierc'd the solar beams;
Thus some lone star, through midnight's
gloom,
With tremulous radiance dimly gleams.
Curst be the passions' stoic sleep,
The marble heart, the nerve of steel!
Give me to suffer and to weep,
But let, ah! ever let me feel!
But, see! what goddess yonder moves!
Is it the silver shafted queen,
Or Venus, with attendant Loves
And Graces, gliding o'er the green?
Sweet stream! assist my fearful muse,
O, make her mine, and thou shalt be
To future years a new Vauclose,
Thy Petrarch I, my Laura she.
So still may each obscurer rill
From thee its turbid tribute turn,
And heaven its purest dews distil,
To feed thy ever-flowing urn.
Soft blushing, to thy vales and bowers,
May Spring her earliest visits bend,
Deck first thy brow with new-born flowers,
And in her bosom warm thee and defend.
Neglectful of Pierian streams,
The muse shall drink thy richer wave,
And fir'd to fancy's sweetest dreams,
Upon thine urn an annual verse engrave.

MAY.

WRITTEN ON LONG ISLAND, 1794.

'Tis May! no more the huntsman finds
 The lingering snow behind the hill,
 Her swelling bosom pregnant earth unbinds,
 And love and joy creation fill.
 Over the glassy streamlet's brink
 Young verdures peep, themselves to view,
 At morn the tipsied insects sit and drink
 From flowery cups the honied dew.
 Deep crimson'd in the dyes of spring,
 On every side broad orchards rise,
 Soft-waving to the breeze's balmy wing,
 Like dancing lights in northern skies.
 In ditties wild, devoid of thought,
 The robin through the day descants,
 The pensive whip-poor-will behind the cot,
 Her dirge, at evening, duly chaunts.
 Beside the rushy-fringed rill,
 Intent, the treacherous angler stands,
 He waves his pliant rod with fatal skill,
 And strings the prey with joyful hands.
 Propt on his fork, her Colin stands
 Beside the milk-maid, at her cow,
 The snowy stream she turns with roguish
 hands,
 And laughs, while Colin wipes his brow.
 Queen of the months! soft blushing May!
 Forever bright, forever dear!
 O, let our prayers prolong thy little stay,
 And exile winter from the year.
 Life, love, and joy, to thee belong;
 Thee fly the storm and lurid cloud;
 Thou giv'st the heavens their blue, the
 groves their song;
 Thou com'st, and Nature laughs aloud.
 Let prouder swains forsake the cell,
 In arts, or arms, to rise, and shine,
 I blame them not—alas! I wish them well;
 But May and Solitude be mine!

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, sweet power! whose fires divine
 Our souls exalt, unite, and bless,
 I kneel before thy sacred shrine,
 And with this verse thine altar dress.
 Through various nature's boundless plan,
 Thy influence bland diffus'd we see,
 From insect atoms up to man,—
 And heaven were joyless but for thee.
 Sweet are thy joys, and pure thy flame,
 As gales that sweep the vernal plain,
 Nor didst thou e'er, with crimson shame,
 The bashful virgin's cheek stain.

Thou Fair! whose *flat* shapes my doom,
 What's love without this softening power!
 A fire that kindles to consume!
 A savage conquering to devour!
 First love should fix the welcome chain,
 Then calmer friendship claim its turn,
 For rapture, long intense, is pain,
 But souls may glow that cease to burn.

EPIGRAMS.

Contraries please the Ladies.

A fool and knave, with different views,
 For Julia's hand apply:
 The knave, to mend his fortune, sues;
 The fool to please his eye.
 Ask you how Julia will behave?
 Depend on't for a rule,
 If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave—
 If she's a knave, the fool.

THE DOCTOR UNDERTAKER.

Celsus, who late, tho' void of skill,
 Profess'd the healing art,
 Now acts, in league with *Pluto* still,
 The undertaker's part.
 The doctor's practice tending more
 To slaughter than to save,
 Is now the same as 'twas before,
 To send folks to their grave.

A GENUINE BULL.

Says Dennis to Paddy, "I can't for my life
 Conceive how a dumb pair are made man
 and wife,
 Since they can't with the form and the par-
 son accord."
 Says Paddy, "you fool, they take each other's
 word!"

DANGER EQUALLED.

In Florimel's arms, as if quite out of breath,
 I'll kiss thee, my charmer, I'll kiss thee to
 death,
 Cried Strephon in raptures:—but soon on
 her breast
 He sunk down his head, and compos'd him
 to rest:
 Not long had they lain thus inactive together,
 Ere the wanton pluck'd forth from the pil-
 low a feather,
 And grasping him hard, till he open'd his
 eyes,
 In a tone of derision the witty jade cries,—
 To prevent being kill'd in the manner you
 said,
 I'm resolved with this feather to chop off
 your head.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
 in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, August 2, 1806.

[No. 30.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

“What aileth thee?”

TO what countless sick people might this question be proposed, and yet not one of the number be really ill, in the medical sense of the word. But there exists in some individuals an ill habit of mind, a sickness of the heart, a lameness of spirit, diseases more difficult to cure than cancer, fever, or gout. A good-natured patient, swallowing his physician's prescription, may become free of a sick room, and walk at large with Health's reddest roses blooming on his cheek. But a man of morbid anxiety, fretfulness, ambition, or avarice, will send in vain for the healing drug of the apothecary. His wounds are of so rancorous, festering, incurable a nature, they will demand much time to heal and many medicines to assuage. Though the whole medical Society should consult, though Turkey should yield all her poppies, and the *balm of Gilead* trickle from a thousand jars, the cancer of the heart mocks the healing power, and often the fell malady is commensurate with life.

In morning and devious rambles through lonely pasture, or gloomy wood, far from the clink of Industry's anvil, far from the jocund chorus of Music's songs, I meet a meagre and moping hypochondriac. His temples do not throb, but they are bound, not with

the chaplets of Spring, but with a white handkerchief, the flag of head-ach, and of spleen. The day is genial; for it is one of the mildest in May; but doubled and trebled stockings on his legs, thick vests closely buttoned over his bosom, and a ponderous great coat, enveloping the man, attest the nature and magnitude of his fears. He shivers at a zephyr, impregnated with flowers, and when all nature is warm, he dreads taking cold. What a disease, and what stubborn symptoms, which acknowledge no cause! I have a right to say ‘no cause,’ for well I know the fate and fortunes of this Splenetic. The first is happy, and the other ample. Blest with birth, with talents, with family, with favour, have not I a privilege to inquire of him, with more than common curiosity, *what aileth thee?* why is thy countenance cast down? why is thy brilliant spirit troubled?

What aileth thee? O selfish bachelor! Why still immure thyself in the cold prison of celibacy? Why shun the conversation and the charms of the fair? Why not abandon the humdrum associate, the solitary pipe, and the lonely chimney-corner, and mingle, like thy fellows, in the society of the sex? Does thy gloomy humour comport with pleasure, comport with interest? No; thy joy is sullen, and thy fortune neglected. Arise then, and go out, and inquire fearlessly of some fair Rebecca of the land, Wilt thou go with me? and, be assured, if, like Jacob, of old, thou art a patient,

G

kind, and persevering lover, her frank answer will be, like that of her ancient namesake, I will go.

What aileth thee, thou furious Jacobin? I know thy genius well. Though thy name, perhaps, is new, thy spirit is old. Thou didst not curse earth for the first time, during the decadence of the French monarchy. No, in the shape of Satan, thou didst crawl among the flowers of Eden, and didst blast the tallest trees of Paradise; in the shape of Brutus thou didst assassinate Julius Cæsar; in the shape of fanatic Bradshaw thou didst sit in judgment on thy sovereign; in the shape of Freedom didst thou banish order and comfort from mankind. But why this restless, this rebellious, this vindictive spirit? Is it to benefit thy country? Consult History, consult Experience. Is it to benefit thyself, thy party and thy friends? Examine thy own nature, search thy own records; remember thy fortune. What has become of thy great archetype? Where is Robespierre and Marat and Condorcet? Where is Brissot with his simulated moderation, or Roland with his morbid strength? Where is thy Council of Dotards and Council of Infants, thy Directory of Five Scoundrels, or thy Consulate of three?

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 15.

In features—not of form alone,
But those, I trust, of mind—
Auspicious to the public weal.

YOUNG.

MR. DIARY,

AMONG the extraordinary circumstances that have attended a very extraordinary prosecution (United States v. William S. Smith) that of the disobedience of Messrs. Madison, Dearborn and R. Smith, to the subpoena of the court, is not least entitled to our attention. The naked fact is sufficiently enormous; but when, with this, we couple the letter of these gentlemen upon the subject, the whole, together, excites a degree of indignation, infinitely above what is ordinarily called for by public misconduct. Nor is indignation all; we should review it with the coolest temper,

and pronounce upon it our most serious judgment.

The defendant in this prosecution stands before the court and jury as a man *falsely* charged: every culprit is to be so considered; in other words, he is to be presumed innocent. With respect to what is peculiar in the situation of this defendant, the code from which this country derives its laws has benignantly regarded it as one of more than usual misfortune, and demanding more than usual indulgence: a private man, he has to support himself against all the weight of government. With this sentiment in its breast, what is the conduct of the court? It looks with a suspicious eye on the state-prosecutor; it allows him no jot beyond his bond, in whatever can strengthen the prosecution; but, to the defendant it extends a helping hand; it considers his comparative weakness, and it will allow him to be deprived of nothing that can render him the most trivial assistance. That innocence which it is bound to suppose in him, it is, with all the tenderness of a father, with all the zeal of a friend, with all the authority of the fasces, to protect him in establishing.—Such is the conduct of an upright court.

Will, then, that upright court wink at the denial of any testimony which a defendant declares to be essential to his cause? Will it, whatever it might say under accidental circumstances, will it wink at the deliberate denial, the determined resistance, to the calls of a man labouring in his defence, at the tribunal of his country? Or, if, under any view of the case, it allow itself to pass over these reflections, will it bear with contempt of its own authority, with neglect of its own writ?

Such might be the simple principle of action, in a judge governed by the mere motives of humanity, or by the mere consideration of the dignity of the laws and of the seat he fills; but, if that judge possess a spark of patriotism, if he understand and would protect the constitution of a free state, other circumstances may present themselves, aggravating beyond all bounds this contempt and neglect.

The individual prosecuted may not only have to sustain a prosecution of the government, but he may need, or desire, the testimony of persons being members of that government; and, in this case, not only the upright judge, but the constitutional lawyer will startle in an attempt, on the part of such persons, to resist, or to evade, or to lull into a mortal slumber, the exercise of his sacred functions. Compared with this attempt, the particular case, the particular defendant, will escape his sight; his eye will see nothing but the station of the persons by whom it is made. All that is man, all that is citizen in him, will take alarm: he will feel that the palladium is endangered, and that from him is expected its defence.

Messrs. William S. Smith and Samuel G. Ogden are prosecuted by the United States.

They say, that the testimony of Messrs. J. Madison, H. Dearborn, and R. Smith, members of the government, is necessary to their defence. These gentlemen are served with the subpoenas of the court, but when the day of trial arrives, they neglect to attend; the district-attorney resists, not only all delay, but the application for compulsory process against the persons guilty of this contempt, and proceeds to trial; he, armed with all the evidence he thinks proper to produce; the defendant, at his petition, denied that which he calls necessary, and which is with the utmost facility to be had!

Mr. Diary, the first point, with a politician, respects the abstract nature of this question; the first, with a lawyer, the materiality of the witnesses; I believe, that to men of both minds, there is quite enough to harrow the feelings.

First, as to the materiality of the witnesses in this case, I believe that a very few words will make it manifest. It is not, that from any thing I have heard or read, the evidence of Messrs. Madison, Dearborn, and R. Smith, or of Mr. Jefferson himself, can support any legal defence to the very serious charge exhibited against the defendants: all that has been advanced by their friends, or is contained in the memorials addressed to congress by themselves, fall very short of this. The inclinations, the opinions, the connivance of the president, or of any other public servant, take away nothing from the responsibility of messieurs Ogden and Smith. Neither the inclinations nor the connivance of Mr. Jefferson, nor of Mr. Madison, could authorise Mr. Ogden or Mr. Smith to offend the laws, or can be pleaded in their defence. The opinion of those gentlemen, represented to have been given by them to Miranda, and by him related to Mr. Ogden and Mr. Smith, is of still less value. They had no authority to give; and their opinions could be mistaken for oracles by none but fools. What is their opinion, when put in opposition with the statutes? What is their opinion, that it should interfere with the decisions of the courts? Their opinion it was imbecility to ask, and presumption to pronounce. Must statesmen be lawyers? God forbid!—Neither the ignorance of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, Mr. Dearborn, Mr. R. Smith, Mr. W. S. Smith, nor Mr. S. G. Ogden, affords any plea: *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat*.

But, when Messrs. Ogden and Smith talk of the inclinations and connivance and opinions of the public servants, who, as they pretend, were consulted upon the commission of the offence with which they are charged, they appear to argue from a principle the most anomalous, under a free constitution, that any man can figure to his mind! What is it that they mean, unless they imagine the inclinations, connivance and opinions of the executive government, to be superior to the autho-

rity of the laws? What they disclose, if inculcative at all, is of a nature to blast, not so much the private as the public character of the statesmen implicated; but, can they think that it affords them any legal defence? They should have remembered that the connivance, and even the orders, of powerful men can avail them nothing, in any country where all other power bends to the power of the law; they should have remembered, that the time comes, when all unlawful protection fails; they should have observed the Spanish proverb: *Kill not the man to-day, at the request of the court; for to-morrow the court will die, and you will be hanged*.

But, though the evidence in question could afford no legal defence, could it afford no moral defence? could it say nothing in mitigation? is it impossible that it could in any manner affect the temper of the court, the jury, or the country? that it could induce a reluctant condemnation, and a gentle punishment? that it might show the defendants, though guilty in the eye of the law, entitled to an acquittal from the breast of every honest man? that it could lead to the adoption of such sentence as such impression must induce?—The witnesses, therefore, may be very material.

But, if these witnesses be material, what are we to think of their being withheld from a defendant, from a defendant prosecuted by the state; and withheld, too, by the *authority* or *influence* of the state? I am not to be accused of disrespect to any of the persons concerned, when I say, what I have an unquestionable right to say, that between the officers of government, collusion, improper collusion, is always supposable. That American, therefore, is dead to the interests of his country, is without a notion of the interests of a free people, who does not see the present transaction in an important light. It is not a mere injury of the defendants in this prosecution; it is not a mere contempt on the part of a private citizen, against whom compulsory process would assuredly have been had, and against whom therefore the dignity of the laws would have been vindicated; but it is a desperate and too successful attempt, on the part of public servants, on the part of government, on the part of men, who of all others ought to show the most ready obedience to the courts, who of all others owe the most ready obedience to the call of their country; it is a desperate and too successful attempt, on the part of these men, to *manage*, I say to *manage* (for that is sufficient) the courts of justice! Let it never escape our sight, that this is not a common contempt, but an effort, on the part of government, to *manage* the courts of justice; to procure from them a virtual acknowledgment (and it has procured it) that its officers are not, like other citizens, at their peremptory call.

I confine myself, thus far, to the simple

fact of disobedience, on the part of a government-officer, to the writ of a court of justice, issued in a cause where the government is prosecutor; and I say, that this is beyond description indecent in the fact, and unconstitutional in the tolerance.—I know, that I shall be told, that attendance only, and not testimony, is declined; but, to this, I believe I have, hereafter, a serious answer to give. At present I shall only repeat, that it was indecent to ask, and unconstitutional to allow, a dispensation from this attendance.

But the simple fact, heavy and foul as it is, is trivial and pure when compared with what it becomes, when accompanied by the circumstances that belong to it; with the letter of government, received, accepted, and read by a court of justice: I allude to the letter read, or said to have been read, from the bench, by judge Patterson, on Monday, July 14th, 1806, and the contents of which are as follows:

‘To the Honourable the Judges of the Circuit-Court for the District of New York:

‘We have been summoned to appear on the 14th of this month, before a special circuit-court of the United States, to testify on the part of William S. Smith and Samuel G. Ogden. Sensible of *all the attention due to the writs of subpoena issued in these cases*, it is with regret we have to state to the court, that the president of the United States, taking into view the state of our public affairs, has specially signified to us, that our official duties cannot, consistently therewith, be at this juncture dispensed with. The court, we trust, will be pleased to accept this as a *satisfactory explanation of our failure* to give the personal attendance required; and, as it must be uncertain, whether, at any subsequent period, the absence of heads of departments, at such a distance from the scene of their official duties, may not equally happen to interfere with them, we respectfully submit, whether the object of the parties in this case may not be reconciled with public considerations, by a commission, issued, with the consent of their counsel, and that of the district-attorney of the United States, for the purpose of taking, in that mode, our respective testimonies?

‘We have the honour to be, &c. &c.

‘JAMES MADISON,

‘H. DEARBORN,

‘R. SMITH.

‘City of Washington, 8th July, 1806.’

And this letter, this apology, this *satisfactory explanation*, or rather this *mandamus* has been accepted by a court of justice!—I am as liable as other men to be no better than a dreaming fanatic. The reasonable jealousy of the acts of government, the just sentiment of resistance to oppression, have but too strong a tendency to fill us with unfounded alarms, and give too violent an impulse to the passions. All this may be applicable to me; but, if my

understanding be not thus unfitted for its office, there are involved in this letter, three points that ought to fix, in no slight manner, our attention.

1. I pass over the cant of *all the attention*, &c. and the regret, &c. and the insolent assumption, concerning a *satisfactory explanation*. I fix my eye on the statement, *That the president of the United States, taking into view the state of our public affairs, has specially signified to us, that our official duties cannot, consistently therewith, be at this juncture dispensed with.*—A court of justice has issued a writ of subpoena, and the return is, that the president has signified his unwillingness that they should attend! and this is called, impudently called, in the very face of the court, a *satisfactory explanation*!!! I desire to be answered, in what language men would express themselves, if a minister of the crown of Great Britain, or of that of France, or Spain, had made such a return to the writ of a court!—*His majesty has specially signified, &c. and the court will, we trust, be pleased to accept this as a satisfactory explanation!*—Such a return might, no doubt, be made; but, in what part of Europe is there a court base enough to accept it?

1. But, either the president has made this *special signification*, or he has not. If he have not, then a daring falsehood of the persons subpoenaed has been received as a sufficient return to the writ, and a sufficient apology for disobedience. If he have, then the matter is still more serious. The government has directly interfered with the administration of public justice. It has presumed to oppose its private interests, or its private views of convenience, to the mandates of the judges, the legitimate guardians of the people against itself—and, more than all, it has had the audacity to propose, that this act of presumption shall be received as a *satisfactory explanation*! This is nothing else, than to add insult to injury.

2. But the president has made this *special signification*, and after condescending to listen to the degrading recital, and after believing, on the word of Messrs. Madison, Dearborn and R. Smith, all interested persons, where is our complaisance to be permitted to stop? Not here; for Mr. Jefferson also is to be believed, when he chooses to assert, that the state of ‘our public affairs’ will not consistently allow the attendance of the persons subpoenaed. I can have no private reason for doubting Mr. Jefferson’s veracity; I am no enemy of his, public or private; but on public grounds, I am to doubt all that is not proved; as a citizen, I am always to suppose the government capable of acting dishonestly. To an inquisitive mind, many important reflections occur. To serve what and whose views is this *satisfactory explanation* given? The gentlemen subscribing the letter, insinuate their perfect devotion to the call of the court, and

that nothing has stopped them but the injunction of the president. But, might a president have no sinister view to serve, and to varnish over, with a vague account of multiplicity of business? Might he have no ambition of superiority to the courts? Might he wish to throw no difficulties in the way of public justice? Might he desire the concealment of no fact, nor the ruin of no citizen?—These gentlemen tell us of the president's inhibition; but can we tell under what circumstances this inhibition issued, if it ever issued at all? Can we tell, whether it was wrung from him, or forced upon them? Can we tell, which of the parties it was designed to gratify or to skreen? It bears the mark of a joint act; of a solemn conference; but, who proposed the act? who solicited the conference, &c. &c. &c.? The secretary states the president's inhibition, and the district-attorney resists the compulsory process: Is there not something shameless in all this?

3. But, grant this too. Grant that public affairs call urgently upon the time of messieurs Madison, Dearborn and R. Smith; but, let us ask, whether the *public affair* of bearing testimony, at the call of a citizen put upon his deliverance, be not urgent also? whether the *public affairs* of yielding obedience to and maintaining the dignity of the courts of justice, be not urgent also?

Much may be done in a small compass, when men choose to do it. The hours that we lounge over the bottle are sufficient for the transacting of momentous affairs. Those we slumber away in a morning are sufficient for crossing many miles. A night, spent in travel, will carry us far. But, the offices of great ministers, of *heads of departments*, may be so crowded with business, that they engross all these odds and ends of a statesman's time. He may be content to sit late, and rise early, or rather not to sleep at all, and to take, at random, a mouthful for the support of nature. I say, that unless something of this sort prevails in Washington, the whole of the letter is a subterfuge: there is nothing true but the disobedience to the subpoena; but the unwillingness to obey it; the rest is a plausible invention.

II. We have done with the *satisfactory explanation*. That is an affair of the moment; the injury may not be very great, and the insult may be forgot, or at least forgiven; but, a deeper wound has been inflicted: *AND, as it must be uncertain, whether, AT ANY SUBSEQUENT PERIOD, the absence of HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS, at such a distance from the scene of their official duties, may not happen to interfere with them, we respectfully submit, whether the object of the parties in this case may not be reconciled with public considerations, by a COMMISSION, &c.*

Here too, I have to overlook the respectful cant, concerning the *reconciliation* of public justice with the wishes of *heads of departments*;

the indecent proposal, to a character so august as that of a judge, to make a *compromise* of his duty, to *compound* with an offender, to betray the charge reposed in him;—and this, by a character so inferior and so suspicious as that of a public servant! I overlook this: my business is with the proposal itself; a proposal, the modesty of which has seldom been surpassed. It requires no gloss, no paraphrase; it is scarcely necessary that I should name it: it is nothing less than this, that *at any subsequent period, NOW AND FOR EVER*, those super-citizens, the *HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS*, shall have it at their choice, whether to obey a subpoena or not; or, rather, shall, by precedent, be held exempt from all such attendance whatever!!!

1. Under the former head, it might occur to us to inquire, what extraordinary business compelled the *special signification* of the president, and that disobedience which the gentlemen, it is not to be doubted, so feelingly regret; and it is at least presumable, that the leisure enjoyed by the members of government must be as great at this moment as at any season of the year, or at any period of time. This objection is ably anticipated by the proposal now before us, which is made to arise out of the suspicion, that *AT ANY SUBSEQUENT PERIOD, the absence of heads of departments, at such a distance from the scene of their official duties, may happen equally to interfere with them*. This is to drop the mask too soon; but it is dropped, and the country has now to take into its consideration, whether it will allow one law to prevail for private citizens, and another for the use of the public servants.

2. All men find it more or less inconvenient to their business to obey the subpoenas of courts of law. A planter of Georgia can seldom relish a summons to attend the courts of Boston; a rich man, overwhelmed with business, or a poor one struggling to maintain his family, may be exposed to considerable injury; and is it to be borne with, that the public servants are to be the first to complain, the first to become refractory? As to the privilege demanded, not only is it incompatible with equal laws, but there is connected with it very important particulars, of which I shall take notice, when I come to the final consideration, the difference between an examination in open court, and one effected by commission.

III The third and last point is contained in the concluding lines of the letter: *Whether the object of the parties in this case may not be reconciled with public considerations, by a commission, issued, with the consent of their counsel, and that of the district-attorney of the United States, for the purpose of taking in that mode, our respective testimonies?* Such is the project of a precedent for *any subsequent period*! As to the prosecution in question, no such commission has, I believe, been issued; and, as far, therefore, as this is concerned, it may

seem unnecessary to take notice of it: its application, however, to *any subsequent period*, is of considerable importance.

1. The first question that presents itself, is that of whether the court, in this or any similar instance, will abandon its familiar and excellent maxim, *to receive only the best evidence that the nature of the case will admit*. That answers, to interrogatories put by virtue of a commission, when compared with the testimony of a witness easily to be brought into court, are not the *best evidence*, &c. is itself a maxim also.

2. The next questions, are by what views, to which the court is not to lend itself, a witness may be induced to prefer an examination by commission? and whether justice may not be materially impeded by the indulgence? That justice may be impeded, is indeed the reason of the maxim I have quoted.

Now, a witness consulting his own feelings, a witness unwilling to tell the *whole truth*, or even to be pointed at for a simpleton, may have strong *private* grounds for disliking a *via-voce* examination. When Mr. Pitt was called upon to give evidence in behalf of Mr. Horne Tooke, does any man doubt whether or not he would have preferred an examination by commission, to one conducted at the Old Bailey, where not only he was exposed to the questions and observations of counsel, but where he was made the butt of Mr. Tooke's vivacity? Is it not to be presumed, that he would have been pleased to offer, in its stead; the *king's special signification*, and to find the court of opinion, that his *failure*, in giving the *personal attendance* required, was, by that *signification* or pretended signification, *satisfactorily explained*?

3. But, all the circumstances, thus disagreeable to witnesses, may be considerable helps to the course of justice. The advantages to be respectively gained or lost by the two modes of examination are what belong to this final article. Here, however, I must refer to those who are competent to supply what my imperfect knowledge of the subject obliges me to leave deficient. It occurs to me, nevertheless, that, in a public examination, there are to be remembered, among others, the following helps to justice: 1°. The witness stands in the presence of the court and jury, who may sometimes gather as much from his demeanor as from his words; who, if they fail to comprehend the meaning of his phrases, may enter into personal explanation; who may ask a thousand questions, highly important, and yet never thought of till the moment in which they are asked; and the answer to some one of which may give a new colour to the case: 2°. The witness is ready to be called upon, should any subsequent testimony render further examination desirable; 3°. He may be made to undergo a valuable cross-examination, such as no counsel can be prepared for, but at the time, and amid the

circumstances of trial; 4°. If he should refuse answers, the court can come to immediate decision on his refusal; nay he will sometimes want the courage to refuse in a public examination what he will struggle against in a private one.—These are some of the helps to justice with which the modest proposal, of Messrs. Madison, Dearborn, and R. Smith, requires the court of law, in favour of *heads of departments*, at *any subsequent period*, to dispense!

I take my leave of the letter; and, though this examination of it has not been the most pleasing task in which I could have engaged, I believe that I shall never look back on it with dissatisfaction. I have not written on malicious or idle rumours, but on a public document. The liberties of the people have been insulted, if not endangered. These things should be taken in the bud.

As to what the gentlemen who have signed this letter think of themselves, that, I thank God! is no part of my concern. I know what advice, under their circumstances, I should have given to honourable men. I should have said, 'You are accused of having participated in an act, which committed by you, is one of the most heinous with which you can be charged. It is probable, however, that you can make it appear, that at the worst, you did but give it your private good wishes, which are your own, never your public sanction, which is the state's. Go forth, therefore, face your accuser; evince your fidelity; at least, avow the truth, and abide the consequences. Rejoice in the investigation; solicit it; meet it.' This advice, to honourable men, I should have dared to give; and this advice, by honourable men, would have been dared to be pursued.

I will not conclude, without drawing a parallel, or rather a contrast. The neglect of a public officer to obey a subpoena reminds me of a case of the Irish chancellor, my lord Redesdale. When Dr. Troy, the titular archbishop of Dublin, proceeded, by information, in the court of King's Bench, at Westminster, against the editor of the Anti-Jacobin Review, for the publication of a libel, lord Redesdale, then in Dublin, in the execution of his office, was served with a writ of subpoena, on the part of the prosecution, requiring him to attend at Westminster. He was to have been examined as to his notion of the episcopal character of Dr. Troy. He did not attend, and he was excused.—Now, observe, that the lord-chancellor of Ireland, in obeying the subpoena, would have had, not only to travel more than twice the number of miles that lie between Washington and New York, but to cross a channel where vessels are often detained many days: when arrived, the evidence to be obtained from him, under all the circumstances, was of little importance; and only a common libel was at issue. Here, it may be thought, were more than sufficient

reasons for excusing his lordship; but a higher consideration remained behind: he had been called, not to support a defendant, but to strengthen the hands of a prosecution; and a British court of justice will always draw this generous line of demarcation; it will always see, without great emotion, the prosecutor stript of his weapons, but never the prosecuted.

For the rest, I have no parties to serve, nor no animosities to indulge. I am alike unacquainted with each of the gentlemen whose names I have had occasion to write. I see nothing, but the liberties of a free people, and the shock they have received. In venturing to approach topics of law, I have very probably betrayed technical ignorance; but I hope I shall be found to have spoken in the genuine spirit of a freeborn man. In communicating my sentiments on this occasion, I have aimed only at worthy objects. I call upon men who have once turned pale under the threats of a judge and a district-attorney, to recover the complexion that belongs to those who live under the protection of laws; I call upon the courts of law to remember the duties they owe to the people, and the dignity that belongs to themselves; I call upon the country to look with a generous and wise sympathy on every member of its community; to demand from the laws what they were ordained to give; and, not slumbering too securely under the tree of liberty it may have planted, to watch with an unsleeping eye, as well what fruit it produces, as what robbers may purloin.

CONCANGIUS.

It will be perceived, that the letter of my correspondent was written before the verdicts of the juries at New York were pronounced; but, as it seems to have had nothing temporary in its design, neither the writer nor my reader will be displeased with the accidental delay of its appearance. I shall only add, that if any communication should be made to me, exhibiting an opposite view of the transaction arraigned, I will most readily give it a place in my paper; premising, however, that beyond that point, I cannot listen to the subject.

In the French Ode below, the rival voices of Ease and Glory will remind the reader of Juvenal's struggle between Luxury and Avarice:

ODE.

Entre la Gloire et le Repos
Toujours à moi-même contraire,
Sans me fixer je délibère.
La palme de l'une m'est chère;
De l'autre j'aime les pavots.
Que faut-il donc que je préfère?
Dois-je sur les pas des héros,
Des combats suivre la carrière;
Et dans la lice littéraire
Surpasser d'illustres rivaux?

Ou bien de l'aimable paresse
Cultivant les molles douceurs,
Dois-je au sein de l'enchanteresse
M'endormir sur un lit de fleurs?

Dans cette vague incertitude
Toujours vainement agité,
Le Repos m'arrache à l'étude,
Et la Gloire à l'oisiveté.
A peine au premier je me livre
Que la seconde obtient mes vœux,
Et pour vouloir tous deux les suivre,
Je ne puis atteindre aucun d'eux.

Honteux d'une obscure existence
Et par la Gloire tourmenté,
Déjà mon avide espérance
Embrasse l'immortalité.
J'étends mes ailes, je m'élance
Et vole à la postérité. —

Mais le doux Repos qui s'avance,
Des charmes de l'indépendance
Fait briller son obscurité,
Et d'un autre amour transporté,
Dans les bras de la nonchalance
Je cherche la félicité.

Armé du pinceau de l'histoire
Je voudrais, Tacite nouveau,
Suspendre au temple de mémoire
De nos mœurs l'effrayant tableau.
Je voudrais, d'Ovide et d'Horace
Imitant les chants tour à tour,
Entre la sagesse et l'amour
M'asseoir un jour sur le Parnasse.
La Gloire soutient mes efforts.
'Oui, dit-elle, conçois l'audace
'D'égaliser ces illustres morts. —
Mais à peine je suis leur trace,
Le Repos se montre, et je dors.
'Tu dors! me crie à l'instant même
La voix que je crains et que j'aime,
'Est-ce donc là remplir ton sort?
'S'illustre-t-on quand on sommeille?
La Gloire parle, je m'éveille,
Et je l'embrasse avec transport.

J'entends la guerrière trompète,
Je vole à ses bruyans éclats,
Et déjà le dieu des combats,
S'apprête à couronner ma tête
Des lauriers cueillis par mon bras.
'Partons'. — 'Insensé, je t'arrête,
Me dit le Repos à l'instant,
'La couronne de myrthe est prête,
'Eglé qui la tient et t'attend,
'Doit être ta seule conquête.
'Méprises cet éclat trompeur
'Qu'offre une sanglante victoire.
'Auprès d'elle, tu vois la Gloire;
'Auprès d'Eglé, vois le bonheur.
'Suis-moi. — 'Je le suis en silence,
Quand la Gloire à son tour s'avance,
Et me forçant de m'arrêter:
'Lâche, si tu veux une amante
'Toujours belle, toujours constante,
'Près de moi viens la mériter.'

Grand-Dieu! de mon ame flottante
Viens enfin terminer les maux.
Entre ces deux cruels rivaux,
Ne sachant jamais auquel croire,
La Gloire m'ôte le repos,
Le Repos m'enlève à la gloire.

IMITATION.

Glory and Ease my heart between,
To this, and now to that, I lean;
To each I give my hand, by turns:
For Glory's palm my bosom burns;
But, oh! again, thy poppies, Ease,
How much my aching eyes they please!
Say, shall I mount the hero's car,
And seek the glitt'ring ranks of war;
Or, emulous of letter'd fame,
With wits desire a radiant name?
Or, rather, in sweet indolence,
Neglect ambition's wild pretence,
Recline me on th' enchantress' breast,
And sink, on beds of flow'rs, to rest?

Divided thus, I wear my life,
For ever with myself at strife;
By Ease, from glory still withdraw;
By Glory, ease inspir'd to scorn;
And, ah! meanwhile, thus bent on each,
My faithless steps can neither reach!

Slothful no more, my days shall roll!
To Glory I devote my soul!
Yes, for immortal life I'll live,
Life that 'tis, Glory, thine to give!—
I spread the wing, prepare to fly,
And fix on future years my eye;
But, gentle Ease, slow-drawing near,
With dulcet voice arrests my ear;
Paints, as she can, the private lot,
Obscure retreat and low-roof'd cot;
The peaceful life, that steals along
At distance from the jarring throng;
Nor least, to gild the modest scene,
Paints Independence' stately mien;
The love of Glory calls a jest;
Glory, with toil and care opprest;
And bids me, wiser, seek to prove
The pleasures of a softer love:
Dear guide, I murmur, I with thee,
Will seek the best felicity!

Seizing the proud historic pen,
Fain would I picture states and men;
Or lash, with Virtue's holy rage,
The vices of an iron age;
Or, nobly vent'rous, touch the wire
That, Horace, strung thy happy lyre!
'Tis well,' cries Glory, 'dare be great!
'Strike home, be bold, and conquer fate!
Alas, the words are scarcely said—
Ease comes—in sleep, I droop my head!
'Sluggard!'—that awful voice I hear,
That voice I love, that voice I fear!—
'Is't thus thy mispent minutes go?
'Do men in sleep illustrious grow?'
'Tis Glory speaks!—I feel her charms,
And spring, impatient, to her arms.

I hear the warrior-trumpet blow;
I burn to meet the haughty foe;
Forth to the fight, in thought, I run!
Already on my brow I wear
The laurel that my arm has won:
Charge! charge! pursue!—'Rash fool,
forbear;

'Hear Ease, and shun the wiles of Care!
'Thy brow let fragrant myrtle bind,
'Lo, Mary gives; lo, Mary kind!
'Be her thy conquest, this thy spoil;
'And, oh, despise the wretched toil
'Of those, who, in the madd'ning field,
'Desire what arms and blood can yield!
'Be blind no more; but, join'd confess
'With Mary, Glory, Happiness!
'Follow thou me.'—Convinc'd, I bow,
Wise grown at length, and fixed now.
—Again, again, 'tis Glory cries,
'Unblest, from me the wretch that flies!
'What! coward, shall the fair be thine?
'To win the fair, fond fool, is mine!
'Shall thine the lovely Mary be?
'Arise, deserve her, follow me!

Ye pow'rs, no longer let my mind
The right path vainly try to find;
But teach me where my vows to pay,
Teach where to choose and where to stay!
Me, Glory robs of Ease's calm;
Me, Ease deprives of Glory's palm!

For the Port Folio.

MR. MOORE'S NEW WORK.

He knows a bank whereon the wild thyme
blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine,
And where the snake throws her enamel'd
skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a *Fairy* in.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

By private letters from London, as well as from the Literary Journals, we understand that a new poetical performance from the pen of ANACREON MOORE was to make its appearance early this year. It was to form a superb quarto, and to be entitled *Epistles, Odes, and other Poems*, written chiefly during an absence of fourteen months from England. The effusions were inspired by *Bermudian, American, and

* From many a specimen, that we witnessed during a few *fleeting* moments we know that, like the charming and adroit Ariel, this other "*fine spirit*!" can

fetch dew
From the still vex'd *Bermoothes*.

Canadian scenery during a rapid tour made to the Summer islands, some of the southern and middle states of this distracted country; and the provinces of Lower and Upper Canada and of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in the British dominions. This new work is said to exhibit brightness of imagery, sweetness of versification, and great versatility of talents; the author, in his excursive flight, having ranged from the sportive song, and the amatory sonnet, to the lighter and graver ode, and the familiar epistle. In some of his longer and more elaborate effusions, Mr. Moore has exercised the liberty both of a traveller and a satirist, and has described, we are confident, not with more harshness than truth, many of the deformities of a republican region, in which, perhaps, from the form of government, and most certainly from its administration; from the shameful imperfection of education in some places, and the total want of it in others, and from the ignorance, levity, boorishness, and ingratitude of the commonwealth character, there must sprout so much Folly, and so much Vice, as not only to task the gay and sportive powers of such a writer as Mr. Moore, but all the severity of Juvenal himself. The crimson of shame and the fever of indignation glow on our cheek, when we survey the voluntary degradation of our unhappy country.

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis

Et dici potest et NON POTUISSE REFELLI.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The preceding article was written very early last spring, when our information on the subject was partial and scanty. Within a few days, by the attention of a generous friend, no stranger to the avidity with which we devour the novelties of elegant literature, we have been favoured with the first copy of Mr. Moore's work, which has been received in America. We have had opportunity to peruse only about one third of its contents, as the volume is a large quarto, and was in our

possession but a few hours. Mr. John Watts, with that alacrity which distinguishes him as a man of business, instantly put this volume to press, and, as appears by his circular letters, will publish it in a few days.

After the specimens of Mr. Moore's genius so often exhibited in former volumes of this Journal, and after the repeated declaration of our opinion with respect to the nature and variety of his literary powers, it is scarcely necessary to add that the translator of Anacreon has displayed uncommon talents in the production of this new work. We shall arrange the proofs in due time. Meanwhile it is no more than mere justice to say that, in many a dithyrambic on the Grecian* model, and in many a caustic satire in the very spirit of the most indignant of the Roman satirists, Mr. Moore has presented himself in a new character, such as till now we were ignorant he had the inclination to assume, or the ability to support. In his description of the emerald verdure and orange groves of Bermuda, the reader will miss neither the landscape nor the genius of Italy. In his prose, we are called to admire the union of learning and grace; and in his heroic poems, we remark with how much felicity he has caught both that tenderness of sentiment and genuine cadence of poesy, which so gloriously distinguished his countryman, GOLDSMITH. In a few, a very few, of his minor poems in the *Ovidian* manner, the author's ardent sensibility towards the charms of the fair may have betrayed him to luxury of thought and warmth of expression, which may produce *real* regret in the bosom of the colder moralist, and hypocritical frowns on the forehead of the fanatic. But this effervescence of youth, this transient glow of the *juvenis protervus*, is much more than counterbalanced by the most unequivocal proofs not only of the opulence of his mind but of the goodness of his heart.

* In the language of SHAKESPEARE'S Puck,
Thou shalt know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[In devoting a part of our attention to the interests of the rising generation, we but fulfil a duty, which to neglect were highly criminal. We have watched the progress of seminaries of learning with a careful eye; and we have reason to assert, that in no country should we find an establishment better calculated to diffuse useful and elegant information than the academy of the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, whose exertions and perseverance under various difficulties have, at length, permanently established an institution which cannot fail to be as advantageous to the public, as it is honourable to the learned and ingenious director.

The following eloquent charge we have procured from the author, and we introduce it with the more pleasure, as, whilst we give publicity to so excellent an exhortation, we have an opportunity of expressing our esteem for the character of Dr. Abercrombie, and our respect for his talents and industry.]

A CHARGE DELIVERED, AFTER A PUBLIC EXAMINATION, ON THE THIRTY-FIRST OF JULY, 1806, TO THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY, UPON THEIR HAVING COMPLETED THE COURSE OF STUDY PRESCRIBED BY THAT INSTITUTION, BY JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D. DIRECTOR OF THE ACADEMY.

Young Gentlemen,

In conformity to the usage heretofore observed in this seminary, I shall conclude the exercises of the day, by offering you my most ardent and affectionate wishes for your future prosperity and usefulness, and by suggesting a few sentiments respecting the prosecution of your studies, and the general direction and government of your conduct.

The time which has already been occupied in attesting your diligence and success, in acquiring a knowledge of those branches of science which have been presented to your attention, constitutes so large a portion of that usually appropriated to such examinations, that I must necessarily confine my observations within very restricted limits.

You have now passed through, and given ample testimony of your intimate acquaintance with, that course of study which is peculiar to this institution—a course, which the experience of some years has incontestably proved, affords the most solid, and permanent foundation for a liberal or learned education, at the same time that it qualifies for immediate usefulness and action, those, who do not wish to pursue their studies beyond a correct knowledge of our own language, and the branches essentially neces-

sary to constitute a complete *English* education. Your experience and consequent conviction of the utility, and of the natural and necessary connection between the different branches of that system, will, I trust, induce a frequent review of their principles, and an unremitting application of them to the various subjects to which they relate.

The intimate knowledge, which you have acquired of *Grammar*, will not only enable you to express your own ideas with perspicuity, facility and accuracy, but immediately to detect the least deviation from grammatical purity, in the writings and expressions of others. Grammar being the foundation of correct language, is the most essential and important, and ought to be the first object of literary attention presented to the youthful mind. It is the corner-stone of a solid though plain, and the key-stone in the *royal arch* of a polished and liberal education, without which the superstructure on the one, and the necessary appendages of the other, will be feeble and unconnected, superficial and imperfect.

In acquiring this valuable branch of instruction, you have been guided not by the faint and uncertain glimmerings of a taper, the just emblem of the too generally received *abridgments*, but by the strong and steady torch-light of the larger grammar of Mr. Lindley Murray, a gentleman whose unwearied exertions on this subject, have done more towards elucidating the obscurities and embellishing the structure of our language, than any other writer upon that subject. To him the world is indebted for an invaluable work which must immortalize his name in the annals of science and polite literature. Such a work has long been wanted, and from the success with which it is executed, cannot be too highly appreciated. While to this meritorious, this inestimable work we attach that value which its intrinsic excellence demands, let us remember with gratitude and patriotic pride, that its pious and learned author is a native of our country—that Lindley Murray, who has so successfully employed his time and talents in establishing for our language a standard of grammatical purity and elegance, is an *American*.

It was the want of such a work which induced the celebrated Dr. Knox, in his elaborate and learned treatise upon education, to lament that the study of *English* grammar had so long been neglected, even in the most approved schools. "I have known," says he, "boys who, though they could write Latin grammatically, were unable, for want of this part of instruction, to compose an English letter on a familiar subject, without incorrectness; and, from the want of early instruction, and habitual accuracy, even some celebrated writers in English have made egregious mistakes in *English* grammar."

It is, I know, conceived by some, that a sufficient knowledge of the English may be acquired by learning the Latin grammar, but this is certainly a very pernicious and fatal error, the idioms of those two languages being essentially different from each other. And it is unfortunately an error which is seldom discovered by the scholar, till it is too late to be remedied. Be ever on your guard, therefore, against the adoption of those phrases and expressions which too general usage has sanctioned, in direct violation of the purity and propriety of the just and well established principles you have imbibed, and always judge of your own language and its pronunciation, as well as that of others, by the established dictates of Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody.

As grammar has taught you how to speak and write your native language with propriety and ease, so far as regards words, phrases and sentences, so has the study of *Composition*, with which it is naturally connected, and which in the order of our series next claimed your attention, instructed you how to connect sentences in a regular discourse, to express your ideas with perspicuity, accuracy, and precision, and to accommodate your style to your subject, at the same time teaching you the nature and proper use of figurative language, and to discriminate between just, and superfluous ornaments. Thus have you acquired an unerring test, by which to guide and regulate your own pens, and to ascertain the intrinsic merit of others. Accustom yourselves to bring every composition which you either form or peruse to this criterion of propriety, and you will soon acquire that facility of correct criticism, which will enable you to command not only the force and vigour of pure and energetic, but the pleasing and persuasive charms of polished and classical, language.

The graceful and impressive communication of thought, according to the established laws of *Elocution*, constituted the next branch of your studies.

To read well, and to speak gracefully, are very difficult arts, which it falls to the lot of but very few indeed to possess. Yet, though an orator, like a poet, must be chiefly indebted to nature for his qualifications, much may be done by study and exertion, in correcting bad habits and avoiding palpable errors: while even the effusions of genius and the dictates of genuine taste require the guidance of sound judgment and the direction of mature experience, to restrain within proper bounds the effervescence of the one, and to direct the other into the most pleasing and impressive operation. This branch of your education is of the most essential importance to you, from the peculiar organization of our general government, which opens every avenue for the successful dis-

play of genuine talents, and particularly for the acquisition of wealth and fame, by the exercise of correct and graceful elocution. In most other countries elevation to dignity of station, and the establishment of professional celebrity depend upon the accidental circumstances of favourable patronage and personal influence: but, with us, inferiority of birth, or obscurity of condition, are no impediments to the attainment of the highest honours which the Bar, the Senate, or the Pulpit can confer. Leaders of the people, luminaries of the church, oracles of the bench, and sages in the legislative councils, may owe their promotion and popularity to the influence of Eloquence and to the charms of Oratory.

“For *language*, polish’d to perfection’s form,

“Can, thus responsive to its ends, enchain

“The ravish’d audience with Persuasion’s force,

“And Oratory bid e’en myriads hang

“In mute suspension on attractive sounds,

“While skilfully she unlocks with Nature’s key

“The secret springs which agitate the soul!”

Under such circumstances, such flattering encouragement—injunction and persuasion cannot be necessary to induce your most active and serious attention to the expansion of those principles, the cultivation of those habits, and the exemplification of those precepts on the arts of reading and public speaking which you have so assiduously and successfully imbibed in this seminary. Make it an invariable rule never to read or recite any composition in a careless or hurried manner; but with the strictest observance of the proper accents, quantities, emphasis and pauses; and that due regard to looks, tones and gestures which a correct and just expression requires; and particularly in the reading aloud of blank verse, the highest and most perfect species of poetry, let the injunctions of prosody be rigidly adhered to, without which, its three great objects, melody, harmony and expression cannot possibly be obtained.

Your knowledge of the rudiments of that interesting and inexhaustible source of entertainment and instruction, *Natural History*, will enable you to rank all those wonders of creation, with which we are surrounded, in their respective classes, to investigate their peculiar properties, and to determine the ends for which they were designed: while, “looking from Nature up to Nature’s God,” your minds will be impressed with a constant sense of the omnipotence, benevolence and wisdom of the Deity.

To promote this happy consequence of investigation, as well as your improvement in so pleasing and important a branch of Literature, let no object belonging to that

science pass under your observation without an immediate application of those principles by which you will be enabled not only to class it in that of the three kingdoms of nature to which it belongs, but to determine its particular properties and usefulness. Your daily and increasing intercourse with society, and your consequent attention to the general concerns of the world, as well with respect to those nations with whom we are politically or commercially connected, as with those, who, though not engaged with us in reciprocal communications, excite an interest in their welfare, as constituting a part of the great family of mankind, will of course lead you to keep up a constant recollection of their relative situations, manners, and customs to which your attention has lately been directed by the study of *Geography*. When, therefore, you either read or hear the name of any country, city, river, lake or ocean, if you do not instantly recollect its position on the globe, remember to embrace the first opportunity of ascertaining its exact situation, extent, and boundaries by a map. Thus will you keep alive in your minds a vivid representation of every part of that great theatre of action in which the several varieties of men and other animals are stationed; together with the various productions, both vegetable and mineral, which different climates produce for their sustenance and accommodation. That acquaintance with the faculties of the human mind, and their operation in apprehending, judging, reasoning, and arranging our thoughts, which you have obtained by wandering through the intricate labyrinths of *Logic*, you will find, if carefully attended to and improved, of infinite service to you in your intercourse with mankind. It will teach you how to form just and incontrovertible arguments on every subject—to detect in others the plausible deception of *false* arguments—to supply, and consequently to ascertain, the correctness of the enthymemes used in common conversation, and, on all occasions, not only to detect the delusions of sophistry, but to support your sentiments with that conviction of strength which none but the scholar can feel, and which a knowledge of logic alone can teach you most easily and effectually to exert.

In every act of reasoning, therefore, regulate your own arguments by the precepts of logical science; and carefully examine those of your opponent by the same principles. Thus will the cause of truth be most effectually defended, and the artifice of error most easily detected.

These, my young friends, being the most prominent features in that plan of English education which this seminary embraces, I have dwelt more particularly upon *them*, and annexed a precept to each, which I trust you will faithfully remember and uni-

formly act upon; at the same time, as diligently improving the knowledge you have also here acquired of arithmetic, writing, book-keeping, the elements of the mathematics, &c. &c. and above all, those principles of morality, and of pure undefiled religion, which have been daily inculcated by reading a select portion of the holy scriptures, morning and evening, accompanied with prayer, and, at the close of every week, with the recital of your respective catechisms, and a lecture on some one of the leading principles of our holy religion.

This branch of instruction, though mentioned last, is, be assured, not least in the scale of importance—indeed it is by far the most interesting and valuable of all the subjects to which your attention has been directed, inasmuch as the concerns of eternity infinitely transcend those of time in duration, and consequently in importance.

Human life was evidently intended by the great author of our existence as a state of unremitting activity and exertion. And indeed, if we for a moment seriously consider the high destinies of man, the various and extensive duties we owe to society, and the great, the indispensable preparation we must make in order to qualify ourselves for admission into a state of happiness hereafter, how inestimably valuable do the fleeting hours of time appear! for “How much is to be done!” And how short, how uncertain the period, in which it is to be accomplished! “The days of our age are,” at their utmost extent, “but three-score years and ten, and though some men be so strong that they come to four-score years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow. So soon passeth it away and we are gone!” Remember, therefore, and let the remembrance be ever carefully preserved and kept actively alive in your minds, that in this short portion of existence, we have in early youth to qualify ourselves for a favourable reception into, and respectable establishment in, *this* world; and, as well then, as during the remainder of our probation here, to prepare ourselves for a happy entrance into the world of spirits. Great and important objects indeed! Objects worthy the contemplation and exertion of a rational and immortal Being!

With respect to the means of attaining the *former* object, I earnestly recommend to you the most active and unwearied diligence in the prosecution of your studies, should you incline to prepare yourselves for one of the learned professions; or, should an immediate entrance upon the duties of the counting-house be adopted, be equally assiduous in the discharge of them.

The satisfaction which you must experience from the consciousness of having so diligently employed your time, while under my tuition, as to acquire a general know-

ledge of those branches of science which we have just reviewed, cannot but be highly soothing to you. Cherish the animating sensation—persevere, nobly persevere in the acquisition of knowledge, and thereby expand and improve that inexhaustible source of honour and of comfort. Increase, strengthen, and confirm your habits of industrious application, and beware of indulging in any degree the interruption of their influence.

Idleness, be assured, not only paralyses the mind, and renders it torpid with respect to every virtuous emotion, but thereby promotes the influence of our wayward passions, cherishes the propensities to vice, and frequently leads to the commission of criminal actions. Be persuaded, therefore, never to relax the diligence you have so long been accustomed to exercise, nor suffer a day to pass, to present its opportunity of improvement, without availing yourselves of the high privilege it offers, and adding to your stock of knowledge. “I have lost a day,” said one of the wisest and most amiable of the Roman emperors, whenever he suffered a day to escape, without having acquired some useful information, or performed some meritorious action.

“So should all speak; so Reason speaks in all.”

In order to acquire eminence in any profession, the basis of which is formed of scholastic literature, you must exercise yourselves in serious thinking, and accustom yourselves to solitary study and literary labour. When you do mix with society, endeavour to associate with men older and wiser than yourselves, from whose knowledge and experience you may hope to gain solid improvement. Preserve on all occasions, a dignity of deportment, and an uniform urbanity of manners. These will conciliate the esteem and respect of the virtuous and the wise, will most effectually repel the obtrusive insolence of folly, and awe into reverence the insidious and delusive artifices, of vice and immorality. Cultivate benevolence of disposition, and habitual serenity and cheerfulness of temper. Avoid the company of the frivolous, the licentious, and the profane. Be ever on your guard against the alluring solicitations of sensuality, and the fascinating and contagious influence of evil example. For which purpose fortify your minds with the inflexible resolutions of intrepid virtue.

—“Be just, and fear not.

“Let all the ends you aim at be your Country’s; Your God’s, and Truth’s.”

Consider that you are now about to enter upon the most dangerous period of your existence; to step upon the arena of the world, in which, like the combatants in the ancient amphitheatres, you will be immediately assailed by the most formidable foes, which are the

more to be dreaded, because they will approach you with expanded arms, and insidious smiles under the mask of innocence, thereby endeavouring to lure you into their fatal embrace.

Or, to speak in plainer language, and without a metaphor, you will be surrounded by various temptations to sin, by the fascinating charms of pleasure, and the delusive seductions of vice, from without, and by the goading impulses of depraved propensities and boisterous passions from within, acting in unison with each other, and exerting their most potent energies for your destruction. O listen therefore to my warning voice! and wisely determine to enter upon this hazardous field of action with that virtuous and manly firmness and independence of spirit, with that vigilant precaution and circumspection, which a knowledge of your danger should inspire. “Fight the good fight of christian faith,” and, invigorated and animated by the virtues she gives birth to, endeavour to be eminently and singularly good. Strive to be distinguished in society by those qualities and that conduct which will shed a lustre round your character, and induce the admiration and esteem of all;—by an affectionate and dutiful attachment and submission to your parents; the most invincible adherence to truth on all occasions; chastity and correctness in your sentiments and conversation; modesty, politeness, and gentleness of manners; a regular attendance upon the public worship of God, and a conformity to the rites of that particular church in which you may have been educated; a readiness to forgive injuries; and a submissive regard to the authority of reason, and the dictates of conscience. By the uniform observance of these and similar principles, you will be sure to command the soothing decisions of a peaceful conscience, the affection and respect of individuals, and the approbation, the confidence, and the patronage of the public.

Thus much with respect to this world, and your success in its pursuits.

But, my young friends, you are endowed with higher powers, and invested with nobler and more glorious privileges than present objects can possibly awaken or call forth into action. As inhabitants of *this* world, “this evanescent speck of earth,” you are *mortal*, and your period of existence limited and uncertain in its duration; as rational beings, and candidates for eternity, you are *immortal*, destined to exist in the world of spirits, and your condition in that region of immortality will altogether depend upon the tenor of your conduct here. Awful, yet exhilarating consideration! How assiduous then should you be to secure for yourselves a happy immortality! And this, be assured, can *only* be effected by the power of true religion. Let, therefore, her sacred precepts be most cordially received by you, and have an uncontrolled influence upon your sentiments and conduct. “Remember

your Creator in the days of your youth." "Acquaint yourselves with God, and be at peace." Dedicate to his service, and consequently to the salvation of your souls, the first fruits of those talents and intellectual powers which he hath given you for the promotion of that great end. It is of the utmost importance, that virtuous and religious principles be cherished by you at the present interesting period of your lives, to enable you to counteract and subdue those boisterous passions and vicious propensities of depraved nature, which commerce with the world invariably calls forth into action; and which, if not counteracted and restrained by confirmed and deep-rooted principles of virtue, will utterly disqualify you for the enjoyment of happiness, both in this world and the next. That you may be enabled to support the trials, and be guarded against the temptations, which will, ere long, assail you, let religion, that "day-spring from on high," illuminate and direct your inexperienced minds. By fervent and daily prayer, and by frequent perusal of the Holy scriptures, support that intercourse with your God, which will enable you to grow in grace as you grow in age. From that book of divine revelation learn true wisdom, and regulate your thoughts, words, and actions, by the injunctions of the unerring laws contained therein. An acquaintance with the gospel of Jesus Christ, and a compliance with its precepts, will expand and enlarge your minds, sublime your affections, soothe your sorrows, and mitigate the unavoidable evils of life, by resolving them into the dictates of infinite wisdom: while, at the same time, you will be animated by the prospect and assurance of a blessed and glorious state of retribution, after death, for your perseverance in piety and virtue here. Human life is but the dim dawn of our existence. The dark mists of uncertainty in human affairs, the lowering clouds of disappointment, and the scowling tempests of adversity, interpose an awful and terrifying gloom between this world and the next, which nothing but the piercing eye of Christian faith, guided by the fervid ray of genuine devotion, beaming from a heart irradiated by the grace of God, and glowing with the celestial fire of true religion, can possibly penetrate.

This ray of light divine opens a communication between earth and heaven, which invigorates the soul, enlightens the understanding, harmonizes the affections, controls the passions, dissipates the fears, and animates the hopes of man, during his pilgrimage through this wilderness of sin and sorrow, and even illuminates and exhilarates with its radiance the deep and silent caverns of the tomb. On a topic so interesting to your welfare I would gladly indulge some additional sentiments—but I must forbear—I fear I have already trespassed on the patience of the audience.

Farewel, then, my respected and below-

ed pupils—may the instruction which you have received in this institution be remembered and improved by you through life—may you experience every degree of worldly dignity, profit and pleasure, which is consistent with the dictates of honour and integrity, and may you finally obtain the eternal rewards which are promised to the pure in heart!

Receive now that public reward of diligence, which this seminary confers upon her meritorious sons, accompanied with my most fervent benediction and ardent prayers for your success in the prosecution of your studies, and for your own future health, prosperity, and happiness.

"Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme,

"O teach them what is good, teach them thyself!

"Save them from folly, vanity, and vice,

"From ev'ry low pursuit, and feed their souls

"With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;

"Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss!"

The following is a copy of the certificate given:—

"In testimony of the zeal and industry, with which A. B. has pursued, and the honourable proficiency which he has attained in, the studies of Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Composition, Elocution, Natural History, Geography, and Logic, in the Philadelphia Academy, under my tuition, of which he has given proof, by a public examination, this day.

"And also, in testimony of my affectionate regard, and sincere wishes for his future prosperity and usefulness, I have granted him these presents. Dated at Philadelphia, the thirty-first day of July, Anno Domini, 1806.

"JAS. ABERCROMBIE, D. D.

"*Director of the Philadelphia Academy.*"

Each of the following young gentlemen received a Certificate:

JAMES J. BARCLAY,
SAMUEL M. COHEN,
ROGER EDDOWES,
T. WILLIAM FREEMAN,
HENRY HARRISON,
GEORGE W. HOCKLEY,
JOSEPH A. MAYBIN,
JACOB NATHAN,
THOMAS TRAQUAIR,
TOBIAS WAGNER,
RICHARD WILLING,
WILLIAM W. YOUNG.

For the Port Folio.

[During a period of four or five hours, in which we were indulged with the hasty perusal of a small portion of Mr. Moore's new poems, we transcribed as many pages as possible for the amusement of our readers. We will not delay the pleasure that our friends of sensibility and taste will derive from the following, by any expression of our own opinions or feelings. Before a Grecian temple, we will erect no clumsy porch, but introduce at once the admiring connoisseur.]

LOVE AND REASON.

'Twas in the summer time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,

That—who of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn but Love and Reason!
Love told his dream of yesternight,
While Reason talk'd about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a Juno, stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they past,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him!
"This must not be," said little Love,
"The sun was made for more than you,"
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bade the portly nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream,
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits, and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone, and odour faded!

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains,
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins!

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smil'd—
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

"Oh take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said,
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expir'd on Reason's breast!

SONG, BY THE SAME.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Is fair—but oh! how fair!
If Pity's hand had stolen from Love
One leaf to mingle there.

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dew drops fall,
One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd
Were sweetly worth them all.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love
Must keep its tears for me.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

A preacher, in a sermon on repentance, in which he insisted that actions, and not tears and pious exclamations, were the signs of a sincere repentance, concluded with this illustrative apologue:—A bird-catcher having caught his prey, used to kill them by strangling them. In this action, he happened one day to hurt his finger, and shed tears in consequence. See, says a young bird, he shews signs of pity upon us. Do not mind his weeping eyes, replied an old bird, look at his bloody hands.

Some person having observed to the famous Jerome Bignon, that Rome was the mansion of piety: Very true, replied Bignon, but Piety resembles some other great personages, who are *never at home*.

THE WISH ACCOMPLISHED.

From the French.

'Twas spring, when from his pregnant wife
For distant lands poor Lubin parted,
And, as he lov'd her more than life,
The swain was almost broken-hearted.

Gazing delighted on her charms,
May heaven, he cried, sweet spouse, restore

Thee safely to my longing arms
As now thou art, I ask no more.

Nor was his fond petition spurn'd,
Benignant heaven consenting smil'd,
A twelve-month past he home return'd,
And found his darling wife—with child.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MRS. AND MISS H.

See, where to its maternal stem
 Yon filial flow'ret fondly clings!
 The poet's sweet unconscious theme,
 And heedless of the lay he sings.
 More fragrant far that parent bush
 Than flowery Hybla's scented gale,
 And brighter far that flow'ret's blush
 Than May's first morning's dew-gemm'd
 veil.
 And shall some blest triumphant swain
 (How blest! how more than doubly blest!)
 Win this wild empress of the plain,
 And wear it on his raptur'd breast?
 Were I—but, ah, no cultur'd plains,
 Nor gardens for such sweets I boast,
 My locks are drench'd with driving rains,
 Nor hous'd my head from winter's frost.
 'Tis mine, uncottaged and unclad,
 Chill storms, with purpled breast, to
 brave,
 And struggling onward, faint and sad,
 To sink into my home, the grave.
 Yet still, thus humble and remote,
 I, sure, may view a flower so fair,
 And bless the too distinguish'd lot,
 That bids me breathe the *ambient air*.
August 30, 1796.

TO A LADY SEEN WEEPING OVER THE
SICK-BED OF A PARENT.

Bright are the pearls that pave the way,
 Where in their cars the sea-nymphs glide;
 Bright bursts the day-star from the sea,
 In silver torrents streaming wide.
 Bright is the glory-streaming wreath
 That o'er the brow of genius nods,
 Bright is the hero's fame in death
 Enroll'd amongst th' immortal gods:
 But brighter far the filial tear
 That o'er the cheek of beauty streams,
 Than ocean's gems, or stars appear,
 Or radiant glory's brightest beams.
 Yes! tho' when first I heard thy name
 The sound sunk deep into my heart,
 And while thy charms were told by fame,
 I fear'd—I felt, the future dart;
 Had I not seen thee anguish'd, shed
 Thy sorrows o'er a parent's pain,
 And grief its gradual paleness spread,
 Where health had held her rosy reign;

Perhaps, within this bleeding breast,
 Of hopes and fears the warring train
 Had throbb'd themselves to final rest,
 Nor I still wearied heaven in vain.

EPIGRAMS.

Il est civil, accostable,
 Doux, benin, courtois, affable,
 Et le bon Prélat, en somme,
 Merite d'être honnête homme.

IMITATED

Aurelio's easy of access,
 Mild in his temper, and a man
 That's ever ready to profess
 To do us all the good he can;
 With qualities so much in vogue,
 I wish he were not such a rogue.

STREPHON AND LAURA.

Strep. Canst thou behold those violets,
 Insensible, my fair,
 Die on that bed, and all their sweets
 Evaporate in air?
Lau. Where would you have them die?
Strep. O, there,
 My Laura, I desire,
 There let them spend their sweet
 ness—where
 I could myself expire.

LOVE'S DRUMMER DEAD.

I lov'd you once, for you had charms,
 But now those charms are fled,
 My bosom beats no more alarms,
 For why—the drummer's dead.

As Dick and Bet at supper sat,
 Allowance being small;
 She and her child of meat's beguill'd,—
 Her husband seiz'd it all.
 And having done, cried, here's the bone,
 And, Bet, thou may'st it pick!—
 This child, said Bet, thou ne'er didst get,
 So pick that bone, my Dick.

When bunters, attending the arch-bishop's
 door,
 Accosted each other with cheat, bitch, and
 whore;
 I noted the drabs, and, considering the place,
 Concluded 'twas plain that they wanted—*his*
Grace.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
 in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, August 9, 1806.

[No. 31.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 174.

"If she inquire the names of conquer'd
kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden
springs;
Answer to all thou know'st; and if need be,
Of things unknown, seem to speak know-
ingly:
This is Euphrates crown'd with reeds, and
there
Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green
hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before,
Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore:
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth,
Talk probably—no matter for the truth."

DRYDEN.

DEAR SAUNTER,

OVID'S lesson is not yet forgotten. Could his shade revisit for a moment our queer planet, he would find more than one pupil practising his precepts.—Whether they succeed among the ladies as well as their predecessor is a question which gallantry forbids me to discuss.

What recalled to my mind the lines which are prefixed to this paper, was a visit I lately made to a gentleman whose wealth and taste have enabled him to collect a number of fine pictures. Mr. Smatter was of the party, and amused me by the accounts he gave his mistress of the various paintings in the collection—Reubens, Titian, Guido and Raffaele, filled his mouth with decla-

mation and his fair auditor with amazement at his judicious and acute remarks; he modestly replied to some of her compliments that "a man who had seen all the famous paintings and statues in Europe, could not avoid picking up some little knowledge and taste in the fine arts."

Our beau proved to be as well versed in politics as in painting.—Miranda's schemes he knew from a source of unquestionable authenticity, and he saw as plainly as most folk into the views of the Spanish court. Music was his forte.—Too polite to censure the ladies at the piano; he confessed that Sinfonia's voice was powerful, but that one false note would mar the finest harmony.—Poetry he sometimes quoted, and even confessed himself an occasional scribbler. In a word, the agreeable coxcomb was ignorant of nothing. Miss Sylvia was flattered by the attention of so *fashionable a philosopher*, and I am since informed has promised him her hand. I am afraid, when some six-weeks of wedlock have worn off the gloss from his matrimonial livery, she will find Smatter "a good sort of a man," who scarcely knows a print from a painting,—whose ears can hardly distinguish discord from harmony,—and whose knowledge of Belles Lettres is certainly improved since a lady convinced him that Shakspeare is not a translation from the French.

As your predecessor the Spectator*

* No. 602.

I

has honorably noticed a mode of coiftrship very similar to that of which I have attempted a sketch, you may perhaps be induced to recommend the plan, with such improvements as you may think proper, to your juvenile correspondents; particularly since the spirit of the times appears so opposed to flattery, that my Lord Chesterfield retains no advocate. As the doctrine of the Old School seems sinking into neglect, possibly you may have liberality enough to adopt the new plan.

I remain, dear Saunter,
Your old and assured friend,
DECIOUS.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CUMBERLAND.

THE literary world have lately been gratified by a work of much merit, entitled, "Memoirs of Richard Cumberland," written by himself. It is not the intention of the present writer to satisfy curiosity with regard to this publication, but merely by a sketch of the life and writings of the man, to incite to an examination of the work itself: and whether the object of the reader be entertainment or instruction, he will be amply gratified.

The family of Cumberland was ancient and respectable, among whom he could reckon Bishop Cumberland, and the famous critic and classical scholar Bentley.

Cumberland was born in the year 1732, at Cambridge. His infancy was not distinguished by any remarkable trait of genius, but the boy soon began to evince what the man would be. He was put to school to Kinsman, then highly esteemed as a teacher and a man of literature. Kinsman soon observed uncommon talents in his pupil, and by a well timed reprimand for his negligence of the duties of the school, excited in his bosom those sparks of emulation which were soon to be kindled into a flame, that led him to surpass all his companions, both in the number and difficulty of his attainments. From this

school he was removed to Westminster, and shortly after became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, in his fourteenth year. The two first years at the University he was suffered to spend as inclination or fancy suggested, being almost entirely neglected by his professors. The study of the ancient classics was his darling passion, and to this he now gave himself up without restraint. However, he did not remain long unnoticed, but by the display of his acquisitions attracted the attention of the professors, and from that time he went on daily adding to his stock of information, and constantly receiving new rewards and honors.

From this envied situation he was called to be private secretary to Lord Halifax, a station which he long occupied with little advantage, and without hopes of promotion. But his time was not altogether taken up by the duties of his office, he could yet attend to his favourite pursuits, and had the happiness to form some valuable acquaintance, among the number of which was Doddington, a man of many accomplishments, possessing genuine politeness, and adding to these attractions a perfect knowledge of ancient and modern literature.

About this time Cumberland commenced author: his first production was a drama entitled the "Banishment of Cicero," which, though it never has appeared on the stage, seems to have possessed merit enough to charm in the closet, and clearly to evince his genius for this species of writing, and indicate his future success. As his character as an author will be considered at large in the sequel, this work is merely mentioned here as the first which he gave to the public.

He now paid frequent visits to his father, who resided in Ireland, and being disappointed in his hopes of promotion under the patronage of Halifax, who unaccountably treated him with entire neglect, began to conceive more serious ideas of writing for the public, and particularly for the stage. The knowledge he obtained of the Irish character while resident among them has been well displayed in many of the per-

sonages of his dramas, especially in that of O'Flaherty in the "West Indian."

The play of the West Indian introduced our author to the notice and regard of Garrick, and many of the other worthies of the day, among whom were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Jenyns, Foote, Goldsmith, Johnson and others.

Shortly after the period of which we now speak died the Earl of Halifax, and in his successor, Lord Germain, Cumberland found a patron and a friend, and one who continued his kind offices while life remained.

At this time the acceptance of a commission under government carried him into Spain. The object of this commission was unsuccessful, and it may perhaps be attributed to this circumstance that his laborious services were suffered to go unrewarded. But though his pecuniary affairs were thus shamefully neglected, and the money expended from his private purse but partially reimbursed by government, still he reaped no inconsiderable advantage from his mission. It was during his stay in Spain, from the opportunity he had of viewing the vast collection of paintings in the Escorial, and from information obtained in conversation with men of talents and character, that he first conceived the idea of writing his "Anecdotes of eminent Painters in Spain."

After being recalled to his country, and dismissed from office, his leisure afforded him sufficient opportunity to devote himself to literary pursuits, a passion which he still cherished with unabated ardour.

Though unsuccessful in his public capacity, in his private relations he was blessed with much happiness, and in the company of an amiable woman, surrounded by promising children, his chagrin and disappointment was of short continuance, and here he enjoyed those comforts so rarely afforded in public life.

Cumberland must now be considered in that light in which he attracts most regard, as an author; and in this view he may be regarded as equal to, and even excelling, the greatest of his con-

temporaries, whether as a poet, an essayist, a novelist, or as a miscellaneous writer.

He may be considered as an epic and as a dramatic poet.

As an epic poet his fame depends upon his "Calvary, or the Death of Christ." Though for this the laurel wreath has not yet been awarded him, and though the critics have hesitated in deciding upon its merits, yet he undoubtedly deserves the first, and will obtain the unqualified praises of the latter, when the public opinion, to whose answers and applauses they too frequently conform their own, shall be more thoroughly established and generally known. The versification of this poem resembles that of *Paradise Lost*; and if he has never happily equalled the sublime flights of Milton, neither has he descended so low, but maintains throughout a certain equability, which, though it may not astonish, never fails to charm.

But whatever may be his merits as an epic, certainly as a dramatic poet he holds a first rank, and some of his compositions in this line stand unrivalled; his "West-Indian," as a single piece, has perhaps met as great applause on the stage, and as high commendations in the closet, as any which the art has ever produced. He has not only excelled in the superiority, but in the number of his dramas, many of which remain yet unpublished. It will be useless and almost impossible in this short sketch to notice them all, but among those which are known to the literary world, which find a place in the library of the gentleman and the scholar, and which maintain, and will continue to maintain their character on the stage, are *The Brothers*, *Battle of Hexam*, *Jew*, *Carmelite*, *Natural Son*, *First Love*, *Wheel of Fortune*, &c. &c. These are only some of the principal ones, others yet remain of equal merit, but so well known to the polite reader, that mention of them is unnecessary; neither do I wish to detain the attention by remarks on these; suffice it to say, whether we consider the morality of the design, the propriety of the plot, the true representation of cha-

racter, or the execution in general, they must be ever esteemed elegant compositions, and choice entertainments for the lover of the stage.

Having considered Cumberland as a poet, and in that character excelling in two of the highest species of his art, we now proceed to view him as a prose writer, in which light he presents himself as a novelist, essayist, and biographer.

He is known as a novelist by his "Arundel," and "Henry." Of the first neither much can be said in praise, nor to its discredit. If it has afforded amusement, without injuring the cause of morality, it appears to have answered the intention of the author, who candidly confesses he bestowed little care or pains upon it. It however possesses considerable merit, and is far before the similar productions of the day: he who reads it will not regret the time so spent. His *Henry* is perhaps little inferior to the first novels of that class, and will rank next after the admirable productions of Fielding and Smollett. He had *Tom Jones* for his model, and how near he has approached, how far he has equalled, and in what respects he has excelled his original, will be best seen by a perusal of the work itself. If care and attention to the polishing and correction of a work for two years, by an acknowledged master of fine writing, be any recommendation, this surely deserves it. Cumberland himself declares that he laboured more in the finishing and perfecting of this, than of any of his numerous works yet published. It may be added that the characters of Zachary Cawdle and Ezekiel Daw are truly original.

As an essayist the character of our author is well established, and his "Observer" may challenge the admiration of the lovers of Steele and Addison.—The style is easy and equal throughout, and the review of the literary age of Greece, and the Athenian stage, will be read, while a taste for elegant writing and correct criticism remains among us. These essays are incorporated into the late edition of the "British Essayists" by Chalmers, and must be considered a valuable addition, as they are

in point of style a medium between the elegant though laboured speculations of Addison, the profound though turgid ones of Johnson.

As a Biographer he is entitled to much praise, and that of a peculiar nature, not only of having written well the lives of others, but of having given a correct, and according to circumstances an impartial account of his own life. He appears as the biographer of others in his "Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain." In this work there is much original matter, a fund of entertainment, and to the curious abundant information. Perhaps the work may not be generally read, because the characters are unknown, or that few desire to know them; but he who reads it will be grateful to the writer, and will not be contented with a single perusal.

He is to be considered also as his own biographer; a task indeed difficult, but which he has executed with seeming fidelity. From the age in which he has lived, the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and his extensive acquaintance among the worthies of his day, he has been enabled to convey many anecdotes, and much information which could scarcely be known to any but himself. The work is now before the public, and although criticism might find room for exercise, yet it deserves so much praise as a whole, that it would be petulant to censure particular parts.

In all the various views in which I have presented our author he has appeared as an original writer; one word of him as a Translator. He has so justly preserved the spirit of Aristophanes in his translation of the celebrated comedy of the "Clouds," that it has been the universal opinion among the British Critics, that none was so capable of giving a complete version of the works of the Grecian Dramatist, and the desire that he would undertake it has been frequently suggested to him, by men of the first talents in England.

This worthy man and distinguished author has arrived at that age when exertion must soon be over; indeed it seems now to be his intention to correct and prepare for the press the nu-

merous works which he has written, that yet remain unpublished, rather than to produce new ones; and when they shall be added to those already before the public, we may truly say that seldom has one man appeared, whose writings have been so numerous, that has written so well.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The attention of the lovers of poetry has been recently attracted by an ode to the river Sampit and several other fugitive pieces published in our late numbers. These brilliant wild flowers of our own wilderness deserve transplanting; and we are happy to understand that Mr. J. Osborn, a very respectable bookseller at New-York, proposes to publish a volume of poems by the late William M. Johnson, with some account of the author's life.

Our respect for the Editor of this work, and our conviction of the talents of the poet of whose posthumous lays he is the guardian, create an anxious wish that Mr. Osborn be encouraged in the publication, and that the shade of the departed bard may hover delighted over his protected fame,

that *second life* in other's breath,
The estate, which wits inherit—*after death*.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If I appear to have abused the leisure, of which, in the last letter I had the honour of addressing to you, I acknowledged the restoration, and gave you some reason to reckon upon the fruit, I must intreat you to consider, for a moment, some recent *public events*, well calculated to engage the attention of one, who, like myself, is willing, in the gossip of the town, to cheat away hours of anxiety, wearisome expectation and *hope deferred*; well calculated, I might add, if not to occupy, to appal and benumb the faculties of any man, and more especially, of a stranger in your city, like myself.

Sir, engaged and diverted, as it is natural to suppose you, by the pleasures and the cares of letters, still you cannot so soon have forgot, that we had but breathed again, after the *scaring* we received from the Newton-prophet, when we were overwhelmed with

apprehensions, concerning the Total Eclipse and an earthquake and a volcanic explosion! Well sir, the infant-seer had been misunderstood by the midwife and the nurse, a circumstance not so very extraordinary, since it lisped its prophecies at *three days old*: it said, we must conclude, that the world would be at an end with itself, on the day reported; and not, that the world itself would be at an end. Be this as it may, the prophet, we heard, died, and the world, alas! remained, to abide the terrors of the eclipse. We forgot, that to eclipse is not to extinguish; and had to learn, that the sun would continue to shine, in spite of all the moons in the universe, and—all the moon-struck. But, total darkness was not the worst object of our fears. We expected to be swallowed up by an earthquake in *Calabria*, or buried beneath the lava of *Vesuvius*. Even here, however, we have been disappointed; and now (I am sorry for how possibly short a season!) we might have allowed ourselves a little peace, but that a new affliction has visited us, under which, with their nine lives, our very cats *faint away*!

You are well aware, Mr. Oldschool, that I allude to the *worms*, or caterpillars, which, as it is said, threaten, from every Lombardy-poplar tree, the lives of your fellow-citizens. Without ridiculing notions that have their reasonable basis in the natural properties of things, and which, whether true or false, deserve attention, I may be allowed to smile at cats, who *faint away*, and at ladies, whose arms swell on being *merely grazed by a caterpillar, in its fall*. For the rest, I shall submit two remarks; the first, that the number of caterpillars, of whatever kind, is inconceivably great in the poplar-trees of this city, though not more so than I have commonly observed in vegetables that grow among houses, and in confined situations; a phenomenon which must be attributed to the superior heat of the atmosphere, and to the want of those salutary gusts of wind which are enjoyed in more exposed situations: secondly, it ought to be remembered, that though a *venomous caterpillar* (for it has been shown and described to me a *caterpillar*) is what may, without great violence, be supposed; yet, hitherto, that whole class of insects, destructive as it is to the vegetable world, has been found to be perfectly harmless to the animal.—I shall risk even a third observation, that, as far as I can recollect, there is no previous instance of a venomous animal, the food of which is vegetable. That highly corrosive acid, which we call a *virus*, appears to be invariably the product of animal combination. It is curious too, that the poison of this caterpillar, from its causing a cat to *faint away*, though we are not informed of any such consequence in the *lady*, must be understood to act upon the nervous system.

But, while I am adventuring into physics, I ought to be describing to you the paralyzing effects of this new panic on our correspondence. I ought to tell you with what caution I shun the shade of a Lombardy-poplar, this Bohan-Upas at our doors, this tree of Philadelphia, the bite of whose insects is more to be dreaded than the scent of the flowers of that of Helicon; for the latter can be dangerous only to those aspiring geniuses who climb *old poetic mountains*, while the latter 'might spoil, God knows, the least poetic brains!'

Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus ar-
bos,

Flores odore hominem tetro consueta ne-
care.

Above all, I ought to tell you, from what cause, amid the alternate languors of ninety-five degrees of Fahrenheit, and alarms of prophecies, eclipses, earthquakes, burning lava and caterpillars, I break, at length, the silence in which I have persevered, and become a candidate, for a place—in the *Port Folio*.

In one of your periodical publications (of the north, or of the south, no matter) I observe an attempt to convict, of *insufferable vanity*, the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*. That vanity is really a foible of this author's, I, for one, am not disposed to deny; but, because it is usual with mankind to praise or condemn without discrimination, I apprehend that it may be useful to meet this charge with some display of those virtues by which the imputed vanity is counterbalanced. Without such an interference, on the part of the friends and admirers of the satirist, the cry of vanity may be so successfully raised against him, as to bring the whole of his labours into contempt. To the impulse of this sentiment you are to ascribe my present writing.

I confess, sir, that, had it been my part to adduce proofs of vanity, in the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, the work abounds with passages on which I should have placed more reliance than on several of those selected by the critic to whom I reply: and though, on the one hand, since I admit the fact, it might appear of no importance to dispute the evidence; on the other, the contrary is obvious: for, we ought to distinguish between what is, and what is not vanity, and avoid confounding two things so different in their nature, as vanity and an honourable self-confidence.

I do not refer it to vanity, that an author asserts the justice of his sentiments, and the high character of his cause: these are points on which he ought to entertain the most intimate conviction, and which he may fairly and usefully press upon his reader: but, I do ascribe it to vanity, when the talents he has employed in his book, or the talents he

has left unemployed, become the topics of his pen.—Consistently with these opinions, I cannot regard it as the consequence of vanity, that the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, in his Introductory Letter, as quoted by his accusers, has said, 'I am indeed confident, that, when all the personal objects of my praise or censure shall have passed from the scene, this work will be found to contain *principles of government*, polity, religion, morality, education, criticism, poetry, and literature, worthy of being transmitted to another age;' and, still less, that he has thus concluded the Preface to the Second Dialogue: 'I offer this continuation of the poem to my readers, not without the spirit of a writer who has endeavoured well. I will also, upon reflection, add the words of a man, not to be named on such an occasion, "I do not look to be asked wherefore I wrote this book; it being no difficulty to answer, that I did it to those ends which the best men propose to themselves when they write."—Is it possible, Mr. Oldschool, amid all the *cant of this canting world*, amid even that *cant of humility* which, in some parts, infects our time, and threatens the loss of every thing that elevates the human character; is it possible, that we are to be taught to be so humble as not to emulate those ends which the best men propose to themselves?'

It is uncandid to found a charge of vanity on the expressions, 'Privacy is my lot. Be it so; it is the soil in which *learning and reflection* strike the deepest.' To say, that privacy is a good soil, is not the same thing as to say, that every private man is a flourishing plant. Very far too, is the following from vanity; it is something better: 'I deliver it [his work] as a literary manifesto to this kingdom, in a season unpropitious to learning or to poetry, in a day of darkness and of thick gloominess, and in an hour of turbulence, of terror, and of uncertainty.'

Another passage, occurring in the same preface, is also produced, as being fraught with vanity: 'I profess myself convinced, and therefore I have written. I entered the sanctuary of the Hebrews, and I heard the voice of their prophet: *Credidi, propter quod locutus sum*: this was the voice which I heard; and it was a voice, as Milton would express it, *thundering out of Zion*. Under this persuasion and conviction, I will say of this work, there is in it but one hand, and one intention. It will be idle to conjecture concerning the author, and more than foolish to be very inquisitive. To my adversaries, I have nothing to reply. I never will reply. I could, with the most perfect charity, sing a requiem over their deceased criticisms, if I were master of what Statius calls the *Exequiale sacrum*,

'carmenque minoribus umbris utile.' Those whom I wished to please, I have pleased. 'If I have diffused any light, it is from a single orb, whether temperate in the horizon, or blazing in the meridian. If I culminate at all, it is from the equator.'

In all the former part of this passage, I discover no vanity; but, in the conclusion, that petty anxiety, upon a certain point, is betrayed, the reiteration of which is so conspicuous throughout the notes and prefaces: 'If I have diffused any light, it is from a single orb.' It would be tedious to inquire, how often, or in how many different shapes, this proposition is repeated. It is scarcely too much to say, that there is not a single truth concerning the establishment of which the author appears more eager, or in the assertion of which he employs more elaborate language. No further off than in the preceding page, not twenty lines above, we have the following impressive asseverations: 'My poem, and all, and each, of the notes to it, were written without any co-operation whatever. I expect the fullest assent and credit to this my solemn assertion. I expect it, because I speak the truth.'

I call this a petty anxiety; a paltry jealousy of literary fame; a solicitude for the glory rather than the success of the undertaking: that good is to be done, is a consideration that appears to engross the author less than his own claim to the doing it. He is not so much concerned to have it said, *it is done*, as that *he did it*. This is a mean sentiment; it is a natural one enough; but the author should have kept it to himself. The best apology, for taking much trouble to have it believed that there is in the work *but one hand*, must be the wish to inculcate the persuasion that there is in it *but one intention*; the worst defence, is that set up by the author, in his final note: 'If I sought personal fame, my motive is still more visionary. No man can account for it. He that loved fame best, said of it, *Just what you hear, you have*. I am wholly unknown.' Was the author of the Pursuits of Literature deaf to his fame? Did nothing reach him, in 'the loopholes of retreat'? Had he no friend; no friend, in whose eyes he could read his triumphs? Did he read them in no book? It is absurd to say, that no man could account for his conduct, if he sought personal fame. He might not be insensible to its solitary enjoyment; he was accustomed to the pleasures to be enjoyed in solitude; and, is self-contemplation, is self-complacency, not in the list of those pleasures? To make an end of so needless an argument, let me ask, if the anticipation of posthumous fame be also an unaccountable

motive? It is seldom safe to speak of ourselves, at all. He that begins with telling us that he is not an egotist, commonly ends by convincing that he is. What pity, that this author could not feel a little of that lofty indifference which he so liberally attributes to 'persons of higher minds and of more exalted principles, who have the spirit to understand, and the patience to consider, the nature and the labour of his work!'

'Such persons will be satisfied, if the great cause of mankind, of regulated society, of religion, of government and of good manners, is attempted to be maintained with strength and with the application of learning. To them it is a matter of very little, or rather of no moment at all, by whom it is effected. They can scarcely have a transitory question to make on the subject.' I cannot blame the author for having indulged in so much self-regard as to make a distinct claim to the whole merit of his book; but, having once made it, a mind of greater expansion would have been perturbed no more.

But, exclusively of his ambition to possess the whole reputation of the *intention* or *principles*, of his book, the author of the Pursuits of Literature is supposed to set a high value on his own literary, and especially his own poetical talents. In a critic, to betray a sentiment of this nature were to be, in the last degree, unwise. A critic necessarily pretends to judgment; but, of talents, he should abandon the reputation to the winds. He should never discover himself to be the rival of those of whom he assumes to be the judge. I am satisfied however, that in the sentence in which this author is thought to claim the highest honours of English poesy, his meaning, which, perhaps, is not clearly expressed, is also not understood: 'I offer the poetry to those who are conversant with the strength, simplicity and dignity of Dryden and Pope, and them alone.' Here the author might as easily, and, I think more justly, be supposed to intend, rather a criticism on contemporary poets, than a panegyric on himself. He would say, that he offers his poetry to those whose judgment is formed upon the strength, simplicity and dignity of Dryden and Pope, and is indifferent to, or even desirous of, the censure of those who, admiring the more flowery versifiers of the age, might disapprove it, simply because they had lost the relish for the beauties of a better school. It cannot be vanity in a poet to say, that he follows Dryden and Pope, *haud passibus æquis*; and this, the whole of this, and no more than this, appears to me to be said or implied by the author of the Pursuits of Literature.

I rejoice that, arrived at the bottom of my paper, I have the good fortune to conclude with some slight token of a disposi-

* *That funeral dirge, that strain which appeases the minor shades.* Stat. Theb. L. VI. v. 123.

tion to defend my author, to whose faults I neither am, nor have affected to be blind. I shall send another letter, on the heels of this, in which I hope to do still more justice to a writer of great talents, and no less uprightness and liberality; and who, in some sort, has identified his cause with that of which he is the strong and zealous supporter.

METOICOS.

For the Port Folio.

[During the reign of the French Directory, it may be remembered that the English Ministers were sufficiently absurd to send Lord Malmesbury as a mendicant for peace at the gates of *Cannibal Castle*. The humiliating issue of that embassy is well known, and was followed up by Pitt's famous declaration. EDMUND BURKE, who most ardently wished that this state paper should be seconded by the sword, thus ardently expresses his just desire. It is confidently asserted, and it is generally believed, that the ancients have left us morsels of eloquence of so exquisite a character, that nothing in modern times is left but to admire and to despair. I am not yet persuaded that this is universally true. If I wished to give a mere English scholar a vivid idea of CICERO's best manner, I would call his attention to this fragment of Burke. I know nothing more copious, nothing more nervous, nothing more impassioned, nothing more beautiful in any of the Roman orations.]

"After such an elaborate display had been made of the injustice and insolence of an enemy, who seems to have been irritated by every one of the means which had been commonly used with effect to soothe the rage of intemperate power, the natural result would be that *the scabbard in which we in vain attempted to plunge our sword should have been thrown away with scorn*. It would have been natural that, rising in the fulness of their might, insulted Majesty, despised Dignity, violated Justice, rejected Supplication, and Patience, goaded into fury, would have poured out all the length of the reins upon all the wrath which they had so long restrained. It might have been expected that, emulous of the glory of the arch-duke Charles, the youthful hero in alliance with him, touched by the example of what one man, well formed and well placed, may do in the most desperate state of affairs, convinced there is a

courage of the cabinet* full as powerful, and far less vulgar than that of the field, our minister would have changed the whole line of that unprosperous prudence which hitherto had produced all the effects of the blindest temerity. If he found his situation full of danger, and I do not deny that it is perilous in the extreme, he must feel that it is also full of glory; and that he is placed on a stage, than which no muse of fire that had ascended the highest heaven of invention could imagine any thing more awful and august. It was hoped that in this swelling scene, in which he moved with some of the first potentates of Europe for his fellow actors, and with so many of the rest for the anxious spectators of a part, which, as he plays it, determines for ever their destiny and his own, like Ulysses in the unravelling point of the epic story, he would have thrown off his patience and his rags together; and, stripped of unworthy disguises, he would have stood forth in the form and in the attitude of a hero. On that day, it was thought he would have assumed the port of Mars; that he would bid to be brought forth from their hideous kennel, where his scrupulous tenderness had so long immured them, those impatient dogs of war, whose fierce regards affright even the Minister of Vengeance, who feeds them; that he would let them loose in famine, fever, plagues and death upon a guilty race, to whose frame, and to all whose habit, Order, Peace, Religion and Virtue are alien and abhorrent. It was expected that he would at last have thought of active and effectual war: that he would no longer amuse the *British Lion in the chase of Mice and Rats*: that he would no longer employ the whole

* This is a great truth, expressed with all the powers of its admirable author. Would to God that the statesmen of America had always recognized it, and acted strenuously in its spirit. Perhaps, if this *politic* valour had been displayed, we should not have been depressed at home and disgraced abroad, we should not have disbanded the forces of Federalism, and, under a sordid, abject, and humiliating system, condemned ourselves to creep upon our bellies and eat the vile dust of Democracy.

naval power of Great Britain, once the terror of the world, to prey upon the miserable remains of a peddling commerce, which the enemy did not regard, and from which none could profit. It was expected that he would have re-asserted the justice of his cause, that he would have re-animated whatever remained to him of his allies, and endeavoured to recover those whom their fears had led astray; that he would have rekindled the martial ardour of his citizens; that he would have held out to them the example of their ancestry, the assertor of Europe, and the scourge of French ambition; that he would have reminded them of a posterity, which, if this *nefarious robbery, under the fraudulent name and false colour of a government*, should in full power be seated in the heart of Europe, must for ever be consigned to vice, impiety, barbarism and the most ignominious slavery of body and mind. In so holy a cause, it was presumed that he would, as in the beginning of the war he did, have opened all the temples; and with prayer, with fasting, with supplication, better directed than to the grim Moloch of regicide in France, have called upon us to raise that united cry, which has so often stormed heaven, and with a pious violence forced down blessings upon a repentant people. It was hoped that when he had invoked upon his endeavours the favourable regard of the Protector of the human race, it would be seen that his menaces to the enemy, and his prayers to the Almighty, were not followed, but accompanied, with corresponding action. It was hoped that his shrilling trumpet should be heard, not to announce a show, but to sound a charge."

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In a flaming article of the *Aurora*, about and about the Fourth of July, and the Declaration, and 'the Man,' which, thank God! have been topics very trite these three weeks, I find *this* here axiom: 'He who celebrates the day, must evidence approbation of its contents.' In the name of all that resem-

bles common sense, what is the meaning of this detestable jargon?—Eternal thanks to the man that invented *Lillabullero!* and, oh, for the wells of *English undeiled!*

QUIDNUNC.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

In the reign of Philip II, of France, a nobleman had spoken very freely of that monarch's intimacy with his wife. The unfortunate cornuto was put into prison for his rebellious murmurings. The following device was published by the wags of the time as a representation of the unhappy man's fate. A snail was pourtrayed in the act of retiring into his shell, and this motto was affixed to the print. *Carcere cornua frænât.* Into a prison he withdraws his horns.

Mr. Moore, in the following stanzas, has combined the frolic of a Bacchus and the tenderness of a lover:

ANACREONTIC.

I fill'd to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!
At length, I bade an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.
Behold how bright that purple lip
Is blushing through the wave at me,
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee!
But, oh! I drink the more for this,
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And in the nectar flows again.
So, here's to thee, my gentle dear!
And may that eye forever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
As bathes it in this bowl of mine.

Mr. F. Lathom, one of the novel-mongers of the day, has just manufactured a romance with the title of 'The Mysterious Freebooter; or the days of Queen Bess.' This will probably remind either the polite or the waggish reader of the Mysterious *Beef-eater* in Sheridan's Critic.

K

The following French verses in honour of a favourite beverage, which supports our spirits through many a reading hour, we shall be glad to see translated with spirit.

A MON CAFÉ.

Mon cher café, viens dans ma solitude,
Tous les matins m'apportez le bonheur;
Viens m'enivrez des charmes de l'étude;
Viens enflammer mon esprit et mon cœur!
Que la vapeur, pour mon Homère antique,
Soit un encens qui lui porte mes vœux,
Parfume bien sa tête poétique,
Et ce laurier qui croît sur ses cheveux!
Mon cher café, dans mon humble hermitage,

Que les beaux arts, les innocens loisirs,
La liberté, ce seul besoin du sage,
Que tes faveurs soient toujours mes plaisirs!
Mais je soupire, ô nectar redoutable,
De ton pouvoir est-ce un effet nouveau?
Ah! ce malin un enfant secourable,
Pour te chauffer me prêta son flambeau!
Je m'en souviens; il avait l'air timide,
Je l'évitais, il voulait m'éviter;
Dans la liqueur il mit un doigt perfide,
Qui, c'est L'AMOUR, je n'en saurais douter.
Il y mêla les langueurs, la constance,
Les longs desirs, tout ce qui fait aimer;
Il oublia d'y laisser l'espérance
J'aimerais seul; je ne veux point aimer.

Dibdin's favourite song of "Greenwich Moorings" has never been reprinted in this country. It is worth preserving. The imagery is such as might be expected from the fancy of the poet.

With timbers green from childhood's dock,
Buoy'd up with youthful notions,
My roving Fancy dar'd to mock
The raging storms of oceans,
Thus, braving fear, my mind became
Well sheath'd with emulation,
Tight rigg'd, on board the good ship Fame,
I took an early station.
Nor dreamt, when first I went to sea,
That, after hard endurings,
It would so hap that I should be
Laid up in Greenwich Moorings.
From boy to man, from clime to clime,
In quest of glory roaming,
I weather'd oft and many a time
Rough gales and billows foaming,
Where light'nings dread, and thunders jar,
Where sever'd seas are rolling,
Where mermaids smile in liquid car
Mid tempests' hoarsest howling.
Still Hauser's heart was rigg'd with glee,
In spite of all endurings,
Nor harbour'd e'er a thought that he
Should lie in Greenwich Moorings.

Whate'er I earn'd by sweat of brow

Was squander'd soon in folly,
Nor one reflection did bestow

Except on lovely Molly;

But tho' Love's compass still my heart

To Molly's charms directed,

I ne'er from duty would depart

Nor Britain's fame neglected.

When bit grew scant, I went to sea,

And left her fond assurances,

Nor thought my batter'd hulk should be
Laid up in Greenwich Moorings.

I made my charming girl a vow

That, barring all miscarriage,

I'd take her, when return'd, in tow

And plough the seas of marriage.

But, sad reverse! poor Tom's no more

To faithless Poll enticing,

My starboard limb was shiver'd sore,

Beyond the power of splicing!

I found the fair-one's clouded brow

Obscur'd her late allurings—

Begone, she cried, you're fittest now

To lie in Greenwich Moorings.

Then to our gracious king I'll drink;

And, here's the British navy!

Oh, may fell Faction quickly sink

Deep grappled by old Davy;

And here's to every gallant tar,

Brave soklier, and fair trader,

In peace if Britain's kind, in war

He'll check each bold invader.

With two limbs less than God gave me,

I smile at past endurings,

And booze my can of grog with glee,

Laid up in Greenwich Moorings.

The arch Menage introduces somewhere the following anecdote. "Father H. told me one day that when Bourdeloue preached at Rouen every citizen shut up his shop, the merchants quitted the exchange, the lawyers their courts, and the physicians their patients, and gathered round this celebrated preacher. When I preached there, says Father H. the year following, I restored every thing to its proper order, neither the merchant quitted his business, nor the lawyer his court, &c."

A writer who professes himself to be a great admirer of the works of antiquity, exclaims, in a tone of triumph, 'Where do you meet with any modern buildings that have lasted so long as those of the ancients!'

Instead of the *Republic of Letters*, the fashionable phrase in France, out of compliment to Bonaparte, is, the *Monarchy of Letters*.

When Bajazét, after his defeat, was carried into the presence of Timur *Lench*, that is, Timur *the Lame*, vulgarly Tamerlane, that monarch burst into a laugh on perceiving that Bajazet had but one eye. The Turk, who could ill brook such rudeness, said fiercely, you may deride my misfortunes, Timur; but remember that they might have happened to you. The disposal of kingdoms is in the hands of God; and they depend on his will. Timur replied, with equal haughtiness, I agree with your observation, and I did not laugh at your misfortune, but at a reflection that just occurred to my mind, how little value thrones and sceptres possess in the judgment of God, who has taken a kingdom from a man with one eye, to give it to another with one leg.

In most operas, the songs are not burthened with much sentiment. The reader will think the following to be *levior cortice*, and yet he will scarcely refrain from smiling in the midst of his fastidiousness and contempt:

Well I am Dicky Snip,
A little smirking-tailor,
A boy can cut and clip
As well as Ben the sailor,
But, take my meaning right,
He makes our foes grow civil,
While I—no—I can't fight,
But I'll cabbage like the devil.
Then don't I keep a girl
Who, when she's drest so shining
From all she bears the bell—
Oh, she's *my body lining*.
Then sure what velvet eyes,
And cheeks as plump as mutton,
And then the charmer cries,
I please her to a button.
My neighbour Stitch I hear
Would gave his all for Kitty,
And swears his end is near,
Unless she will have pity;
But, though he 's fix'd his mind,
'Tis all in vain to wheedle,
For this the dog will find,
I am her thread and needle.
Now to conclude my song,
I'll go and see my charmer,
And this I'll prove ere long
Its not in me to harm her,
And yet some women cry,
Whose tongues are pretty nimble,
My goose is cold—and I,
Lord! I'm not worth a thimble.

Mons. Chevreau, acquainted with M. de la Mothe de Vager, and with his writings, must have discovered his extraordinary love of the relations of voyages and of every information from foreign countries. This propensity he retained to the last moments of his life; and the last words which he uttered, to a friend who attended him on his death bed, were, 'Have you heard, my dear sir, any news from the Great Mogul?'

Verses to be written over the door of a prime minister:

Cæsaris ad valvas sedeo, sto nocte dieque,
Nec datur ingressus qui mea facta loquar,
Ite deæ faciles, et, nostro nomine, saltem
Dicite divini Cæsaris ante pedes,
Si ne quid placidaq; afflari Cæsaris aures
Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi.

IMITATED.

Sitting, or standing at great Cæsar's gate,
Must I all day and night unheeded wait;
Go, gentle Muse, and at great Cæsar's feet,
His Highness with my humble message greet;
If Cæsar will not hear what I would say,
Bid him, in mercy, drive his slave away.

The above epigram was made by Mons. Pithou, on a story told of a person, who being refused a request by John of Portugal, surnamed the Mag-nanimous, thanked the king for his answer. 'Why thank me?' exclaimed the prince. 'I return you thanks,' replied the petitioner, 'for your goodness in sparing me the little money which I have left, and which I must have spent, if I had remained any longer at your court.' Struck with this ingenious answer, the king granted his petition.

In the Limerick paper, an Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, thus cautions the public against trusting her:—My *wife* has eloped from me without *rhyme or reason*, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, *for I am not married to her*.

Dionysius, the sophist, addressing his audience on the virtues of moderation in the pursuit of pleasure, used to say that a person should taste honey only on the tip of his finger.

The following verses are quite sufficient to vindicate Mr. Moore's pretensions to genius. He is addressing a very young lady, who is supposed to have expressed her regret that she was not profoundly skilled in science and literature:

Never mind how the pedagogue prosed,

You want not antiquity's stamp;

The lip, that's so scented with roses,

Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kisses

Have long set the loves at defiance,

Now, done with the science of blisses,

' May fly to the blisses of science.

Young Sappho, for want of employment,

Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,

Condemn'd but to read of enjoyment,

Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for you to be buried in books,

Oh, Fanny! they're pitiful sages,

Who could not in one of your looks

Read more than in millions of pages!

Astronomy finds in your eye

Better lights than she studies above,

And music must borrow your sigh,

As the melody dearest to love.

In ethics—'tis you that can check

In a minute their doubts and their quarrels,

Oh! shew but that mole on your neck,

And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip

When to kiss and to count you endeavour,

But eloquence glows on your lip

When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance

Of arts is assembled in you,

A course of more exquisite science

Man never need wish to go through.

And oh! if a fellow like me

May confer a diploma of hearts,

With my lip thus I seal your degree,

My divine little Mistress of Arts!

Pyrrho, the head of the sect called after his name, asserted that there was no difference between life and death. Some person, in ridicule of this absurd position, asked Pyrrho why he did not die, as life and death were the same, 'For that very reason,' replied he, 'because there is no difference between the two states.'

Lord Chesterfield very prettily says, 'Good manners are the settled medium of social, as *specie* is of commercial, life; and people will no more advance their civility to a bear than their money to a bankrupt.'

THE BOOTEES—A NEW SONG.

BY MISS KITTY CROTCHET.

To be said or sung to the tune of "*Dorothy Dump*," or any other tune the reader pleases.

Of all the gay beaux,

That sport their smart cloathes,

There's none that my fancy can please,

With their *Spencers* or *Crops*,

Or woolly *Foretops*,

Like *Bob* with his *Tippy Bootes*.

Inexpressibles tight,

Some fancies delight,

With bunches of tape at their knees,

Yet all must confess,

Though snug is the dress,

It yields to *Bob's Tippy Bootes*.

The *Blue Pantaloons*,

As they march in platoons,

Each lady's attention quick seize;

But I let them pass by,

And turn round my eye,

For *Bob* with his *Tippy Bootes*.

View little Jack Sprat,

With his head from cravat

Peeping out like a mouse from a cheese;

With shoes on his toes

And a handful of bows,

Then look at *Bob's Tippy Bootes*.

Then there's Sir Thomas Tape,

With a coat and a cape,

Like blankets of wild *Cherokees*,

Whether quiet or moving,

He looks like a sloven,

Near *Bob* with his *Tippy Bootes*.

With such a dear lad

I ne'er could be sad,

Should we wander o'er mountains or seas,

And happen what might,

I'd still find delight,

In my *Bob* with his *Tippy Bootes*.

A GALLANT PASSPORT.

Lambert, an excellent musician, was very much pressed by a lady of uncommon beauty to teach her to sing. Lambert for a long time resisted her importunities, till being very strongly and repeatedly urged, he declared that his apprehensions of falling in love with the lady were the only cause of his denial. Counsellor L. who was present at the confession, drew up immediately, in the lady's name, a free passport for Lambert to the lady's presence. 'We the divine and resistless Miss ———, grant permission to M. Lambert at all times to enter our mansion in perfect safety, and do prohibit our charms, graces and attractions to make any attack whatever on the freedom of the aforesaid M. Lambert,' &c.

The spirit in which the following stanzas are conceived, is worthy of the author, who could not bid adieu to the friends to whom he alludes with more sorrow than they felt at parting with such a scholar and such a companion :

IMPROMPTU, BY T. MOORE, ESQ. UPON
LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

Odulces comitum valet cætus!--CATULLUS.
No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial hearted,
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted.
Oh! if regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away.
Long be the flame of memory found
Alive within your social glass,
Let that be still the magic round
O'er which oblivion dares not pass.

When the lady of colonel Thornton, a year or two since, rode her own horse in a race on which much betting was made, some wag published the following song, which is evidently levelled at her.

THE DASH, OR WHO BUT SHE.

Don't you know me? Jenny Dash,
Every where the go and flash?
Every sportsman's known to me,
Every jockey cries, "that's she!"
Nowhere but my fame is up
Since I won the silver cup!
I'm up to each rig,
Trot a poney, drive a gig,
Or dashingly can whip four in hand;
On a colt of Eclipse,
I glory in high leaps,
At a five bar gate ne'er shilly shally stand:
Each huntsman of the field
To my horsemanship must yield,
When I fly o'er the dew
With the game in my view,
And the dogs are all cheer'd by the sound
Of my voice,
Then on, on,
Dash along!
Over mountains of snow,
Or the levels below,
If the weather be foul,
Or the weather be fair,
If the wind blow here,
Or the wind blow there;
O'er high ruts
Or low ruts
Or no ruts

Yoix!

This, this is the life of my choice.

Would you more about me know,
I can handle the cross-bow;
Drive the mail the whole night long,
Give a sentiment or song,
Take my bottle fairly down,
And drink myself into renown!
With my dogs I walk out,
Scour the country about,
And all flying game I bring down;
Drive my tandem in style,
But a minute to a mile,
And on New-market turf my fame's known:
As I prance o'er the course
Full of spirit my horse,
All the knowing ones cry
"That's the girl of my eye,"
And all flock in crowds to the sound of my
voice,
Then done, done,
Done, and done,
Are the cries that resound
When I start for the ground,
Like an arrow I fly,
All my rivals dart by,
As the goal I draw near
Not a sentence you hear,
But she wins,
Now she beats,
Now she's home,

Hurra!

This, this is the life of my choice!

The following epistle was written on the same occasion:—

Oh now! forsooth! when ladies race,
And vie with men in every manly grace,
Could but our grandmothers on earth arise,
How would such sights offend their wondering eyes,
They who commandments ten, in cross
stitch wrought,
And pure morality on samplers taught,
Who never rode but on some festive day,
Then, behind John, upon a long tail'd grey:
Strapp'd to a modest pillion's sober side,
My good aunt Deborah came out a bride,
She a long-waisted Joseph proudly wore,
And on her head an ample bonnet bore;
What would she say to see the modest maid
With jockey sleeves and velvet cap array'd,
Dashing thro' thick and thin, to gain the
post,
And swearing, when she finds her wishes
cross'd.

OLIVIA OLDSTOCK.

Old-street, Jan. 29, Old-style.

I am much pleased, says Mons. Menage with an expression of Seneca on the subject of plagiarism. Soleo enim et in aliena castra transire, non tamquam transfuga, sed tanquam explorator. I ever pass over into the enemy's camp, not as a deserter, but as a spy.

In Mr. Moore's miscellaneous poems we find the following imitation of MARTIAL. To those who, acquainted with no language but their own, are studious of acquiring a vivid idea of the pointed style of the ancients, we recommend the following.

TO CLOE,

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I could resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
And, though your lip be rich with dew,
To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.
That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However warm I've twin'd about it;
And though your bosom beat with bliss,
I think my soul could live without it.
In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
That, sooth, my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself, at last,
To—do without you altogether.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"The spirit of Alice" is extremely restless, possibly in consequence of the neglect of her *canonical* lover. She is certainly related to the ghost of the seduced country maid in the opera, and *Parson Biggs* won't bury her, although she's dead Miss Bailey.

The lines of Horace apply exactly to our literary friend C.

Est animus tibi, sunt mores et lingua fides-
que,
Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desunt
Plebs eris.—

Or, as it is most happily and forcibly expressed by POPE,

C—n in spirit, sense, and truth abounds,
Pray then what wants he?—*Fourscore thousand pounds!*

The pathetic verses to a Parent, and the sonnet to the Sea-bird, in our 27th number, the ode to the Procellarius Pelagicus and the Sonnets to Disappointment in the 28th, are honourable to the Genius, Sensibility and Spirit of the author.

Our new correspondent Y. is determined to strike his head against the stars. His motto may be found in the following passage from the Anti-Jacobin:

On grey goose quills sublime I'll soar
To metaphors unreach'd before,
That scare the vulgar reader;
With style well form'd from Burke's best
books,
From rules of grammar, e'en Horne Tooke's,
A bold and free seceder.

A gentleman, whom we are studious to assist in any of his literary researches, has lately proposed a few queries, of which our solution is so meagre and unsatisfactory that we publish it merely to provoke the investigation of some abler enquirer:—

It is doubted whether the phrase, '*Fiat Justitia, ruat Cælum,*' is an *original* one in any of the Roman classics. Possibly, Cicero may employ it in some of those orations, which are scarcely ever inspected in this country. But it is conjectured that the words in question are either a translation from some Greek apothegm, or that they may be found in the language of the civil law.

The two odes of Horace, said to be recently discovered at Rome, which are alluded to in one of Cowper's letters, we have seen somewhere, but cannot possibly recal to recollection the place. The impression made on the mind by their perusal was weak, and Scepticism still hovered over the page, doubting its authenticity.

The origin of a verse, which is in every body's mouth,

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis, appears to be involved in obscurity. In the course of our very limited reading, we have never seen it on any Roman page. To our ears, if it do not absolutely jangle like a monkish chime, it sounds no clearer than that of the *middle* latinity. A learned friend, whose taste is exquisite, and whose memory is seldom a truant, referred us to OVID's *Fasti*. We flew to the volume, alike eager in the search and delighted with the fertility and beauty of Roman genius, even when shackled by the limits of a calendar. But the passage we found was of a different sense, and incomparably better expression:

Tempora labuntur; tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt, fræno non remorante, dies.

We are not deceived by the specious form of *Doll Democracy*. She may seem well enough while the masque is on, But soon the visor drops—her haggard face Betrays the Fury, lurking in the Grace.

Our literary friend S. has so liberally supplied us with the novelties of literature, that we have but seldom occasion to repair to the shop of *Trypho*. The Editor can say of his friend, what Prospero gratefully acknowledges of the noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo:

So, of his gentleness,
Knowing *I lov'd my books*, he furnish'd me,
From his own library with volumes, that
I PRIZE ABOVE A DUKEDOM.

"Eboracensis" is a welcome correspondent.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Enclosed are the first effusions of a youthful Bard; by giving them a place in your useful paper, should they be deemed worthy, you will confer an obligation on

A CONSTANT READER.

EMILIA'S COMPLAINT.

Fast by a murmuring brook, where soft she lay,

While feather'd songsters chirp'd from spray to spray,

Emilia thus, in accent soft and mild, Bewail'd her lot, Misfortune's roving child:

Tell me, sweet Echo, didst thou hear

Eugenio's voice, when thus he said,

"Emilia, heaven-born maid, come near,

"Confide, my love, be not afraid;

"In heaven my vows recorded are,

"No sordid lust, no earthly care,

"Shall rend affection's cord.

"Luna shall sooner cease to move,

"Or fixed stars begin to rove,

"Than I infringe my word."

But now, alas the change! how false he's prov'd,

Far from his promise, and his love remov'd;

No longer now Emilia's name I hear,

No sighs of constancy assail my ear;

But sorrow now has blasted all those scenes,

And nought, but Emma's shame, of all remains.—

H. T.

A TRANSLATION

OF HOMER'S CELEBRATED SIMILE, AT THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

As when refulgent stars, around the moon, Spread azure light thro' heaven's ethereal dome;

When sacred nature with sweet sleep is bless'd

And not a breath disturbs its silent rest;

When lofty towers their highest summits rear,

And hills, and lawns, and woodland views appear;

When spangled heaven, with all the stars are seen,

The shepherds glad, behold the glorious scene;

So many flames before proud Ilium burn'd, While Xanthus deep the glittering sight return'd:

A thousand fires now blaz'd upon the plat, And near each fire full fifty warriors sat,

The foaming steeds, with haste, devour their corn;

Champing their bits, they wait returning morn.

H. T.

For the Port Folio.

I no man call or ape or ass,

'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.

GAY.

The daws had strutted too long, it was more than time to strip them of their adventurous plumage.

GIFFORD.

THE JACK DAW AND MOCKING BIRD.

A FABLE.

A gentle swain, of talents rare, Who made the feather'd tribe his care, And oft the lingering hour beguil'd, Delighted with their 'wood notes wild,' Had form'd around his cot a scene, Where streams, and rocks, and valleys green, And shadowy groves their charms combin'd, To soothe and captivate the mind; And, loitering there, the tuneful throng In concert pour'd the harmonious song.

The robin whistled soft his lay, The thrush melodious pip'd away, And raptur'd echo through the grove Bore the sweet murmurs of the dove. But vain it were for me to name.

The various birds that hither came, And, joining in the minstrel lay, 'Discours'd sweet music' from each tree. What pity, that from songs like these, So form'd a critic's ear to please, No means were found that might exclude Each note of cadence harsh and rude.

A dapper Jack-Daw, pert and vain, Whose voice was of the roughest strain, From Europe's shore had wing'd his flight, By hunger driv'n, and in sad plight, His feathers tore and dirty, stood Close by a riv'let in the wood; And, list'ning to the tuneful choir, Which might a savage breast inspire With love of harmony and song, Thus tried his rude and clam'rous tongue: Caw! caw! caw! caw!—each songster nigh, That heard the harsh and jarring cry, Of sounds so horrid, fill'd with dread, To thickets deep affrighted fled, Resolving ne'er to chaunt a lay,

While Jack-Daw in the grove should stay.

A Mock Bird perch'd beside a brook, Who had his native woods forsook, And wish'd each sweet melodious tone To imitate—for of his own He had no song—with anger heard Th' intrusive and discordant bird; And thinking how to drive away The daw, exclaim'd, he shall not stay If he have ears—I'll mock his note, Like chesnut-bur, within my throat: Then loud he cried, caw! caw! caw! caw! And, as he wish'd, the silly daw,

By far more bless'd with ears than brain,
Unable to support the strain,
Swift fled, and left to those the grove,
Whom nature and the Mock-Bird love.

The swain, who at his case was laid
Beneath a spreading beech-tree's shade,
Amus'd to see the Jack Daw's flight,
Which fill'd each songster with delight,
Cried—go, thou silliest of fowls,
Go, caw to crickets, bats, and owls.

QUEVEDO.

VERSIFIED FROM THE CROMA OF OSSIAN.

Oh happy he who falls in youth !
For long his much lamented grave
The pearly tear of virgin truth
And friendship's streaming grief shall lave !
The song for him the bard shall raise,
And future years his fame shall know ;
The hero's bosom, at his praise,
Shall swelling for the battle glow.—
But, hapless he, in age who dies ;
Like winter's snows he melts away ;
For him no virgin bosom sighs,
No tears of friendship steep his clay.
Even while he lives, his name's forgot,
His grave scarce clos'd before unknown ;
No wandering warrior marks the spot,
Nor sons impose the sculptur'd stone.

TO DELIA,

ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

Great is thy loss, dejected fair !
Yet, why too weak to brave its weight ?
It profits nothing to despair
Beneath the stern decree of fate !
Thou weapest in a moving cause ;
But, are not vain thy falling tears ?
Or can a sigh thy bosom draws
Awake thy mould'ring mother's cars ?
Her brittle frame of spotless clay
Has paid the debt from mortals due ;
And her pure soul has gone the way
Which ours ere long must all pursue.
While on thy health despondence preys,
And thy employ is venting sighs,
Your happy mother joins to raise
The sacred praises of the skies.
Why wilt thou then her loss deplore,
Since with the glowing choir she shares
The raptures of that blissful shore,
Far from this world and all its cares.
When once by wasting grief betray'd,
Nought can control the arm of fate ;
Then cease thy sorrow lovely maid,
Oh, cease, before it be too late !

Full soon thy spring of life will dry ;
Thy pulse full soon forbear to beat ;
And thy exulting spirit fly,
Thy mother's cherub soul to meet.
Then cease the fatal hour to haste !
That thus thy pious mother's worth
May, in thy virtue, be replac'd,
To gladden and to bless the earth.

JULIUS.

TO THE SAME.

The tender plant which virtue rears
A lovely blossom bears,
That triumphs o'er the frost of years
And life's corroding cares :
Sweet little rosy flow'ret fair,
Be this thy earthly doom ;
Till, foster'd by celestial air,
Thou shalt forever bloom !

JULIUS.

EPIGRAMS.

'Tis strange, Prudilla, you accuse
Of too much warmth my wanton muse,
When you read on with all your might,
And practice what I only write !

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

This splendid dress was made for me,
Cries Sugarplum, the saucy cit ;
Observers answer, that may be ;
But you were never made for it.

On some Young Ladies dancing to a bad Fiddler.

Alas ! that such cherubs in face and in shape
Should bring a man into so shocking a scrape.

On Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough.
In spite of quirk, quibble, writ of error or
flaw,
Since Law is made justice, seek justice
from law.

While thus a few kisses I steal,
Dear Chloris you gravely complain ;
If resentment you really do feel,
Pray give me my kisses again.

Says Doll, tho' female merit's scant,
Yet is the palm of beauty ours—
True, answers John, the frailest plant
Bears commonly the fairest flowers.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, August 16, 1806.

[No. 32.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Then certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoicks encountered him."

THIS occurred while Paul was waiting at Athens for his fellow travellers. Zealous and argumentative, he disputed daily with Jews and with devout persons, and at length in the market, *with them that met with him*. Hence, he was naturally contradicted by every way-faring infidel.

Attacked by such enemies, St. Paul, I pity thee. Compared with the sophistical jargon of their tongues, the buffetings of Satan were the soft strokes of a feather. Encountered by *Philosophers*. What a perilous meeting! To be stoned at Iconium, to die in prison at Philippi, or smart at all her whipping-posts were more tolerable than to hear one moment, the abstract impertinence, the visionary theories of a cold and closet reasoner. His head is the web of a spider, his heart is the ice of Spitzbergen, his plans are the projects of Laputa, and his arguments turbid as a hypochondriack's dream. If I should be asked which was the most unlucky adventure in Paul's pilgrimage, I must reply, this interview with the *philosophic* babblers of Athens. None of his perils, and I think he enumerates eight varieties, can compare with the peril of pragmatistical philosophy. Ill-fated apostle! the Epicureans and the Stoicks, encountering you, were worse company

than the barbarians of Melita, on whose rude coast you were stranded. Your night and day in the deep; your weariness and watchings; your frequent fasts, and suspension in the basket of Damascus, even if it were like Falstaff's buck-basket, were light afflictions, but for a moment, to the growl of the Stoick and the lullaby of the Epicurean.

Paul was not singular in this encounter. Personages as grave as the saint have been encountered by certain *philosophers* in the present age. Yes, they have waged war with common Sense, Morality and Religion. Thank God, they have not routed them.

Philosophic encounters are, in effect, often as bloody as the battles of Buonaparte. One Helvetius, with several associates, many years since opposed the settled opinions of the French nation. This philosophical Quixote and his atheist associates asserted, that the brain-pans of all men were of similar capacity, but some were full and others empty of *education*. Here was a rare discovery. Hence all the grades of intelligence. No such thing as a difference in the mental organization. Next, man had no soul. After vegetating a time he must die, without even a chance for immortality; without even the nine struggles of a cat. Bravo! bellowed the libertines. This is a divine doctrine. This is *philosophy*. Hawk-eyed *philosophy* did not stop here; she looked into the Bible, and saw mouldy leaves; she looked up to the skies, and saw nothing; she looked down to the earth,

L

and beheld fishermen, butchers, and brewers; and now was the glorious time for maudlin Philosophy to see double. They were larger than the life. They were magnified to a "*mountain*," they were citizen Directors, they were Executioners, Jacobins, Fiends. Reader of the writings of the encyclopædists, believest thou my representation to be just? I know thou believest; I am persuaded thou wilt think with me that half the evils, half the atrocities of the French revolution originated in a false, impious, and captious philosophy.

England has been infested with philosophers as well as France. You may find a minbrity of philosophers on many a parliamentary Journal. Sometimes they appear in the shape of street orators, and sometimes they babble from the pulpit. Newgate contains many a philosopher.

For my own part, I love to converse with poets, orators, and historians, whenever I have the happiness to meet them. But philosophers, whether they employ themselves in strangling cats in an air pump, or in sneering at received opinions, are my aversion. From Rousseau down to his last imitator, if the whole race were restrained within a mad house it would be fortunate for the tranquillity of mankind.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 16.

Why liv'd he not ere star-chambers had fail'd,

When fine, tax, censure, *all but law* prevail'd?

SAVAGE.

MR. DIARY,

Ir, when you declared, that except in reply to my observations, you could no further listen to the subject on which I wrote, you had in view the prosecution in all its bearings, the labour of my present letter will be lost; but, if you referred only to the conduct of messieurs Madison, Dearborn and R. Smith, you will perhaps receive with satisfaction the remarks I have to offer, on certain sentiments of which this prosecution has occasioned the avowal.

That the conduct of the public servants, whatever it might have been, could afford

no answer to the indictment preferred against either colonel Smith or Mr. Ogden is a self evident truth; of which it has happened to me to take notice, in the course of my former inquiry; but opinions so directly in the face of this truth, so unconstitutional, so unprincipled and so dangerous, are so loudly asserted and so triumphantly echoed, that I cannot resist the honest temptation, to lay my hand upon the shoulder of this boisterous idiocy, and turn it, if possible, to a sense, not only of its contemptible demeanor, but of its destructive tendency.

That the letter of messieurs Madison, Dearborn and R. Smith betrays at once all the despotism that ever afflicted a people, and all the meanness of thought and language that ever disgraced a history of Miss Jenny, is an opinion which I have in some degree expressed, and which I believe that I shall never abandon; but it is one of the considerations which, in the survey of their letter and their conduct, perplexes and disgusts me, that both have been resorted to without any visible motive; without any motive that ought to have actuated, I do not say an honourable man, but a man possessed of common sense, or common information. Like the wretch who murders a traveller, for the sake of some paltry piece of silver, which he parts with again, to procure, from drink, an hour's forgetfulness of his crime, they have exchanged their reputation, and I should hope the peace of their lives, against the most trivial of gratifications, against the most insignificant and unprofitable of privileges, against a false and unavailing shelter from public animadversion, against an useless *lettre de cachet*, against a protection from evil for which only the grossest ignorance could have left them unprepared, and only the vilest pusillanimity induced them to dread. I speak decidedly of their gratification, their privilege and their dread; for, as to the matter of their letter, I was very wrong in running my pen, through what on a former occasion I had written, and hesitating to call it, what alone it ought to be called—at the best, a *plausible lie*.

For what reason was it wished to examine these gentlemen, on the trials of colonel Smith and Mr. Ogden? For this, that the acts done and charged upon the latter, were known to and approved of by the former (as they say they have reason to believe) as well while they were merely contemplated, as while they were in the course of perpetration. My leading position is, that the establishment of this fact could or ought to have been of no direct use to the defendants, and on this account; that the guilt of John is no argument, nor the crime of John no apology, for the innocence nor the offence of Peter. Suppose that the names of Jefferson, Madison, Dearborn, R. Smith, W. S. Smith and Ogden, were equally the names

of guilty men, could messieurs Ogden and Smith indulge themselves with the hope, that the four first were to be made scape-goats, through the sacrifice of whom their own pardon was to be procured? Messieurs Jefferson, Madison, Dearborn and R. Smith were doubtlessly competent to expose themselves, in their pretended connection with Miranda, to prosecution for their private, or impeachment for their public conduct; but how could or should the prosecution or impeachment of these gentlemen operate for the acquittal of messieurs Smith and Ogden? Did the latter think to save themselves, purely by the production of accomplices?

But, why were messieurs Madison, Dearborn and R. Smith so fearful of seeing themselves within the reach of the tipstaff of a court? It is true, that taking in its heaviest amount the charge preferred against them, it appears, according to the theory at least of law, to be a species of *misprision of treason*; for it is not easy to conceive a more unequivocal act of treason, than that of doing what may betray a government into a foreign war; but, have they been guilty of any such thing? or, if they have, would any tribunal of a free people have suffered them to criminate themselves? It ought to occur to us, indeed, with what a reluctance any commoner ought to enter a district where the Holy Office is established in all its terrors; where they are liable to be examined alternately as criminals and as witnesses against themselves, and where their plain understanding is refused the assistance of that experience and professional knowledge which they might look for in counsel; this I say, might occur to us, if commoners were in question; but surely Heads of Departments are too well acquainted with the courtly complaisance of the judges and attorney of New-York, to be governed by any similar consideration.

By what then were they panic struck?—Imagine them guilty, still they had a court to protect them; a great and high-minded court; a court conscious of the purple and the ermine that belongs to it, and of which no system of polity, however mean or mischievous, can deprive it; a court incapable of sallying the one or tarnishing the other; a court ashamed to suffer the abjectness of a parasite or the tremors of an inferior to mingle and contrast themselves with the majesty of its costume and appointments.—To such a court, all and every person, summoned to New-York, well knew that he was to present himself.

But, if, unhappily for the country, this had not been the case; if, in the court at New-York, a lowness of manners had proscribed a loftiness of thinking; if the judges had suffered themselves to be persuaded that they were indeed only common men; if,

hourly insulted by counsel, counsel in their turn regardless of the decorum they should require, they had sunk in their own esteem, and forgotten, what nothing had aided them to remember, the sanctity of the bench; even then, even in this deplorable state of things, surely witnesses might have relied, if not upon the systematic administration of justice, at least upon their own fortitude and skill; and, little as they might understand of what constitutes right and wrong between nations, common cunning might have enabled them, in open court, to brave the assaults of those who wantonly had attempted to draw from them confessions of guilt. They might not have known (for it is an abstruse doctrine!) that to fit out an expedition against a foreign state *seems like hostility*, and that to stir the subjects of a government into rebellion, is to *try to do it harm*; but, they could not be ignorant, that to furnish evidence of their own misconduct, were to expose themselves to the halter.

But, if courage might have attended even guilty men, possessed of their own secret, to even a disorderly tribunal, how much less had the innocent to apprehend! and that messieurs Madison, Dearborn and R. Smith are innocent, there is at least no reason to deny. If the accusation contained in the Memorials were of any serious nature, there is a passage in the Examination of colonel Smith which would explain and perfectly defeat it. In the Memorials (in what words I forget) it is asserted, that as Miranda asserted (for that is all) the public servants named had said, that there was no law the provisions of which would be offended against by the acts proposed to be done. It was this *opinion*, of which I observed, that to ask it was imbecility, and to pronounce it, presumption; but, according to colonel Smith's Examination, however it might be thrown out, and however it might be relied on by Miranda and his friends, it was never seriously pronounced: 'That general Miranda told this examiner, that he had freely and openly communicated his views and plans to the president of the United States and Mr. Madison, upon the subject of his return to his native country, and that the president and secretary told him, the said general Miranda, that they were not yet ready to go to war, and could not give him any public aid or countenance, but that they had no objection, that any individual citizens of the United States should engage in such an enterprise, provided they did not thereby infringe any of the laws of the United States.' I shall enter into no further public details, but state my conclusions on this preliminary argument; first, that no *illegal* participation in the conduct of messieurs Miranda, Ogden and Smith is imputable to Mr Jef-

person nor his colleagues; and secondly, that if it were, it could be no exculpation of the former.

Whether Mr. Jefferson or any other of the public servants have, in point fact, offended the laws, I am not finally to determine; I acquit them, upon the evidence adduced. The question on which I am at issue, with those who avow the sentiments I have stigmatised, turns on the latter of my conclusions; whether unlawfulness of conduct on the part of the public servants can justify the share taken in that unlawful conduct by private citizens?

And here, let me confess, if for nothing else, for my apology with those who are unacquainted with the American public, the utter astonishment with which I hear my understanding called upon to refute a doctrine so untenable, and among a free people so monstrous, as the one contrary to that which I maintain; for, to say, that the unlawful conduct of the public servants is to operate in exculpation of the unlawful conduct of private citizens, what is it but to set the administration above the laws, and to invest it with despotic power? For, how does despotic power maintain itself under any form of government, but through the privilege of exempting from punishment those who, to the prejudice of the laws, obey its orders, gratify its inclinations, conform to its wishes? Are we so ignorant as to suppose that there are not laws in every country? Do we imagine that they were first invented and reduced to practice in America? Do we think that they have here alone survived the wreck of time? Let us believe, and make some use of our belief, that even where there are sultans and sofis and satraps, there are laws and tribunals and tribunes and judges and cadis.—But, where is there despotism? Why, where the will or the whim or the act of the ruler can be pleaded against the letter of the statute; where, to direct the magistrate, to silence the lawyer, to appal the client, to lift the judge, bareheaded, from his humbled seat, it is sufficient to discover the ring of a sultan, the order of a vizier, or the connivance of the *serous servorum* of a New-found World.

And yet, there are men, in the United States, who talk of the guilt of the administration as justifying or removing that of the citizen! This is all passion. The public feelings, like those, as it is said, of Mr. Jefferson and his colleagues, are with messieurs Miranda, Ogden and Smith. It is remarkable, that this is the sole cause of the outcry against Mr. Jefferson and the rest.—Dastards, all are in love with the sin; but, if it should be followed by evil consequences, they are wonderfully willing that Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, &c. should bear the blame. The same dastardy that afflicts the

administration, and produced THE LETTER, afflicts the people, and produces the uproar. I say, the public feelings are with Miranda, Ogden and Smith; hence they are wounded by seeing the two latter set to the bar; hence, in the drunkenness of folly, they are ready to set up the preposterous, the alarming doctrine, that the connivance of a government is an excuse for guilt, a sufficient answer to the laws!!!

But, if the case were a little different!—If the acts of Miranda, Ogden and Smith, were not popular; if they had done that which the people disapproved; then, what would become of defendants who called for an acquittal on the ground of the connivance of government? The common places I have to advance, would then be treated as truths familiar to every child; and not, as now they will be, opposed as the last extravagance of political temerity.

And is it possible, that, in this country, where, by all parties, so much is said of liberty, it should be necessary for me to recur to the very alphabet of its theory, and to show the most ordinary land marks and boundaries of power? And yet, it is the profound ignorance of this theory, now betraying itself on this side, and now on that, that stares me continually in the face; so much easier is to talk of it or to fight for it than to understand it or preserve it; and so easy is it, under any constitution, for despotism to enter in its name! The truth is, that amid the wretched struggle of factions, nothing is thought of but the ruin of the opponent; and no man is unwilling, if an obnoxious passenger can be drowned, to sink the vessel, hull and topmast. It is thus, that amid the mutual ravings of federalists and democrats, seldom any thing discovers itself, except the vulgarity of hatred; and that each party resembles that of the Poissardes in Paris, not more in the coarseness of its language, than in the confusion of its ideas.

One of our newspapers triumphantly repeats, after the acquittal of messieurs Ogden and Smith, its observations delivered while the prosecution was pending, and which observations are no other than these: "That as the defence of the parties accused will rest entirely on proving that they were encouraged by the government, the verdict must be conclusive on the point: "if convicted, it must be believed, that the administration was entirely innocent of "any knowledge of the affair; if acquitted, "then must the whole guilt rest on them." Nor is this newspaper alone, in recognising the principle, that the defendants in these prosecutions are or might have been acquitted on account of the participation of the government in their guilt; in other words, because unlawful acts, connived at by government, cease to be unlawful; that is, to reduce the thing to its lowest terms, because

government may obey or disobey the laws at its pleasure!!! Poets talk of those whose praise is fame; our politicians, of those whose connivance is innocence, whose will is law: *stat pro ratione voluntas*: that is, and I beg all constitutional American lawyers and juries to receive the maxim, *Stat pro ratione criminis, voluntas præferti*. I say, American; because I am not unwilling to exclude, from all share in its benefit, every other nation under the sun!—I return again and again to facts; I re-examine my impressions; I find it difficult for myself to believe, I hesitate at asking to be believed, that, in these states, of two parties, each of whom has political liberty in its mouth, the one has set the *special signification of the president* against the subpoena of a court of law; the other, the *connivance of the president* against the laws themselves!!! What with his friends and his foes, this president may soon hold up his head, among the proudest of earth's mortal gods.

But, let it not be imagined, that I am so rash or uncharitable as to be persuaded, that the juries upon these trials have been weak or abandoned enough to acquit the defendants upon any such ground. Assuredly they have never adopted, in behalf of or in resentment toward particular persons, a principle which reduces laws to shadows; a principle subversive of all public justice, and ruinous of national freedom. Their verdict has certainly proceeded from the conviction, that the defendants have not done the acts charged in the indictment, or that the acts done, and charged in the indictment, are not forbidden by the law; or on any other ground than one of these, they cannot have acquitted, without a breach of their oath, and a contempt of their duty, and a surrender of the main fortress of liberty.

Of the verdict of the juries, therefore, I say nothing; but, as to the public opinion of those verdicts, I think it proper to offer antidotes to what is erroneous; remembering, that by public opinion future juries may be guided, and future dangers of the state averted or called down.

Perhaps it follows too immediately from what I have said, to render it necessary for me to lay it down, that the principle so clamorously asserted by the enemies of Mr. Jefferson, is no other than that which a despotic government must rejoice to see established. It is the difficulty of procuring tools, that, as I have shown by the converse of the proposition, keeps a government obedient to the laws. By the aid of power or influence, it may always hope to protect itself, be its conduct what it may. By the bayonets of its soldiery or the blood hounds of its party, it may always expect to be preserved from personal responsibility; but if it can remove this responsibility from no citizen; if it can promise its instruments no impunity; if the

highest and most puissant prince cannot secure the most faithful and most useful scoundrel in his train from the hand of the next constable, from the mittimus of the next magistrate, nor the cell of the next gaol, how is he to be despotic? and, on the other hand, what would our juries have done, had they acquitted the objects of prosecution, as soon as they found that the crimes committed had been committed in conformity with the wishes of administration? This very fact would have rendered more imperative the duty to convict. They would have seen the defendants as occupying the place of those who might be the tools of a corrupt administration; they would have suspected, that however eagerly the government might enter into the prosecution, the whole was but a disguise, and that its real object was the safety of its creatures; safety that might reward past offences and encourage more; and they would have felt themselves called upon to tell that government, that no man, when offending the laws according to its wish and connivance, should escape their rigours. Common sense, not less than common honesty, would have warned them of the toils that were spread around them; they would have suspected that all the show of persecution on the part of government might have no other object than that of raising a spirit of opposition of which it knew how to avail itself; for he is a poor statesman that cannot make as much use of his enemies as of his friends.

There is a maxim of the law in England, more frequently repeated than understood; a maxim ridiculed by shallow men, but which is one of the brightest ornaments of human wisdom, and of which the principle ought even in this country to be received and applied:—THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG. Never was there a bulwark against despotism equal to this! Into courts of law by which this maxim is acknowledged, no tool, no minion nor no dupe, can enter, with an artful or a whining story, and say, that the wrong committed has not proceeded from the individual whom it can reach, but from the government which it cannot reach. How is it possible to tie the hands and feet of a prince and his ministers so completely, as by refusing to listen to any account of his or their opinion, wishes or connivance, and declaring to the offender, that, whatever might be the wishes of others, it is for his own acts that he must answer? and how can he or they be so completely let loose upon society, as by allowing his or their opinion, wishes or connivance to be the protection of their tools, their minions or their dupes?

It is not that I here arraign that part of the American constitution by which the president is rendered personally responsible for his actions; but, I say, that the principle of the maxim, *the king can do no wrong*, ought

to be received along with the other; and, while the president is held to be personally responsible, every other man should be held to be personally responsible likewise; for if any man can plead the president's responsibility, in abatement of his own; if any man can elude punishment, by telling us to punish the president in his stead, there is an end of political freedom. I repeat it, a despotic ruler could desire nothing better than this doctrine; he would then say to those around him, *Do as I bid you, I am responsible*; and to himself he would say, *I shall be responsible, WHEN THEY CAN MAKE ME.*

The facility with which little villains are brought under the rods, and the difficulty that attends the same operation upon great ones, is one of the imperfections in the administration of justice which have been charged upon it in all ages and countries; and would any man in his senses willingly forego the security he has for that which he has not? Let us suppose, that when the present age of gold shall have passed away, it should be the misfortune of our children (though, with all sound politicians, I think it every thing but impossible) to see, in this country, and under this still more impregnable than admirable constitution, a government almost as profligate as any that exists or has existed in Europe; let us suppose, if, for a moment, we may indulge ourselves with chimeras, that a despotism may be exercised in the name of the people, as real and intolerable as a despotism exercised by or in the name of a prince; and, in this day of trouble, let us suppose, that persons, standing in the place of messieurs Ogden and Smith are charged with offence an against the laws; let us suppose that these persons convince a jury, that they have offended the laws only with the knowledge and consent and even at the desire of the president and his colleagues; let us suppose, that a jury for these reasons releases such persons from their responsibility to the laws; let us suppose, that the country taking this acquittal (as do we to-day) for proof positive against the government, calls for an impeachment; and let us suppose, that the president has so strong a party in congress as to enable him to laugh at the proposition of impeachment;—but, without limiting ourselves to hypothesis and fable, let us look again at the case immediately under our eye: the laws, it is said, have been offended; but the juries have acquitted messieurs Ogden and Smith; and, are we waiting, in the simplicity of our hearts, to see congress impeach the public servants? So then, offences may be committed, and the offenders known; but, when we are to pronounce upon the guilty, we find that the state is injured by that common pest of every man's house, that notorious *Nobody*! Crimes have been com-

mitted; but juries here, and congress there, find *Nobody* guilty.

I hope that I have by this time adduced enough to make it appear, that it is impossible to entertain a principle more anti-constitutional, more at war with the abstract nature of right and wrong, and more fatal to political freedom than that on which, with the most unpardonable imputation of perjury on the men, it is attempted, for party purposes, to make it believed that the juries have acquitted messieurs Smith and Ogden. No; those juries must have had the sense as well as the probity not to violate their oaths through spleen to an administration, or through a conviction, not that the defendants were innocent, but that others also were guilty! They must have dwelt on the comparison between the law and the fact, and not on that between the law and the *connivance* administration; they must have acquitted the defendants, because they were convinced, either that they have not committed the acts of which they were accused, or that those acts are not forbidden by the laws; they must have done this, because in any other case they must be perjured.

Juries are not to erect themselves into courts of equity, nor into independent legislatures. The country provides the laws, and sends defendants to juries for the trial of facts; that is, first, whether the facts be true; and secondly, whether they be *unlawful*: it does not leave juries to decide whether or not the facts really deserve punishment, but whether they be *unlawful*; the previous question it has determined itself; and, if juries pay no attention to this determination, the laws are of no use: every defendant comes before an arbitrary body of men, upon whose verdict he can calculate nothing by any reference to the laws; but who will acquit or condemn according to their own personal prejudices, or general habits of thinking. It was never the intention of the legislature, to leave a guilty man to the favour or an innocent one at the mercy of such a tribunal.

The sole question therefore on the late prosecutions respected the individual guilt or innocence of messieurs Ogden and Smith; and it is this truth with which I wish to fill every man's mind. The real or pretended guilt of certain of the public servants had nothing to do with it; all parties were responsible, and none could be made to bear the burden of the other. If on the one hand we are told that the punishment of messieurs Ogden and Smith ought not to have screened the administration, so on the other, the punishment of the administration ought not to have screened messieurs Ogden and Smith.

But, say those who content themselves with particular and temporary views, is it

possible to suffer an administration, first to encourage, and perhaps instigate men to guilt, and then to come into courts of law, and demand the punishment of those men! This is a specious argument, and one that has that apparent basis in natural justice which is the foundation of all popularity; so specious is it, that, though almost the whole of what I have already written bears upon its refutation, I shall be excused if, even with some repetition, I give it a direct answer. I have shown, as I believe, that to release men from their responsibility for crimes, because instigated or encouraged by an administration, is alike inconsistent, first with the abstract nature of right and wrong; secondly with the terms and meaning of a juror's oath; and thirdly with the security of political freedom.

But, a misconception, such as absolutely amazes me, prevails with respect to the principle of these prosecutions. Here as under a monarchy, the people separate themselves from the government, and every man, for his own share, sets his face against that which is done for and by the whole. Of public spirit, and public interests, he knows nothing; his private desires are all. We are told, that these were Mr. Jefferson's prosecutions, the prosecutions of government; that government has been itself to blame; and therefore—THEREFORE the defendants were acquitted. I say, the prosecutions were the prosecutions of the state; of the people;—that the government, or, if you will, Mr. Jefferson set them on foot, and that Mr. Jefferson and the government are not themselves innocent is no part of the question. Were there grounds for the prosecution?—Was the government or was Mr. Jefferson to blame for bringing the defendants before a jury? These are the sole questions.—That Mr. Jefferson and his colleagues may deserve prosecution also, is an independent proposition.

At the bottom of all this is the extraordinary fact, that to this hour, and in this country, men do not understand the distinct existence of the political and municipal authorities of the state; of the ministers and the judges; of the cabinet and the laws!—They do not understand, that the empire of the laws is an *imperium in imperio*, to which, with respect to all domestic affairs, the government itself is subject. No; they confound the courts of justice with the government; and, such is the proneness of mankind to adopt the theory of despotism, that they have no ear to distinguish the voice of the law from the voice of the ruler. How else, would they themselves assail the laws, by sacrificing them out of resentment to the government? How else, would they conceive the force of a prosecution to be weakened, when instituted by a government, the members of which are themselves guilty?

The government in prosecuting performs the part of the people; discharges the trust reposed in it by the people;—that, in other respects, the government may have misconducted itself, is quite another subject of inquiry.

I call this popular delusion extraordinary, because it is such as, were it not the natural bias of the human mind, we ought to find only among the subjects of an absolute monarchy; that is, where the prince is legislator as well as administrator. Personal considerations alone prevail; the president is regarded as every thing, the people as nothing; the offence is supposed to be personal to the president, and he is non-suited, because, in the phrase of the bar, he does not come into court *with clean hands*.—The people, the clean-handed people, the only real prosecutor, are forgotten. The jurors chuckle in the thought, that they have outwitted the president!

And is it not the people that is the only real prosecutor? Is it not the people that has established the laws and desires to see them enforced? Is it not the people that is offended, if a crime like that charged be committed? Is it not the people that is to suffer, if that crime bring upon them the evils in contemplation of which it was rendered punishable by the laws? If a jury, thus mistaking the prosecutor, with stupid exultation should go home, and tell the people, We have cheated the president, will it not reply, That, no doubt, would have been an excellent joke; but, zounds! you have cheated *us*!—Yes, it is every citizen of the United States that has been wronged, that has had his rights surrendered, if the juries have acquitted the defendants out of spleen to the government; or if they have acquitted guilty men, because not they alone were guilty. I suppose that I shall not be believed, if I say, that there was once a countryman so cunning, that knowing his hen-roost to be infested by three foxes, he never hung either, because he could not catch all at once.

I conclude a long letter, with the firm conviction that no subject of greater importance ever employed a political pen. The principles I oppose are those of anarchy and its sure attendant, despotism. The acquittal, such as it is represented, were the despotism of a jury over the trampled rights of the nation. All substitution of will for law is despotism. I entreat the country to reconsider those principles. I entreat it to recollect, that to say, the laws shall not punish crimes which the government has allowed to be committed, is no other than to admit that government has the power to allow crimes to be committed; for, in right reasoning, the only argument must be, from the competence to allow, to the defence founded on the allowance.—

I entreat it to recollect, that the government is not the laws, nor the members of government, the people.

CONCANGIUS.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SECOND EDITION OF THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT AND CABINET OF ST. CLOUD.

The second American edition of this work is just published by Mr. Watts, and the *immediate* sale of the first edition, though perhaps unexampled in the annals of the American bookseller, was with sufficient reason anticipated. It was perceived distinctly, both from the nature of the work, and the inquisitive humour of our countrymen, that *Memoirs of a Corsican adventurer* and his brother buccaneers, the lives of *captain Rolando** and his gang, together with the *Secret History of Madame Buonaparte* and her female friends, would, like the exploits of *Jonathan Wild* or *Moll Flanders*, interest readers of almost every description. This expectation has been exceeded. Within a very few days the whole of a large impression was purchased with an impatience and ardour of curiosity, such as we never remember to have witnessed before. Of the edition now issued, a considerable portion was already bespoken either by individuals or the public; and men of all parties seem resolved to look at a picture of Gallic atrocity, whatever doubts may be entertained of the pretensions of the painter.

But, let Scepticism do its worst, and let Captiousness inquire, with all her tartness, for the real name of the author of these letters, and for the evidence of the facts he describes; nothing can prevent our conclusion that, from general testimony, from historical records, from the tempers and habits of most of those, who compose the new French dynasty, or who obey its mandates, the anecdotes contained in this

* See the immortal work of Le Sage for the *Secret History* of certain Spanish banditti; whose moral and political principles were not dissimilar to those of the upstarts of Ajaccio.

book are substantially true. They do, indeed, contain all the bitterness of aloes. They are a perpetual satire and invective. They exhibit Buonaparte and his associates as Milton exhibits Satan, Beelzebub and company. All the *funguses* and upstarts of an infamous revolution are exhibited by this indignant writer, not as they chuse to shew themselves on the gala day of fictitious splendor, but in colours black like their own infamy, and hideous as their own crimes. These modern Frenchmen are shewn not in the gaudy glare of their own theatric exhibition; not in harlequin robes, in tricoloured ribbons, and umbrageous plumes; but in the darkest shades of a Phantasmagoria, where every horrible shadow looks like the devil. This is perfectly right. Such hatred and such contempt should always be lavished upon men, who, forgetting the sanctity of oaths and the loyalty of subjects, forgetting every private and every public obligation, shutting their ears against the cry of the domestic charities, and hardening their hearts against every generous impulse, with the savage obstinacy of Pharaoh, have persevered in the paths of error, and have displayed alternately the blood-guiltiness of the assassin, and the rapacity of the thief.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[On a cursory perusal of some of the poems which Mr. Moore has recently published in England, some of which might be entitled his *Travels in the United States*, I perceive the following note, and as a native American I blush, that an enlightened foreigner should be justified by truth in making such remarks.]

"The college of William and Mary, the only one in the state of Virginia, and the first which I saw in America, gave me but a *melancholy idea of republican seats of learning*. That contempt for the elegancies of education which the American democrats affect, is nowhere more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia. The young men, who look to advancement, study rather to be demagogues than politicians; and as every

thing *that distinguishes from the multitude* is supposed to be invidious and unpopular, *the levelling system* is applied to education, and has had all the effect its partizans could desire, *by producing a most extensive equality of ignorance*. The abbé Raynal, in his prophetic admonitions to the Americans, directing their attention very strongly to learned establishments, says, 'When the youth of a country are seen depraved, the nation is on the decline.' I know not what the abbé Raynal would pronounce of this nation now, were he alive to know the morals of the young student: at Williamsburg. But, when he wrote, his countrymen had not yet introduced the '*doctrinam deos spernentem*' into America."

For the Port Folio.

[The recent conduct of the king of Prussia towards Great-Britain, and indeed, the uniform policy pursued by the court of Berlin since the unfortunate campaign made by the duke of Brunswick, are sufficiently important, both in their principles and consequences, to arrest the attention of every man interested in the preservation of the peace and dignity of Europe. Of this northern potentate, who has always appeared to us most heartily disposed to embrace the French regicides, and to assist their machinations, we never have had but one opinion, and never have thought of him or called him by any other name whatever than that of the Royal Jacobin. The following passage from the writings of EDMUND BURKE exhibits, as in a sort of Raphael cartoon, some of the actions of this monarch, who is so false to himself and his fame. As might be expected from the artist, it is a very extraordinary and highly finished performance. The figure in the fore ground is in full light, and the colours are as vivid as the tints of the rainbow.]

"Kings have not only long arms but strong ones too. A great northern potentate, for instance, is able in one moment, and with one bold stroke of his diplomatic pen, to efface all the volumes which I could write in a century, or which the most laborious publicists of Germany ever carried to the fair of Leipzick as an apology for monarchs and monarchy. Whilst I, or any other poor, puny, private sophist was defending the declaration of Pilnitz, his

majesty might refute me by the treaty of Basle. Such a monarch may destroy one republic, because it had a king at its head, and he may balance this extraordinary act by founding another republic that has cut off the head of its king. I defended that great potentate for associating in a grand alliance for the preservation of the old governments of Europe; but he puts me to silence by delivering up all those governments, his own virtually included, to the new system of France. If he is, accused before the Parisian tribunal, constituted for the trial of kings for, having polluted the soil of liberty by the tracks of his disciplined slaves, he clears himself by surrendering the finest parts of Germany, with a handsome cut of his own territories to the offended majesty of the regicides of France. Can I resist this? Am I responsible for it, if with a torch in his hand and a rope about his neck he makes *amende honorable* to the *Sans-Culloterie* of the republic one and indivisible? In that humiliating attitude, in spite of all my protests, he may supplicate pardon for his menacing proclamations; and as an expiation to those whom he failed to terrify with his threats, he may abandon those whom he had seduced by his promises. He may sacrifice the royalists of France whom he had called to his standard, as a salutary example to those who shall adhere to their native sovereign or shall confide in any other who undertakes the cause of oppressed kings and of loyal subjects.

"How can I help it, if this high-minded prince will subscribe to the invectives which the regicides have made against all kings and particularly against himself? How can I help it, if this royal propagandist will preach the doctrine of the rights of men? Is it my fault if his professors of literature read lectures on that code in all his academies, and if all the pensioned managers of the newspapers in his dominions diffuse it throughout Europe in an hundred Journals? Can it be attributed to me if he will initiate all his grenadiers and all his hussars in these high mysteries? Am I responsible, if he will

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make *le droit de l'Homme et la Souveraineté du Peuple* the favourite parole of his military orders? Now that his troops are to act with the brave legions of freedom, no doubt he will fit them for their fraternity. He will teach the Prussians to think, to feel, and to act like them, and to emulate the glories of the *Régiment de l'Echaffaut*. He will employ the illustrious citizen Santerre, the general of his new allies, to instruct the dull Germans how they shall conduct themselves towards persons, who, like Louis XVI, whose cause and person he once took into his protection, shall dare, without the sanction of the people, or with it, to consider themselves as hereditary kings. Can I arrest this great potentate in his career of glory? Am I blameable in recommending virtue and religion as the true foundation of all monarchies, because the protector of the three religions of the Westphalian arrangement, to ingratiate himself with the republic of philosophy, shall abolish all three? It is not in my power to prevent the grand patron of the reformed church, if he chuses it, from annulling the Calvinistic sabbath and establishing the decade of atheism. He may even renounce and abjure his favourite mysticism, in the Temple of Reason. In these things, at least, he is truly despotic. He has now shaken hands with every thing which at first had inspired him with horror. It would be curious indeed to see, what I shall not, however, travel so far to see, the ingenious devices, and the elegant transparencies which on the restoration of peace, and the commencement of Prussian liberty, are to decorate Potsdam and Charlottenburg *festiganté*. What shades of his armed ancestors of the house of Brandenburg will the committee of *Illuminés* raise up in the opera house of Berlin, to dance a grand ballet in the rejoicings for this auspicious event? Is it a grand master of the Teutonic order, or is it the great elector? Is it the first king of Prussia or the last? or is the whole love line, long I mean, *a parte antè*, to appear like Banquo's royal procession in the tragedy of Macbeth?

"How can I prevent all these acts of royal policy, and all these displays of royal magnificence? How can I prevent the successor of Frederic the Great from aspiring to a new, and in this age, an unexampled kind of glory? Is it in my power to say that he shall not make his confessions in the style of St. Austin or of Rousseau. That he shall not assume the character of the penitent and flagellant, and grafting monkery on philosophy strip himself of his regal purple, clothe his gigantic limbs in the sackcloth and the hair shirt, and exercise on his broad shoulders the disciplinary scourge of the holy order of the *Sans Culottes*? It is not in me to hinder kings from making new orders of religious and martial knighthood. I am not Hercules enough to uphold those orbs, which the atlases of the world are so desirous of shifting from their weary shoulders. What can be done against the *magnanimous resolution* of the great, to accomplish the degradation and the ruin of their own situation and character?"

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For the Port Folio.

[A ballad, founded on some domestic incident, generally makes its way to the heart. Philosophers as well as peasants are delighted with this simple and pathetic style of composition. Walter Scott, the author of the matchless "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and Monk Lewis, have distinguished themselves by the writing of ballads of a peculiarly mournful and terrific character. The following was written by Mr. Moore during his visit to this country, and must interest the American reader, because the images and scenery are local. The "fire-fly lamp," the "tangled juniper," and "the copper snake breathing in the ear" of the lunatic lover, are circumstances which will not escape the attention of our readers.]

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN
VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal

'Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

ANON.

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp

"For a soul so warm and true;

"And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,*

"Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
"She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,

"And her paddle I soon shall hear;

"Long and loving our life shall be,

"And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,

"When the footstep of Death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—

His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Thro' many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,

If slumber his eyelids knew,

He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep

The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,

And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,

Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,

"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,

"And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright

Quick over its surface play'd—

"Welcome," he said, "my dear-one's light!"

And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,

Which carried him off from shore;

Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp

This lover and maid so true

Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,

To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,

And paddle their white canoe!

For the Port Folio.

[In the ensuing Song of Mr. Moore, the style of its author will be readily recognized. It recals to recollection, "Take, O take those lips away, that so sweetly were forsworn."]

Take back the sigh, thy lips of art
In passion's moment breath'd to me;
Yet, no—it must not, will not part,
'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
And has become too pure for thee!

* The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
With all the warmth of truth imprest;
Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie,
Upon thy lip its sweets would die,
Or bloom to make a rival blest!

Take back the vows that, night and day,
My heart receiv'd, I thought, from thine;
Yet, no—allow them still to stay,
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine!

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

[The following whimsical article appears to be a satire upon the affected virtuoso, a character, however uncommon in America, which frequently excites the wonder or provokes the ridicule of the European satirist. In one of Shadwell's forgotten plays, the character of Sir Nicholas Gimcrack will cause the reader more mirth, perhaps, than the following. In Addison's papers some exquisite sarcasms of a similar class may be found.]

CURIOSITIES FOUND IN THE HISTORICAL HERCULANEUM.

The original manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, in Milton's own hand writing, which is very curious, as the bard was blind.

Rabelais's easy chair, some years ago in the possession of Dean Swift, of which Pope makes very honourable mention;* lately occupied by a facetious humourist, one Laurence Sterne.

Dr. Johnson's buzz wig.

The right thumb of Charles the Twelfth, with which he used to spread his butter.

Tom Brown's tobacco stopper, and the handle of Sam Butler's ale-pot.

Erasmus's spatterdashes, which he wore in all his journeys.

The trunk hose of Sir Francis Drake; two or three stitches dropt and four buttons wanting:

A very curious frying-pan in which Pope drest his Lampreys.

The oaken towel of the Spectator's trunkmaker.

A comb for the whiskers, left as a legacy by the great Cervantes to his jailor's daughter.

* O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver;
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious
air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair.

Tom Thumb; an heroic poem: in which it is proved that this hero was son to William the Conqueror, and the inventor of shooting ducks with a mile stone: Neatly bound in cock's combs, and illumined with tails of glow worms. Very scarce.

John Dennis's snuff-box.

A tragedy in twenty-four acts, each act containing fifty-two scenes: title lost.

Travels to the source of the Nile, which describe that river as an oyster-bed enamelled with crocodiles.

Procrustes's cupping glass; and Hector Boethius's pamphlet on salivation, printed by Cornelius Agrippa at his press in the Hebrides.

The art of Cuckold making, or Great Horn Book, to which is added a beautiful print of Helen's modesty; a rough sketch.

An essay on pickling snail-shells, Phenixes and battering rams; with instructions for preparing conserve of gunpowder and roasted bullets.

Carolan's bagpipe and Philemon Holland's nut-cracker.

The left ear of Daniel Defoe preserved in spirits of pillory.

Queen Elizabeth's under petticoat of flannel, very bare.

A piece of the walls of Babylon.

The gridiron on which Ben Johnson toasted his figs; the carving knife of Bryan Borrooh; Julius Cæsar's tooth-pick, and the great toe of the witch of Endor.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

The Abbé de Marolles was so fond of being an author that he put the catalogue of the names of his friends and their acquaintance to press at his own expense, as he did all his works: Marolles once said to a gentleman that his verses cost him very little. They cost you as much as they are worth then, replied the other. Menage wrote on a copy of a translation of Martial's epigrams, published by Marolles, 'Epigrams against Martial.'

The following lines addressed by George Buchanan to his mistress, are very beautiful. Mons. Menage has happily imitated them in the Italian language:

Illa mihi semper præsentì dura Neæra
Me, quoties absum semper abesse dolet;
Non desiderio nostro, non mæret amore
Sed se non nostro posse dolore frui.

Pietà Crudele.

Chi creduto l'avrebbe
L'empia, la cruda Iole,
Del mio partir sì dolo
A quel finto dolore
Non ti fidar, mio core,
Non è vera pietade
Quella che mostra, nè ma crudeltade
Dell' aspro mio martire
La cruda vuol gioire
Udir la cruda i miei sospiri ardenti
E mirar vuole i dura miei tormenti.

Imitated, from the Latin.

Whilst at Anna's feet I'm kneeling,
Breathing forth my timid vows,
She, no kindred passion feeling,
Proud and scornful knits her brows.
When I seek relief in flying,
Of my absence she complains,
Not with love, but malice sighing,
That no more she sees my pains.

In his twenty-ninth ode, Anacreon, with the sensibility of a lover, complains of the indifference and coldness of his mistress, and concludes with an invective against a sordid passion. Mr. MOORE has well preserved the spirit of the original:

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;
But surely 'tis the worst of pain,
To love, and not be lov'd again!
Affection now has fled from earth
Nor fire of Genius, light of Birth,
Nor heavenly Virtue, can beguile
From Beauty's cheek one favouring smile.
Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not indignant heaven!
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's charms
For gold provokes the world to arms!
And, oh! the worst of all it art,
I feel it breaks the lover's heart.

I am at a loss whence I derived the following verses. They pleased me because I thought them more than tolerable, and because they brought to my recollection Dean SWIFT'S "Bally-spellin'."

Now autumn shews the careful swain
'Tis time into the golden grain

The sickle to be putting;
And, gaily in the hazel shades,
See! all the village, men and maids,
Each evening a nutting.

"Dear, dear!" cries aged Tabitha,
"Where can the girls be gone to-day?"

"I cannot keep my slut in;
"Let me say whatso'er I will,
"Behold the spinning wheel stands still,
"'Tis all this plaguey nutting!"

"Zounds!" quoth the farmer, "where is
is Dick?"

"The night is coming on us quick,
"'Tis time the sheep were shut in;

"But I must fold 'em, I suppose,
"While that young idle rascal goes
"With Margery a nutting!"

But Polly's pocket full betrays—

"And what is that," her mother says,
"On either side so jutting;
"'Tis no use, hussey, to deny
"Or tell in vain a wicked lie,
"You know you've been a nutting."

In a winter round a cheerful fire,
At eve the villagers retire,
Content some humble hut in,
And crack their nuts and reckon o'er,
How many months will be before
Again the time of nutting.

When citizens in summer, brave
The terrors of the briny wave,
The watering places glutting,
Instead of plunging in the deep,
Quere—wer't not as good and cheap,
To take a fortnight's nutting?

Would spleen and vapours take advice,
This short prescription may suffice,
"The hazel grove get but in,"
And, coming out, I'm very sure
You'll own with pleasure what a cure
Was gain'd by merely nutting.

Thrice happy grove! for thee I'd quit
The critic's region, the pit,
Or beaux in lobby strutting;
No opera, concert, masquerade,
Nor birth-night ball-room should persuade
Me not to go a nutting.

Oh would the parliament but grant
A sum, in dear Hyde Park to plant,
In rows the libert cutting;
Then nearer home, we soon might rove
Through Fashion's charming hazel grove
And see all ranks—a nutting!

THE ILLITERATE CARDINAL.

Cardinal Maldachine, was equally remarkable for the inelegance of his form, and the poverty of his intellects. In his journey from Rome to Loretto, he met with a large party of Spanish, Italian and German students, who ran after his carriage, crying out, Eminentissime Cardinalis, fac nobis caritatem. Most illustrious Cardinal, bestow your charity on us. While their importunity continued, the Cardinal was busy in searching his pockets; but finding no money there suitable to his purpose, and desirous of shewing them that he understood Latin, he looked at them very graciously, and said, Non habeo caritatem: I have no charity.

An impudent beggar, on the authority of the words in the twelfth chapter of Malachi, 'Have we not all one God, one common Father,' asked alms from the emperor Maximilian, addressing him by the title of *brother*. Not satisfied with the sum given, he importuned him further. 'Go,' said Maximilian gently, 'for if all your *brothers* gave you as much as I have, you would soon be richer than I am.'

In this country, as well as in England, almost every lover of poetry and music has been enchanted by the sweetness and pathos of the favourite ballad written by ANACREON MOORE,

O lady fair, where are you roaming?
The sun is set, the night is coming.

The exquisite taste of this gentleman probably led him to model his song after an old but approved pattern. In Shakspeare's comedy of Twelfth Night, or What You Will, the clown intreated to sing by a brace of deep drinkers, demands of one of them, Would you have a *love song*, or a *song of good life*? One of them replies a love song, a love song, to which the other rejoins, in character, ay, ay, a love song, *I care not for good life*.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting.
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.

The ensuing recipe for the bite of that mad dog Rebellion, is found in the Edinburgh review. In the estimation of the wisest political doctors it is an infallible remedy:—

While the *Jacobin emissaries* were making some progress among the lower orders of the people in St. Petersburg, Catharine had them all seized one evening, and carried to the *Lunatic asylum*, where they were properly shaved, blistered, starved and physicked. After fourteen days of this wholesome regimen, they were restored to the public view, and universally shunned as insane.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING PAPER.

A patent has been taken out for a new and very superior method of making paper to that which has been hitherto in use. Instead of doing the work by hand, a very simple machinery is employed, which facilitates the making of paper to an inconceivable degree. The paper is made of all dimensions. Indeed, by the aid of a continual and circular motion, imagined by the inventor, after he had first made the discovery, paper may be made of an immense size, or rather to an infinite extent. By this last improvement, too, the paper is made at a single stroke; or in other words, supposing an enormous quantity of the paste or liquid prepared and placed on one side of the machine, it will issue from the other side in the perfect form of paper, which will never end till the substance is exhausted.—[*London paper.*]

Father Adam was a Jesuit of Limousin, who was silenced afterwards for preaching against St. Austin. The Queen's mother coming out from one of his sermons, asked a courtier, who was near her, what he thought of the discourse. Madam, replied the gentleman, the sermon convinces me of the truth of the doctrine of the Preadamites. How so, says the Queen. Because, Madam, I am now certain that Father Adam is not *the first* of men.

I know by my own experience, says Lord Chesterfield, that the more one

works, the more willing one is to work. We are all, more or less, *des animaux d'habitude*. I remember very well, that when I was in business, I wrote four or five hours together every day, more willingly than I should now half an hour; and this is most certain that, when a man has applied himself to business half the day, the other half goes off the more cheerfully and agreeably. This I found so forcibly when I was at the Hague, that I never tasted company so well, nor was so good company myself, as at the suppers of my past days.

The following song by M. G. Lewis Esq. is, as we are apprized by that gentleman, derived from the *French*, though the swain who figures in it appears to be a German. The thought is pretty and the measure flowing.

A wolf, while Julia slept, had made
Her favourite lamb his prize;
Young Caspar flew to give his aid,
Who heard the trembler's cries.
He drove the wolf from off the green,
But claim'd a kiss for pay.
Ah! Julia, better 'twould have been,
Had Caspar staid away.

While grateful feelings warm'd her breast,
She own'd she loved the swain;
The youth eternal love professed,
And kiss'd and kiss'd again.
A fonder pair was never seen;
They lov'd the live long day:
Ah! Julia, better 'twould have been
Had Caspar staid away.

At length, the sun his beams withdrew,
And night inviting sleep,
Fond Julia rose and bade adieu,
Then homewards drove her sheep.
Alas! her thoughts were chang'd, I ween,
For thus I heard her say;
Ah! Julia, better 'twould have been,
Had Caspar staid away,

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The languid style of Z. does not comport with the topic he has chosen,
He is too cold; if he should need a pin
He could not with more tame a tongue describe it.

W. should remember with Shakspeare's Isabella,

That in the *captain's* but a choleric word,
Which in the *soldier* is flat blasphemy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Proud of a flattering reception from you,
I again presume to intrude upon your
studies.

AMINTA.

THE FAIRY.

Little wandering Elf in say,
Thou who shun'st the face of day;
And by mortals sometimes seen,
Sporting o'er the moonlight green;—
Say, what art thou, little sprite,
And where hides thee, when the light
Steals upon the startled night?
Dost thou speed to haunted cells,
Wizard streams and magic dells;
Far away from mortal sight,
Where, as yet no wand'ring wight,
Plodding o'er the tell-tale ground,
Has thy mystic dwelling found?

FAIRY.

In an unknown hallow'd grove,
Where full oft the Muses rove,
Rears a sweet sequester'd bowyer,
Twin'd with many a flaunting flower.—
There, on beds of fragrant roses,
Many a little Elf reposes—
There we slumber out the day,
Hid from Sol's refulgent ray.
But when twilight dim's the west,
And the robin seeks her nest,
Then we leave our snug retreat,
On the accustom'd green to meet;
There to frolick, dance and play,
All the livelong night away.
Oft our little bands divide,
And on zephyr's pinions ride,—
Then sweet music fills the air,
While the clown, with vacant stare
Fearful stops, and gazing round,
Wonders whence proceeds the sound,
Then to seek the love-sick maid,
And with softest serenade
Wake her from a dream of bliss,
Just as Damon steals a kiss;
And her face with blushes glows,
While the tear of rapture flows.
Now, as soft our lutes complain,
Pleas'd she listens to the strain,
And as Love's soft power she feels,
Slyly to the window steals,
While fond Fancy paints the youth,
Full of tenderness and truth.
Then, as sudden off we fly,
And to moon-light meadows hie,
While the azure welkin rings,
And the startled robin sings,
But when morning's earliest dawn,
Glimmers o'er the dewy lawn;

Quick we bid the fields good-bye,
For our hiding place to fly.

Now I've told thee all our pranks,
Fare thee well—for on the banks
Of a chrystal purling stream,
Fondly does Titania dream;
From the evening's baleful dew,
I must shield her—so adieu.

AMINTA.

For the Port Folio.

THE MAN WITH HEART AT EASE.

Of me 'tis said—for so they please,
' There see the man with heart at ease;
' His manly breast no passions tear,
' Bright reason spreads her sunshine there;
' Not scorched by love's consuming flame,
' Nor wasting with some hopeless pain;
' On fame intent—with steady rein
' He curbs desire,—breaks folly's chain;
' In honour rich—no mind's disease,
' See there the man—with heart at ease.'

Ah!—how deceiv'd is *Wisdom's* gaze,
How wild she shoots across the maze—
Which love has wove within this heart,
Where griefs unnumber'd spring and smart;
This heart—once held the richest prize,
That earth could yield—or fav'ring skies;
If now her eye should pierce its gloom,
See ruins there—and peace undone;
How quick the specious tale would cease,
That told the world, 'his heart's at ease.'

Some cruel star my youth betray'd,
To wear a yoke by folly made;
And more disastrous—led me where,
An *angel* broke the dream in air:
Oh! yet we lov'd—her breath was mine,
Her lips, and form, and mind divine;
Mysterious change! these joys are gone,
And sudden springs the bosom's thorn;
The erring world nor feels nor sees,
But idly thinks my heart at ease.

Fame's gilded car for me could shine,
And Fortune shower her golden mine;
Domestic bliss around me play,
And all the path of life seem gay;—
Oh, racking thought! the *spoiler* came,
That spectre of the sickly brain;
Proud of his victim, wing'd a dart,
And, poison'd—sent it to her heart:
Disast'rous day!—what since could please,
Or only lull this heart to ease!

Why *memory*, ever busy power,
Dost thou still dwell upon that hour—
When barb'rous *man* to pity dead,
Pluck'd from its warm and genial bed,
The fairest plant of nature's store,
And threw it cold on misery's shore:

O cease at length thy cruel skill,
And let this aching breast be still;—
To feeling lost—then if it please,
The world may say 'his heart's at ease.'

Great God! whose love the sparrows sing,
Revive this tender bud of spring;
From *man* the dying blossom wrest,
And give it back to *nature's* breast:—
And then fond *parent*, press once more
And breath to life, *thy* favourite flower;
Retrieve her mind—her health repair,
And be my ***** all thy care:
Too late to heal my fixt disease,—
But then I'll die with heart at ease.

For the Port Folio.

From haughty Anna I presum'd
To steal a balmy kiss;
Her eye, with living fire illu'd,
Reprov'd the thrilling bliss.
As bees, delighted on the rose,
Its melting sweetness sip,
Still I imbib'd, with fond repose,
The nectar of her lip.
And, as her fragrant breath I drew,
The quick electric flame,
To every bounding fibre flew,
And agoniz'd my frame.
But, ah! my fair, with blushing face,
And half averted charms,
Sprung sudden from my fond embrace,
And fled my longing arms.
In heaven only, heavenly joy
Can unembitter'd prove,
Were it on earth, without alloy,
We'd find a heaven in love.

EPIGRAMS.

IMPARTIAL JUSTICE.

The constable of a county town,
Before a Justice brought,
Once on a time, a vagrant clown,
In petty trespass caught.
And long, with many a hum! and ha!
Much circumstance, much doubt,
Enlarg'd on some suppos'd *faux pas*,
Could he have made it out.
Then to his worship turn'd his speech
At every period's close,
And ask'd what punishment could reach
Enormities like those!
'What punishment!' with angry face,
The Justice cried amain,
'Make him this moment take my place,
'And hear your tale again!'

*On a gentleman who had his pocket picked of
a bad Watch.*

To make your time-piece go for years you
strove,
But all in vain—the wheels refused to move:
One cunning rogue took it in hand at last,
It stopt no longer—for it went at last.

Only mark how grim Codru's visage ex-
tends!

How unlike his ownself! how estrang'd
from his friends!

He wore not this face, when eternally gay,
He revell'd all night and he chirrup'd all
day.

Honest Codru had then, his own house at
his call,
'Twas bachelor's therefore, 'twas liberty
hall.

But now he has quitted possession for life,
And he lodges poor man, in the house of his
wife.

REVERSE AND BE RIGHT.

In modern anarchy's reign absurd,
Whatever maggot bites the herd
The order of the day's the word
Throughout confusion's border.

But heaven, the wise and worthy pray,
Will soon turn things another way,
And, for the *order of the day*,
Restore the days of order.

PROCRASTINATION.

When Sloth puts urgent business by,
To-morrow's a new day she'll cry;
And all her morrows prove it true,
They're never us'd, and therefore new!

SOME CONSOLATION.

Tom with a shrew lives link'd in wedlock's
fetter,

Yet let not Tom his stars too sorely curse;
As there's no hope his wife will e'er be
better,
So there's no fear she ever can be worse!

The damsel too prudishly shy
Or too forward, what swain would pos-
sess;

For the one will too often deny,
And the other too soon will say yes.

Jack keeps his secrets well, or I'm de-
ceiv'd:

For nothing he can say will be believ'd.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, August 23, 1806.

[No. 33.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 17.

De republicâ graviter querens.

CICERO.

ENTERED, as I am, into the questions at issue between the United States and Great-Britain, I shall devote the present paper to a final understanding, between my reader and myself.—I court this understanding; because I flatter myself, that, this sufficiently effected, no sound statesman, no true American patriot, will regard the principles I maintain as at variance with those which become this country, and which belong to the honour and the interests of an independent people. Fairly examined, they will be seen not to be of a nature to prostrate the rights of any one nation before those of another; and, consequently, not to prostrate the rights of America before those of Great-Britain.

With those who complain the loudest of British injuries, I am more expressly at variance as to principles than as to facts. It is the theory, not the practice of Great-Britain that I am prepared to defend; not indeed because I condemn her practice, but because I do not enter into the inquiry. My argument is simply this, that the theory of Great-Britain is right, and the theory of America wrong.

Again and again, I reserve, in this sentence, what relates to impressing.

It is insufferable that one nation should violate the jurisdiction of another.

But, this consideration leads to another, in which I take a broader ground for the rights of the neutral than even those who may be most hostile to my claims for the belligerent. Amid all the resistance to the pretensions of the latter, I hear repeated acknowledgments of the *undoubted right of search*. I deny, upon the principle to which I adhere, the existence of this *undoubted right*. It is called *undoubted*, as I presume, because it is found in the books of the publicists; I refuse to admit it, because it has no foundation in nature. I admit it, only after it has been *created* by convention: then, and so long as the convention remains, it is an *undoubted right*, and no longer. It is a right which the neutral may give, but which has nothing to stand upon but his gift. The belligerent may search by force; and the neutral may submit, through favour or through prudence; this is all: morally speaking, the neutral has an *undoubted right* of resistance. There can no more be an *undoubted right* to search, than an *undoubted right* to impress within a foreign jurisdiction. Either act, unless consented to by the party against which it operates, is an outrage.

There are some who will accuse me of inconsistency; they will say, that I am devoted, now to the belligerent and now to the neutral, and that I adhere uniformly to neither: I shall never be ashamed of conviction of inconsistency.

N

cy so glorious as this. I adhere uniformly to principle; and therefore can seldom be long together the undeviating partizan of any thing that proceeds from man. I draw a right line, regardless what curves it may cut or expose. I have no disposition to indulge a preference, either to belligerents or to neutrals generally, or to any particular neutral or belligerent. I try all by one standard; I subject all to the dominion of one principle.

First and last, in whatever belongs to the law of nations, I protest against the universal authority of books. In our studies, the preliminary step is to distinguish between natural and positive law. For the positive part of the law of nations, that is for so much as is matter of convention, unquestionably we are to refer to the conventions themselves; but, let us be careful to distinguish between what is, and what is not, matter of convention.

It has been the sole design of my late papers, to induce an admission, that many of the rights asserted by Great-Britain, and assailed by America as contrary to convention and precedent, are natural rights, and therefore not to be judged of by convention and precedent, but solely by the dictates of reason. When I see American statesmen meet those of Great-Britain on this safe and unincumbered ground, I shall be entirely satisfied. Let them leave their books on their shelves, and trust to pure ratiocination.

The belligerent has the right to do whatever may annoy his enemy, even though to the injury of the neutral.

The neutral has the right to resist injury, even though to the injury of the belligerent.

These are natural rights; they have their basis, not in convention, but in reason: every nation may lawfully consult its own welfare; and no nation is bound to sacrifice its own welfare to that of another.

With these principles in their minds, American statesmen would go to their negotiation with Great-Britain with a happier temper than they display, and with a better prospect of success. They would go, not as now they do, upon the

puerile errand to contest natural rights, but to object to particular acts, or to declare, in brief and decisive words, whether they consent, or do not consent, to the exercise of those rights, in so far as they are concerned. They would go, neither to whine over hardships, nor to complain of what, nevertheless, they are not determined to resist, nor to waste the time of foreign ministers in irrelevant discourse. That America has real wrongs of which to seek an end, or even redress, I am not unwilling to believe; and, as to the exercise of natural rights, as it respects herself, she is always competent to give or to withhold her consent. It is only when she contests the existence of those rights, that I blush for her folly. Let her tell Great-Britain, that to this she will, and to that she will not submit, and, whatever she may lead me to think of her justice or her policy, I shall not impeach the sanity of her ideas.

I say, her justice; for, as I have formerly remarked, a neutral may be as strongly tempted to treat with injustice a belligerent, as a belligerent, a neutral. She may be equally disposed to pursue her own benefit, without regard to the ruin of her neighbour.—America, with her neutral policy and her commercial interests, may be as unjustifiably impatient of the rights of Great-Britain, as it is also supposable that Great-Britain may be of those of America. If Great-Britain, as a commercial belligerent, blinded by her selfishness, may be disposed to infringe the rights of other nations, we are bound to admit, on the other side, the probability of a similar selfishness, and similar disposition to injustice, in America. These things, on either side, are to be determined by facts; but it is to principles that I confine myself. It is to be added, that America is always liable to be made, consciously or unconsciously, the instrument of the enmity of Great-Britain.

I say, her policy; for here a very important subject for reflection presents itself. We must regard as well the policy as the reason of the points to be conceded or refused by America

to Great-Britain. Nations, like individuals, are to be guided, not always by the sense of their absolute rights, but by a comprehensive view of the whole circle of their necessities; for rights are often to be exchanged for advantages. I insist first, on the right of the belligerent to do whatever may annoy his enemy; I admit next, the right of the neutral to limit or prohibit the exercise of this right; but subsequently come the questions on the justice and the policy of this limitation or prohibition. Thus, it is for America to consider, besides the justice, the policy of her resistance to the pretensions of Great-Britain

Here, I arrive at that point, in my political speculations, from which, as I have described, I was diverted by the *Cursory Reviewer*. It was the policy to be pursued by America, in her relations with Great-Britain, to which I proposed to direct my reader's attention. This policy must be determined by the several situations of the two countries; and those situations it was my design to consider. Without employing myself as the apologist of Great-Britain, without deciding on the spotlessness or impeccability of her conduct, without counselling America to surrender her interests or her honour, I designed to survey the necessities of the two countries, and thence deduce the foreign policy to be recommended to America. These objects, in my next paper, I shall pursue.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 5.

ON THE MOALLAKAT.

VII. We may add a few words, on that peculiar arrangement, or rather non-arrangement, which is found in ancient writers in general, and which the Arabian poets before us have in common with the rest. We are told, that, in its original sense, *satyra* denoted a *medley*; a composition being figuratively so called, in allusion to the dish of corn and various fruits offered to Ceres, and which the *satyra* resembled in its

variety of its topics. In like manner, the ancient lyric poetry was thus desultory in its argument; in so much, that as it has been justly observed, 'So far as the examples remaining enable us to judge, the professed subject of an ode was often but a secondary consideration with the poet.' It was the vehicle for introducing those thoughts that inspired his fancy, or delighted his taste.—The digression, therefore, in many instances, forms the principal part of an ode,' which is often concluded 'without returning to the original subject.'—With respect to Arabian poetry, the Scriptures afford endless examples of this violent transition and unlimited digression.

A very different, and, on most occasions, better taste pervades the compositions of the moderns, where it is expected that a principal subject shall be proposed, pursued, returned to after every digression, and concluded with, in some emphatical deduction, or pointed application. Nurtured as we are in this taste, its opposite forms one of those other occasions of indulgence contemplated above.

VIII. Another consists in a peculiarity which has already been dwelt upon, in our two preceding numbers; the imagery, metaphor, and simile to be found in these poems. We have prepared our readers to find these often new and violent. To what we have already said, it may be added, that there are few similes not of a nature to appear violent to those to whom they are new. By habit, we compare certain *qualities* in things, losing sight of their concomitants. With this allowance, there is nothing outrageously forced in describing *white and black* 'wild cattle' to be '*fair* as the virgins in *black* trailing robes, who dance round the idol Dewaar.' Again, when a poet, addressing his mistress, exclaims, 'O lovely heifer!' we are to reflect that it is the compliment of a herdsman; that he is accustomed to perceive beauties, in the individuals of his herd, to which our eyes are more or less blind; that he is accustomed to study in those herds the standard of beauty; and that, under these circumstances, the comparison is

in truth highly flattering to the lady.— We should add to this, that there are animals which we ourselves should not hesitate to name in such a connection, as the *dove* and *lamb*; and that we are not absolutely shocked at the simile of a *fawn* or bounding *roe*.

Other peculiarities consist in figurative expressions, for the illustration of which we must recur to the original from which the writer *paints*. Every human language is full of pictures; in other words, is highly figurative. Thus, the Arabian lover complains of her who *drops the veil*; that is, who slights him; and who, in our phraseology, equally figurative, we might say, *turns aside her face*.

IX. A topic, which cannot but be disagreeable to us, remains, in the fewest words possible, to be noticed and dismissed. Indebted, as polite literature is, on this as on so many other occasions, to the industry, learning and taste of sir William Jones, and resorting as we expressly are to the offspring of his talents for the translation of the *Moallakat*, it must be with an ill grace, and it certainly is with reluctance, that we point out the imperfections of that work. Relying on the fidelity of the interpretation, what we have to object to resolves it under two heads; a negligence and occasional inaccuracy in the English, and a freedom not warrantable, and in our opinion injurious to the beauty of the text: the latter we shall briefly illustrate. It was necessary, no doubt, to interpolate connecting words; and these words, as usual, are distinguished by the Italic character. In translating from an idiom so different, the collocation of sentences is often not to be effected without resorting to this practice; but, when sir William, going beyond this, thinks proper to add, not only connecting, but explanatory words, we protest against the propriety. The words, which, thus foisted into the text, sensibly deteriorate its beauty and weaken its energy, are often, and indeed commonly, the fit subjects of notes: thus, in the simile, *Fair as the virgins, in black trailing robes, who dance round the idol Dewaar*, the words, *the idol*, are interpolated. Now,

a poet, addressing himself to those to whom Dewaar was known to be an *idol*, would certainly never admit this expletive. It is confessedly given for the information of those to whom Dewaar is not known; but the place for such information is in the notes. A practice like this, adopted by the translators of the Bible, would have clogged and clouded many of those passages which recommend themselves by their freedom from incumbering words. What is given to brevity is often lost to perspicuity; that is, many facts are left out; but what remains is *the more* perspicuous; and this *brief*, though not detailed *perspicuity* produces the sublime. Thus, we may remember a striking sentence, 'God came from *Temam*, and the Holy One from *Paran*.' With this in our mind, let us read the following: 'Far distant is the cloud on which my eye is fixed; its right side seems to pour its rain on *Katan*, and its left on *Sitaar*.'— Now, is this sentence improved by the interpolations with which it will be found, where it belongs, in the poem of Amriolkais? 'Its right side seems to pour its rain on *the hills of Katan*, and its left on *the mountains of Sitaar*.' It is true, that we are left uninformed of any similar particulars, concerning *Temam* and *Paran*; but, what useful information, or what poetic pleasure do we gain; when told, that *Katan* is a pile of hills, and *Sitaar* a chain of mountains?

Nor is it only the style that may suffer from these freedoms; the sense is also put at risk. The poem of Antara opens thus: 'Have the bards who preceded me left any theme unsung?— Love only must be my lay;' but sir William interpolates an explanatory sentence: 'Have the bards who preceded me left any theme unsung? *What therefore must be my subject?* Love only must be my lay.' By this interpolation, he gives that sense to the passage which he thought belonged to it. In his commentary he observes, 'Yet so harsh an argument is tempered by a strain in some parts elegiac and amatory; for even this vengeful and impetuous warrior found himself obliged to comply with the custom of the Arabian poets,

who had left, as he complains, *little new imagery for their successors*. This may be the sense; but to us it appears that it is not; and the translation ought not to have forced upon us his own. Sir William is at least negligent, when in the text he makes the poet ask, what *theme* is left unsung, and in the commentary, represents him as complaining that little new *imagery* is left. But, what is the logic put into the mouth of Antara?

'Have the bards who preceded me left any theme unsung? What THEREFORE must be my subject? LOVE only must be my lay.' As if, every theme excluded, love remained! For our part, we understand a mere anticipation of censure, on his recurrence to a *theme* so often sung; and, thus viewed, to us at least, the logic seems correct: *I will sing of love. Is it said, that LOVE has been often sung? Have the bards who preceded me left ANY theme unsung?*—

The inference is clear: *If I am not to sing a theme that others have sung, I must not sing at all; for, what theme has been left unsung?*

To finish our censures, we shall hastily add, that the use of such words as *hard* for an Arabian poet, and *mansion* for a tent, (which *specific* terms appear to us applied to *wrong* species, and where general terms, as *poet* and *dwelling*, would have been proper) occasionally offend us in this translation; and, that in some instances, wrong epithets are chosen:—epithets, like plants, are of families; and the family may be right, but the individual wrong. At times, a false taste for aggrandizement prevails.—In the poem of Zohair, we read of 'the black stones on which her *caldrons* used to be raised.' We hardly know, whether it be to dignify his mistress, to change her *kettles* into *caldrons*; but we are well assured, that in point of fact, *kettles* they were; humble *kettles*; nothing better than those which other wanderers than Arabs raise under a hedge!

X. Finally, we commend to our readers the Moallakat, translated with a degree of excellence which incomparably outweighs the defects we have thought it our duty to stigmatize, and containing poems, which while they gratify us with

endless description and imagery, and with sentiments natural, delicate, cheerful and noble, convey to us a body of information on the manners of the people by and among whom they were composed.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

What I have collected below, with a view to my own information, I have resolved on communicating to you, for that of some of your readers.

In a pamphlet, entitled, [A] *Message from the President of the United States, communicating discoveries made in exploring the Missouri, Red River, and Washita, &c.* I find a description, by Dr. Sibley, bearing a nearer resemblance to that of the roving nations of the old continent, than any that I have before met with, among the travellers over the northern division of the new.

The 'Hietans, or Comanches, who are likewise called by both names, have no fixed place of residence; have neither towns nor villages; divided into many different hordes or tribes, that have scarcely any knowledge of one another. No estimate of their numbers can well be made. They never remain in the same place more than a few days, but follow the buffalo, the flesh of which is their principal food. Some of them occasionally purchase of the Panis, corn, beans, and pumpkins; but, they are so numerous, that any quantity of these articles the Panis may be able to supply them with, must make but a small proportion of their food.—They have tents made of neatly dressed skins, fashioned in the form of a cone, sufficiently roomy for a family of ten or twelve persons; those of the chiefs will contain, occasionally, fifty or sixty persons. When they stop, their tents are placed in very exact order, so as to form regular streets and squares, which, in a few minutes has [have] the appearance of a town, raised, as it were, by enchantment; and they are equally dexterous in striking their tents, and preparing for a march, when the sig-

nal is given ; to every tent two horses or mules are allotted, one to carry the tent, and another the poles or sticks, which are neatly made of red cedar : they all travel on horseback. Their horses they never turn loose to graze, but always keep them tied with a long cabras or halter ; and every two or three days they are obliged to move, on account of all the grass near them being eaten up, they have such numbers of horses. They are good horsemen, and have good horses, most of which have been bred by themselves, and being accustomed from when very young to be handled, they are remarkably docile and gentle. They sometimes catch wild horses, which are every where amongst them, in immense droves.--- They hunt down the buffalo on horseback, and kill them [it] either with the bow or a sharp stick, like a spear, which they carry in their hands. They are generally at war with the Spaniards, often committing depredations upon the inhabitants of Santa Fé and St. Antoine ; but have always been friendly or civil to any French or Americans who have been among them. They are strong and athletic, and the elderly men are as fat as though they had lived upon English beef and porter.

‘ It is said the man who kills a buffalo catches the blood, and drinks it while warm ; they likewise eat the liver raw, before it is cold, and use the gall by way of sauce. They are, for savages, uncommonly clean in their persons ; the dress of the women is a long loose robe, that reaches from their chin to the ground, tied round with a fancy sash or girdle, all made of neatly dressed leather, on which they paint figures of different colours and significations ; the dress of the men is close leather pantaloons and a hunting shirt, or frock, of the same. They never remain long enough in the same place to plant any thing. The small Cayenne pepper grows spontaneously in the country, with which, and some [other] wild herbs and fruits, particularly a bean that grows in great plenty, on a small tree resembling a willow, called *Masketo*, the women cook their buffalo-beef, in a manner that would be grateful to an En-

glish squire. They alternately occupy the immense space of country from the Trinity and Braces, crossing the Red river, to the heads of the Arkansas and Missouri, to the river Grande, and beyond it, about Santa Fé, and over the dividing ridge, on the waters of the Western Ocean, where they say they have seen large pirogues, with masts to them ; in describing which they make a drawing of a ship, with all its sails and rigging ; and they describe a place where they have seen vessels ascending a river, over which was a drawbridge, that opened to give them a passage. Their native language of sounds differs from the language of any other nation, and none can either speak or understand it ; but they have a language by signs that all Indians understand, and by which they converse much among themselves.--- They have a number of Spanish men and women among them, who are slaves, and who [whom] they made prisoners when young.

‘ A gentleman now living at Natchitoches, who some years ago carried on a trade with the Hietans, a few days ago related to me the following story :

‘ About twenty years ago, a party of these Indians passed over the river Grande to Chewawa, the residence of the governor of what is called the five internal provinces ; lay in ambush for an opportunity, and made prisoner the governor’s daughter, a young lady, going in her coach to mass, and brought her off. The governor sent a message to him (my informant), with a thousand dollars, for the purpose of recovering his daughter : he immediately dispatched a confidential trader, then in his employ, with the amount of the thousand dollars, in merchandise, who repaired to the nation, found her, and purchased her ransom ; but, to his great surprise, she refused to return with him to her father, and sent by him the following message : That the Indians had disfigured her face, by tatooing it, according to their fancy and ideas of beauty ; and a young man of them had taken her for his wife, by whom she believed herself pregnant ; that she had become reconciled to their mode of life,

and was well treated by her husband; and that she should be more unhappy by returning to her father, under these circumstances, than by remaining where she was. Which message was conveyed to her father, who rewarded the trader by a present of three hundred dollars more, for his trouble and fidelity; and his daughter is now living with her Indian husband, in the nation, by whom she has three children.'

I think it right, for the lady's sake, to suggest, that the writer of this anecdote, in spite of what is said, can scarcely be supposed to mean that she has had her children *by the nation*, rather than by her *Indian husband*. Literary sins, indeed, are so numerous in this publication, that it will never do to dwell on them; but the present, and some others, are of the *crying* kind.

I shall proceed to extract a few other passages that have more peculiarly fixed my attention. They occur in the *Observations* of Messrs. Dunbar and Hunter, made on a voyage commencing at St. Catharine's Landing, on the east bank of the Mississippi, proceeding downward to the mouth of the Red river, &c. and which, besides the geological and other particulars they contain, have the merit of being written in plainer English than is usual.—

The following are interesting remarks: 'Those *prairies* are plains, or savannas, without timber; generally very fertile, and producing an exuberance of strong, thick and coarse herbage.—

When a piece of ground has once got into this state, in an Indian country, it can have no opportunity of reproducing timber, it being an invariable practice to set fire to the dry grass, in the fall or winter, to obtain the advantage of attracting game when the young tender grass begins to spring: this destroys the young timber, and the *prairie* annually gains upon the woodland. It is probable that the immense plains, known to exist in America, owe their origin to this custom.'—p. 89. 'Mr. Dunbar observes, that the change of colour in the leaves of vegetables, which is probably occasioned by the oxygen of the atmosphere acting on the vegetable matter, deprived of the power of the vital

principle, may serve as an excellent guide to the naturalist who directs his attention to the discovery of new objects for the use of the dyer. For he has always remarked that the leaves of those trees whose bark or wood are known to produce a dye, are changed, in autumn, to the same colour which is extracted in the dyer's vat from the woods; more especially by the use of mordants, as alum, &c. which yields [yield] oxygen: thus, the foliage of the hickory and oak, which produces the quercitron bark, is changed before its fall into a beautiful yellow; other oaks assume a fawn colour, a liver colour, or a blood colour, and are known to yield dyes of the same complexion.'—p. 92. 'The bear is now also in his best state, with regard to the quality of his fur, and the quantity of fat or oil he yields, as he has been feasting luxuriantly on the autumnal fruits of the forest. It is here well known, that he does not confine himself, as some writers have supposed, to vegetable food: he is particularly fond of hog's flesh; sheep and calves are frequently his prey; and no animal escapes him which comes within his power, and which he is able to conquer. He often destroys the fawn, when chance throws it in his way; he cannot however discover it by smelling, notwithstanding the excellence of his scent, for Nature has for its protection, denied the fawn the property of leaving any effluvium upon its track, a property so powerful in the old deer.'—'It may not be generally known to naturalists, that between the hoof of the deer, &c. there is found a sack, with its mouth inclining upwards, containing more or less of musk, and which, by escaping over the opening, in proportion to the secretion, causes the foot to leave a scent on the ground, wherever it passes. During the rutting season, this musk is so abundant, particularly in old males, as to be smelt by the hunters at a considerable distance.'—'The bear, unlike most other beast of prey, does not kill the animal he has seized upon before he eats it; but regardless of its struggles, cries, and lamentations, fastens upon, and if the expression be allowable, devours it alive.'—p. 95.

On a mountain, to the west of the hot springs, the travellers found what appears to be a new plant: 'Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, a considerable number, and some variety, of plants were in flower, and others retained their verdure: indeed, the ridge was more temperate than the valley below; there it was cold, damp and penetrating; here, dry, and the atmosphere mild. Of the plants growing here, was a species of cabbage: the plants grow with expanded leaves, spreading on the ground, of a deep green, with a shade of purple: the taste of the cabbage was plainly predominant, with an agreeable warmth, inclining to that of the radish; several tap-roots penetrated into the soil, of a white colour, having the taste of horse-radish, but much milder. A quantity of them, taken to the camp and dressed, proved palatable and mild. It is not probable that cabbage-seed has been scattered on this ridge; the hunters ascending this river have always had different objects. Until further elucidation, this cabbage must be considered as indigenous to this sequestered quarter, and may be denominated the Cabbage-radish of the Washita.' p. 108.—We have already the Turnip-cabbage; and the present discovery furnishes a new instance of that combination in one body of the useful properties of two or more, so frequent in nature. From this vegetable, which promises to afford a valuable article of food, we may turn, with the travellers, to one of uncommon beauty, the Bois-d'arc, Bow-wood, or Yellow-wood, of which Mr. Dunbar obtained one or two slips, from the Missouri: 'The tree, in its natural soil, when laden with its golden fruit, nearly as large as the egg of an ostrich, presents the most splendid appearance. Its foliage is of a deep green, resembling the varnished leaf of the orange-tree; and, upon the whole, no forest-tree can compare with it in ornamental grandeur. The bark of the young tree resembles, in texture, the dog-wood bark; the appearance of the wood recommends it for trial as an article which may yield a yellow dye. It is deciduous; the branches are nu-

merous, and full of short thorns or prickles, which seem to point it out as proper for hedges or live fences. This tree is known to exist near the Nakitosh (perhaps in latitude 32 degrees) and up the river Akansa, high up (perhaps in lat. 36 degrees); it is therefore probable that it may thrive from latitude 38 to 40 degrees, and will be a great acquisition to the United States, if it possess no other merit than that of being ornamental.' p. 121.—Of the Myrtle Wax-tree, another vegetable described in these observations, a singular fact is recorded, that of its thriving in hot water: 'The myrtle wax-tree grows in the vicinity of the springs. At the season in which the voyagers were there, the wax was no longer green, but had changed its colour to a greyish white, from its long exposure to the weather. The berry, when examined by a microscope, is less than the smallest garden-pea, approaching to an oval in form. The nucleus, or real seed, is the size of the seed of a radish, and is covered with a number of kidney-shaped glands, of a brown colour and sweet taste; these glands secrete the wax which completely envelops them, and, at this season, gives to the whole the appearance of an imperfectly white berry. This is a valuable plant, and merits attention: its favourite position is a dry soil, rather poor, and looking down upon the water. It is well adapted to ornament the margins of canals, lakes, or rivulets.'—p. 109. 'Visitants to the hot springs having observed shrubs and trees with their roots in the hot water, have been induced to try experiments, by sticking branches of trees in the run of hot water. Some branches of the wax-myrtle were found thrust into the bottom of a spring-run, the water of which was 130 degrees by Fahrenheit's thermometer; the foliage and fruit of the branch were not only sound and healthy, but at the surface of the water roots were actually sprouting from it; on pulling it up, the part which had penetrated the hot sand was found decayed.'—p. 112. But, animal, as well as vegetable life, is found in this situation; so multifarious are the

works of nature ! so universal the organic system !—

Life buds, or breathes, from Indus to the poles,
And the vast surface kindles as it rolls.

‘The green surface at the bottom of the hot springs, and which at first sight has the appearance of plush, on examination by the microscope, was found to be a vegetable production. A film of green matter spreads itself on the calcareous base, from which rise fibres more than half an inch in length, forming a beautiful vegetation. Before the microscope it sparkled with innumerable nodules of lime, some parts of which were beautifully crystallized. This circumstance might cause a doubt of its being a true vegetable; but its great resemblance to some of the mosses, particularly the *byssi*, and the discovery which Mr. Dunbar made of its being the residence of animal life confirmed his belief in its being a true moss. After a diligent search, he discovered a very minute shell-fish, of the bivalve kind, inhabiting this moss; its shape nearly that of the fresh-water muscle; the colour of the shell a greyish brown, with spots of a purplish colour. When the animal is undisturbed, it opens the shell, and thrusts out four legs, very transparent, and articulated like those of a quadruped; the extremities of the fore legs are very slender and sharp, but those of the hind legs rather broader, apparently armed with minute toes: from the extremity of each shell issues three or four forked hairs, which the animal seems to possess the power of moving: the fore-legs are probably formed for making incisions into the moss, for the purpose of procuring access to the juices of the living plant, upon which, no doubt, it feeds. It may be provided with a proboscis, although it did not appear while the animal was under examination. The hind legs are well adapted for propelling it in its progress over the moss, or through the water.’ P. 113.

The existence of an animal whose life is passed within an atmosphere of hot water is exceedingly curious; but, on a little reflection, we must per-

ceive, that there is nothing to stagger our belief in the proposition that animals may subsist equally in hot and cold water as in hot and cold air. What is peculiar, is the high degree of heat. This animal was found at the bottom of the springs, where the heat must be the greatest; and the several temperatures of the springs are stated to be 132, 136, 150 and 154 degrees of Fahrenheit. The extraordinary property of withstanding the action of caloric, thus evinced in this animal, sets at an immeasurable distance all that may have been done through certain media, as described in the essay on the incombustible Spaniard, lately inserted in the Port Folio; but one of the most interesting inquiries which this discovery suggests, is into the relations of the *hot-water muscle* with the animal world at large. Does it subsist solely on vegetable food? or are there still inferior orders of animals, inhabitants of the same scalding abode, and which are its prey? Or, if it subsist solely on the juices of the moss on which it is found, of what other animal is it the food? If of the vermes, mentioned in another place, what is the animal that devours the vermes? With respect to the mere action of the heated water on the substance of the animal, it is worthy of remark, that in the instance of the muscle, the grey and even purple colour of the shell remains, while, in all similar cases, the colouring matter is removed, in the process of oxydation. This, indeed, is a phenomenon to be expected; for the animal could not sustain the heat, were there not in its composition the means of resisting the action of the matter of heat, and of which resistance its colours are the visible sign.

METEOICOS.

For the Port Folio.

[The Edinburgh reviews, whose taste and judgment are seldom to be impeached, have pronounced the following monody by Coleridge, upon Chatterton, to be of a very superior character. The author of this pathetic poem, however erroneous in his political creed, is a man of genius and a poet. The description of Chatterton's first literary adventure, the budding and

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blasting of the Tree of Hope, and the imagery of Maternal Affection, Indignation and Despair beside the forlorn pallet of the neglected Minstrel, are all excellent; the last, in particular, reminds us of the style of the gloomy Dante. The conclusion of this poem, in which the author, in a spirit of poetry, though of the most profound ignorance of his subject, begins to rant about Freedom's *undivided* dale in this distracted country, and imagines himself on the banks of the Susquehannah and *all that*, alludes to a wild scheme that he and Southey and one or two more hair-brained young men had formed for migrating to the woods of Pennsylvania, where they proposed to *flee the time carelessly as they did in the golden age*. This project, equally romantic and ridiculous, was abandoned probably in consequence of the sinister luck of their friend Priestley. Since his ill-omen'd adventure, we have heard no more of this *pastoral* visit to *Arcadian America*.]

When, faint and sad, o'er sorrow's desert wild,
Slow journeys onward poor Misfortune's child;
When fades each lovely form by Fancy drest,
And inly pines the self-consuming breast;
(No scourge of scorpions in thy right arm dread,
No helmed terrors nodding o'er thy head,) Assume, O DEATH! the cherub wings of PEACE,
And bid the heart-sick wanderer's anguish cease!

Thee, CHATTERTON! yon unblest stones protect
From want, and the bleak freezings of neglect!
Escap'd the sore wounds of Affliction's rod,
Meek at the throne of Mercy and of God,
Perchance, thou raisest high the enraptur'd-hymn
Amid the blaze of seraphim!

Yet oft ('tis Nature's call)
I weep that heav'n-born genius *so* should fall;
And oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul
Averted shudders at the poison'd bowl;
Now groans my sick'ning heart, as still I view
Thy corpse of livid hue;
And now a flash of indignation high
Darts through the tear that glistens in mine eye!

Is this the land of song-enobled line?
Is this the land where Genius ne'er in vain
Pour'd forth his lofty strain?

Ah me! yet SPENSER, gentlest bard divine,
Beneath chill disappointment's shade,
His weary limbs in lonely anguish laid:
And o'er her darling dead,
Pity hopeless hung her head;
While 'mid the pelting of that merciless storm,
Sunk to the cold earth OTWAY's famish'd form!

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
From vales where Avon winds, the MIN-STREL came.

Light hearted youth! he hastes along,
And meditates the future song,
How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacyan foes;
See, as floating high in air
Glitter the sunny visions fair,
His eyes dance rapture and his bosom glows!
Yes! clad in Nature's rich array,
And bright in all her tender hues,
Sweet tree of hope! thou loveliest child of spring,
Most fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,

Loading the west winds with its soft perfume!
And Fancy, elfin form of gorgeous wing,
On every blossom hung her fostering dew,
That, changeful, wanton'd to the orient day!

But soon, upon thy poor unshelter'd head,
Did Penury her sickly mildew shed;
And soon the scalding light'ning bade thee stand,
In frowning horror o'er the blighted land.

Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal grace,
And Joy's wild gleams light-flashing o'er thy face?

YOUTH, of tumultuous soul and haggard eye,
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view!
On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd dew,
And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh!
Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,

When CARE, of wither'd brow,
Prepar'd the poison's power.
Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,
When near thee stood AFFECTION meek,
(Her bosom bare and wildly pale her cheek)
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul;
Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,
Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
PEACE smiling sat, and listen'd to thy lay;
Thy sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy mother's tear;
See, see her breast's convulsive throes,
Her silent agony of woe.
Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand!

And thou hadst dash'd it, at her soft command,

But that **DESPAIR** and **INDIGNATION** rose,
And told again the story of thy woes;
Told the keen insult of the unfeeling heart,
The dread dependance on the low-born mind;

Told every pang with which thy soul must smart,

Neglect, and grinning scorn and want combined!

Recoiling quick, thou badst the friend of pain

Roll the black tide of death thro' every freezing vein.

Ye woods, that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,

To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmuring deep!

For here she loves the cypress wreath to weave,

Watching, with wistful eye, the saddening tints of eve;

Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,

In solemn thought the **MINSTREL** wont to rove,

Like star-beam on the slow sequester'd tide,

Lone-glittering thro' the high tree branching wide.

And here, in **INSPIRATION**'s eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the madd'ning pow'r,

These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
Round which the screaming sea-gulls roar,

With wild unequal'd steps he pass'd along,
Of pouring on the winds a broken song:
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

Poor **CHATTERTON**! he sorrows for thy fate

Who would have prais'd and lov'd thee, ere too late.

Poor **CHATTERTON**! farewell! of darkest hues,

This chaplet cast I on thy unshap'd tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom;

For oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,

Have blackened the fair promise of my spring:

And the stern Fates transpierc'd, with viewless dart,

The last pale hope, that shiver'd at my heart!

Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall dwell

On joys that were! no more endure to weigh

The shame and anguish of the evil day,

Wisely forgetful! o'er the ocean-swell
Sublime of hope, I seek the cottag'd dell,
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray,

And, dancing to the moonlight roundelay,
The wizard passions weave an holy spell!
O **CHATTERTON**! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou wouldst spread the canvas to the gale,

And love, with us, the tinkling team to drive

O'er peaceful Freedom's **UNDIVIDED** dale;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng

Hanging, enraptur'd, on thy stately song!
And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
All deftly mask'd, as hoar antiquity.

Alas, vain phantasies! the fleeting brood
Of wo self-solac'd in her dreamy mood!

Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream
Where *Susquehanna* pours his untam'd stream;

And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side

Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,
Will raise a solemn cenotaph to thee,

Sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy!

And there, sooth'd sadly by the dirgeful wind,

Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

The following song is a tolerable description of the mingled pains and pleasures of a military life:

Little thinks the townsman's wife,

While at home she tarries,

What must be the lass's life

Who a soldier marries!

Now with weary marching spent,

Dancing now before the tent,

Lira, lira, lira, la,

With her jolly soldier.

In the camp at night she lies,

Wind and weather scorning,

Only griev'd her love must rise,

And quit her in the morning;

But, the doubtful skirmish done,

Blithe she sings at set of sun,

Lira, lira, lira, la,

With her jolly soldier.

Should the captain of her dear

Use his vain endeavour,

(Whispering nonsense in her ear)

Two fond hearts to sever,

At his passion she will scoff,

Laughing, thus she'll put him off

Lira, lira, lira, la,

For her jolly soldier.

Anacreontic by captain Morris; for which he received the prize of the gold cup from the Harmonic Society.

Come, thou soul reviving cup,
And try thy healing art;
Light the Fancy's visions up—
And warm my wasted heart!
Touch with glowing tints of bliss
Memory's fading dream;
Give me, while thy lip I kiss,
The heaven that's in my dream.
In thy fount the Lyric Muse
Ever dipp'd her wing;
Anacreon fed upon thy dew,
And Horace drain'd thy spring!
I, too, humblest of the train,
There my spirit find,
Freshen there my languid brain,
And store my vacant mind.
When, blest cup, thy fires divine
Pierce through Time's dark reign,
All the joys, that once were mine,
I snatch from Death again;
And, tho' oft fond Anguish lies
O'er my melting mind,
Hope still starts to Sorrow's eyes
And drinks the tear behind.
Ne'er, sweet Cup, was votary blest
More through life than me;
And that life, with grateful breast,
Thou seest I give to thee!
Midst thy rosé-wreath'd nymphs I pass
Mirth's sweet hours away;
Pleas'd, while Time runs through the glass
To Fancy's brighter day!
Then, magic Cup, again for me
Thy power creative try;
Again let hope-fed Fancy see
A heaven in Beauty's eye;
O lift my lighten'd heart away
On Pleasure's downy wing,
And let me taste that bliss to day
To-morrow may not bring.

A SONG,

ON HEARING SEVERAL NIGHTINGALES.

Reveillés, comme moi, parlez des soins d'a-
mour,
Jour et nuit, rossignola, vous chantez votre
flamme,
Et je chante à mon tour
Les transports de mon ame.
Nous sommes tous également charmés,
Mais nous ne parlons pas de même:
Vous vous louez de ce que vous aimez;
Et je me plains de ce que j'aime.

IMITATED.

Wakeful, like me, you fill the grove,
Sweet birds, with ceaseless notes of love,
Like you, I ceaseless would impart
In song the transports of my heart;
Like you an equal fondness show
And show, alas! in vain;
Your notes with grateful praises glow;
I sing but to complain.

The following pathetic glee, by M. G. LEWIS, Esq. is a pleasing proof of his powers as a song writer:

Sailor boy! sailor boy! sleep, my sweet
fellow,
O'er your rock'd vessel though thunder-
bolts roll;
Wild though the ocean raves, loud though
winds bellow,
Calm be your bosom, for pure is your soul.
Lullaby, lullaby, poor sailor boy,
Let not the tempest your slumbers destroy,
No terrors of conscience your bosom annoy,
Then lullaby, lullaby, poor sailor boy.
Sailor boy, sailor boy, danger not bringing
Home to your thoughts crimes committed
before,
Tost on rough seas, in a narrow cot swing-
ing,
Safer you sleep than a villain on shore.
Lullaby, lullaby, &c.

The ensuing lines will please the sentimental Misses, who, like Beatrice, sit in a corner and cry, Heigho for a husband!

I love, but I dare not say who,
Yet treasure his name in my heart;
Fond heart, which in infancy knew
Each tender access and its smart:
And mutual, dear youth, is the flame,
A flame which no ill can annoy,
For Hymen shall sanction the same,
And Love sound the trumpet of Joy.
I grieve when my love is away,
Though seldom he leaves me behind,
Yet still I have something to say,
And charge him with being unkind;
But why, silly girl, do I chide?
O tell me, dear Cupid, sweet boy,
When Hymen soon makes me a bride
And Love sounds the trumpet of Joy.

A little boy seeing a gentleman walking the street, placed himself in a convenient place to speak with him; when the gentleman came up, the boy pulled off his hat, held it out to the gentleman, and begged for a few cents; "Money!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you had much better beg for manners than money." "I asked," said the boy, "for what I thought you had the most of."

Several of the British dames are very fond of the *Trafalgar garter*, on which is inscribed the memorable signal—"England expects that every man will do his duty."

The following ode, in the original, has long been the theme of admiration among critics of the purest taste, for the suavity of its numbers, the ease of its expression, and the pathos of its sentiments. The ensuing translation the poet of Verona might himself approve:

CATULLUS, ODE XXIX.

Sweetest isle of lake or main,
Sirmio, with what joy, again
I revisit thy dear shore;
All my wandering labours o'er.
Scarce my senses I believe,
When they tell me, nor deceive,
That not through Asia's fields I roam,
But safely view my native home.

O what more blissful than to find
Repose from care, and ease of mind—
With foreign toil long wearied grown,—
On that dear spot on which alone
Our hearts are fix'd, and pleasure past
Revive, and fill our bliss at last;
That genial spot, that sacred ground,
Where youth its earliest habits found:
How sweet, within my native shed,
To press the dear deserted bed!
Such joy as this by pain procur'd,
Repay the labours I've endur'd.

Delightful Sirmio, hail! rejoice
To hear thy master's well-known voice;
Hail his late, but glad return:
And ye, hard by, who pour yon urn,
Ye waters of the Larian lake,
In your old neighbour's joy partake;
And all ye shores that home attend,
Exult and laugh to meet your friend.

The following verses were composed on the return of Sir Francis Drake, after his voyage round the world. They are preserved in Camden's Life of Queen Elizabeth:

Drace, perrerati quem novit terminus orbis,
Quemque simul mundi vidit uterque polus.
Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum,
Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui.

IMITATED.

Where'er old Ocean's boundless waters
roll
Has borne, great Drake, thy bark from
pole to pole,
Should envious mortals o'er thy labours
sleep,
The stars, which led thee thro' the ven-
t'rous deep,
Shall tell thy praises; and thy well-earn'd
fame
The Sun, thy fellow traveller, proclaim.

The English are a nation of *Nimrods*, and the love of hunting has connected the tones of the jovial horn with some of the sweetest notes of the muse. The hunting songs of England are remarkable for vivacity of description and melody of numbers. Among those sung by Incedon, which are most continually encored, is the following; which, in a very spirited manner, describes a morning landscape, a sportsman's preparation, and the death of the deer:

Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn,
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn;
Dogs, huntsmen round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry:
Arise the burthen of my song,
This day, a stag must die!

With a hey, ho, chivy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
Arise the burthen of my song,

This day, a stag must die!
The cordial takes its merry round;
The laugh and joke prevail;
The huntsman winds a jovial sound;
The dogs snuff up the gale;
The upland wilds they sweep along,
O'er fields, through brakes they fly,
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day, a stag must die!

With a hey, ho, &c.
Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face!
The huntsman's pleasure is no more;
His joys, were in the chase!
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin-game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue!
With a hey, ho, &c.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY NOTICE.

"BURKE'S COMPENDIUM OF FARRIERY."

It is somewhat extraordinary, that though for ages, *comparative anatomy* was carefully studied, physicians bestowed no portion of their attention to the investigation of the diseases of the *inferior animals*. But of late, as if to compensate for the preceding neglect, *veterinary medicine*, at least, has been cultivated with uncommon industry. Schools, in many of the large cities of Europe, are established, where the

science is regularly taught by professors, every way qualified for the undertaking. In the lectures of these, the structure of the horse is accurately demonstrated, the functions of the different organs explained, and his peculiar diseases, with the best mode of treatment, described.

Farriery has, in consequence, been suddenly raised from a crude indigest of ignorance to a department of physic, and the practice of it taken out of the hands of the empiric, and placed where it can be skilfully exercised.

We, however, as yet, have derived no advantage from the recent improvement of veterinary medicine abroad. Farriery is still with us the *trade* of the mere *pretender*. Perhaps it may be owing principally to the want of a popular *Vade Mecum*. Taplin's treatise, once of such a character, is now wholly obsolete. The modern writings of Godwin, Coleman, and Clarke, have certainly great merit, but they are too voluminous and technically written to be generally circulated. We, therefore, who are anxious to promote so useful a branch of knowledge, were exceedingly gratified to find that Mr. Humphreys, an enterprising bookseller, has announced for republication, "*Burke's Compendium*." This small tract, which has just appeared in London, we have had an opportunity of perusing. Who Mr. Burke is, we do not know, but his book contains abundant proof of his being thoroughly conversant with the subject he treats. He seems to have intended to present to the public a concise account of whatever is really important, either in the theory or practice of Farriery, and he has very successfully executed his design. The arrangement of the matter is perspicuous, and the style easy and familiar.

The work is divided into two sections:

I. Contains a view of the anatomy and physiology of the horse, or explanation of the various parts, with their uses.

II. Comprises a description of his diseases and injuries, with their symptoms and method of cure, to which are

added, a brief examination of the structure of the foot, and observations on shoeing.

We cannot dismiss this article without strenuously recommending to every one who wishes to be made acquainted with the beautiful economy of the animal, or of acquiring a plan of treating his diseases, founded on correct principles, to purchase, and to diligently read, "*Burke's Compendium*."

MEDICUS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter from DAVID DUBIOUS,* with a few exceptions, is written in the idiom of pure English. This narrative strikingly exemplifies the assertion of POPE, respecting the mutability of our humours and opinions. But let not our author take refuge from disappointment, in the dreariness of scepticism, nor surrender principle to the undisciplined rabble of Chance.

The artless verses from the humble Caledonian we have most cheerfully inserted, and we discern distinctly, through the occasional mistiness of an uncouth style, both the spirit of a Scotchman and the seminal principles of a poet. Let him proceed adventurously. Let him gaze intently on the glories of nature and the various tints of "many coloured life." Let him assiduously study his favourite Burns, and then express the emotions of genius in the language of Passion, Poetry and Nature.

* This author is partial to the *American* verb *progressed*. He means *advanced*, which is the only *legitimate* word to express the idea. The authority of General Hamilton has been quoted, in support of this barbarism. But it should be remembered that our speech and writings are frequently tainted by the bad company we are obliged to keep, and that HAMILTON was too often surrounded by vulgar provincials, and dull whigs, whose style, of course, was a continued warfare with the English idiom. The splendid name of Hamilton cannot save this vile word from putrefaction and oblivion. It will first be damned and then forgotten, like many other fooleries in the American farce.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

We forward to Mr. Dennie an extract from the Anthology, where it appears to have been printed *incorrectly*. As the author wishes to give it both consequence and correctness, it is submitted to the Editor of the Port Folio, where, if it merits the honour, it will gain admission.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

EPISTLE TO THEOPHILUS PARSONS, UPON HIS ACCEPTING THE APPOINTMENT OF CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

And does that mind, which every mind excels,
Quit the proud path, where Fame triumphant dwells,
While at her side prolific Fortune stands,
And showers her bounty with unsparing hands,

Bids but thy genius ask, and all obey—
Why fling the doubly proffer'd boon away?
For the dull *bench* the inspiring robe disclaim?

False to thyself, to Fortune, and to Fame!

Thou, like an eastern monarch, reign'dst alone,
Nor could the aspiring *brother* reach thy throne;

Or, like a giant, tow'ring o'er thy kind,
More strong than monarchs, in the sway of mind;

But *now*, uncheer'd by Fortune's vertic rays,
Tedious and tame will lower thy shadowy days,

Condemn'd to heed the ever-during plea,
Which endless folly, blund'ring, pours on thee;

Or, stifling all thy suffering heart's desire,
With fault'ring accent bid the wretch expire;

Even him, whose wrongs awoke the feeling sigh,

Him may *unseeing* Justice doom to die.—
Such is thy fate—with pain'd and patient ear,

The hard monotony of words to hear;
Misguided Error, wand'ring far from sense,
Pride's pompous phrase, and Passion's rude pretence,

Await thee now, from morn's unwelcome ray

To the slow shadows of retreating day.
What though some soaring genius, true to thine,

In mental radiance bid the *forum* shine,
Deep, fervid, full, with sacred science fraught,

And all the *grac'd* pre-eminence of thought,
Forceful as reason in her high career,
Yet falls like music on the astonish'd ear,

When, as a charm, the fluent strain is found
To bid enamour'd silence hover round,
Calling from thee that smile, which seems
to speak,

Gives the delighted flush to pass thy cheek;
More dark will seem the void his paus'd supplies,

More bleak the wild, that mocks thy searching eyes.

Small is the meed the uncherish'd muse can give,

'Tis thine to honour, and thy praise will live,
Still thou must shine, and with unequal'd rays,

Th' undying MANSFIELD of departed days;
On thee will Genius rest her votive eyes,
Led by thy light another PARSONS rise.

GUIDE OF THE LAWS! ne'er to thy country lost,

Thine is the wrong—but hers the boon and boast.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

SIR, the enclosed are at your disposal.

Yours, &c.

C

“AVEC LES JEUX DANS LE VILLAGE.”

Avec les jeux dans le village,
Quand le printemps fut de retour;
Je méprisais le tendre hommage
De tous les bergers d'alentour;
Mais l'été me rend moins sauvage,
Et je me demande à mon tour,
Ce qui m'enflamme d'avantage
De la saison ou de l'amour?—

Quand Maturin de sur l'herbette,
Cueille la rose du matin,
Il va la présenter à Colette,
Et puis la met dedans son sein.
Moi, qui ne suis que la cadette
Je ne sais si c'est de l'amour,
Mais je voudrais, comme Colette,
Recevoir la rose à mon tour.

TRANSLATION.

When spring to all the village train
Renews the hours of festive glee,
The tend'rest sighs of ev'ry swain
Receive but cold neglect from me;
But, when the sun in Taurus beams,
I find the madd'ning rage remove,
And ask from whence these softer dreams,
Whether from summer, or from love.

When Colin, on the grass reclining,
Plucks the fragrant rose of morn,
On the breast of Chloe, smiling,
It is plac'd, without a thorn;
I, a younger sister only,
Know not if love within me burn;
But like beauteous Chloe fondly
Would receive a rose in turn.

EPIGRAMS.

As good Mr. Crape with my lord was at dinner,
 For Crape may sometimes be observed with a sinner:
 Adzooks, parson, said he, I've a thought,
 by my life,
 I'll break off with my girl, if you'll take her to wife;
 For tho' I have somewhat debauch'd my dear Nancy,
 She'll turn when she marries a parson, I fancy.
 She may turn, please your honour, the parson replied,
 But I'll never turn to your girl as a bride,
 For what with your lordship at night and at morning,
 She's been so much used, that she'll not be worth turning.

Cosmelia's charms inspire my lays,
 Who, fair in age's scorn,
 Blooms in the winter of her days,
 Like Glastonbury's thorn.
 Cosmelia, cruel at fourscore,
 Like bards in *moder* plays,
 Four acts of life pass'd guiltless o'er,
 And in the *fifth* she slays.
 If e'er impatient of the bliss,
 Into her arms you fall,
 The plaster'd nymph returns the kiss
 Like Thise through a wall.

To Sally's study shall we go?
 For ladies now all read, you know,
 Oh, what a splendid sight is there!
 Enough to make a hermit stare.
 There stand all rang'd, in proud array,
 Each French romance and modern play,
 Love's magazine of flames and darts,
 Whole histories of eyes and hearts.
 But oh! view well the outward scene,
 You'll never need to look within,
 What Sally loves she plainly shows,
 For lo! her very books are beaux.

A long way off Lucinda strikes the men;
 As she draws near,
 And one sees clear,
 A long way off one wishes her again.

He who in age betroths a youthful bride,
 May as a fool with justice be decreed,
 Who buys a splendid library through pride,
 To lend his books for wiser heads to read.

ALWAYS YOUNG.

Let Age and envious Time do what they will,
 Chloe remains the same soft creature still;
 In her first coats as when she romp'd and smil'd,
 A babe in years, at sixty still a child.

Town wenches, says Trueman, I've often been told,
 Are venomous things, like the serpent of old;
 Ah, says Rosewell, the serpent all o'er them prevails,
 His deceit in their hearts and his sting in their tails.

THE RESIGNED HUSBAND.

Alas! what will he do, said a wife like to die,
 When William's bereft of his Nan,
 Consider not *him*! was the husband's reply,
 Trust William, he'll do what he can!

ON A GUARDIAN MARRYING HIS RICH WARD.

Marius, by Calous left in trust,
 Does but the thing that's strictly just:
 To testify his great regard,
 And better to secure his ward
 From Irish bites and save her pelf,
 He wisely marries her *himself*.

Susan, who no more will see,
 All the town knows, fifty-three,
 Still believes that in her eyes
 Little Cupid basking lies,
 Whence he oft descends to sip
 Nectar from her balmy lip:
 Can she question it? the lass
 Views his godship in her glass.
 Let no snarling wight inquire,
 Is the mirror not a liar?
 Be it false, or be it true,
 Susan is in love with Sue.

To a Lady, with a print of Venus attired by the Graces.

That far superior is thy state
 E'en Envy must agree;
 On thee a thousand graces wait,
 On Venus only three.

Money, they say, is evil's root,
 But we most justly doubt it:
 Can we expect good thriving fruit
 From any stock without it?

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
 in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, August 30, 1806.

[No. 34.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 18.

Neque enim is tantum in vitio est, qui
injuste facit impetum in quempiam, aliqua
animi perturbatione incitatus; sed etiam qui
non obsistit, si potest, injuriæ.

CICERO. 1 OFFIC. II. 23.

MR. DIARY,

THE readers of the Port Folio are indebted to your correspondent "Concangius," for the just and ingenious observations he has made in relation to the trials of Messrs. Ogden and Smith. I willingly make my acknowledgments for the pleasure and the information which I have derived from the perusal of his speculations, and am happy to perceive, that he has succeeded in rousing the public attention to the topics he has discussed, which are undoubtedly of the highest import and the deepest interest. With the sentiments expressed in his first communication, I profess an entire and hearty concurrence.—The ardor and the feeling which he has evinced, need no apology.—In animadverting upon conduct, such as he has condemned, to use the cold language of moderation, were almost to participate in the crime. Not to feel indignant at the insult offered to the court and the injustice done to the accused, by the President's secretaries, in their refusal to obey its subpoena, and their urging his *special signification of*

his need of their services, as an apology for that refusal, would argue no less baseness, than, feeling indignant, to speak otherwise than in the tone and the words of indignation, would be a proof of prostrate servility and of abject cowardice. It ought to be remembered too, that the apology of the secretaries for their absence was communicated by *private letter* addressed to the judges; and this circumstance, if other proof were wanting, must satisfy every man, that this was really and truly no less than an attempt on the part of those gentlemen, to influence, if not to control the judges. Who ever before heard of a witness, subpoena'd to attend at a trial, sending a written "*I pray thee have me excused*" to the judge? The proceedings of a court of justice in every country *substantially* free, are not shrouded in privacy, they are open and undisguised as the day: they appear upon the record, which is free to the inspection of all, or they pass *ore tenus* within the hearing of all. The judge is to take his seat upon the trial of every issue, with a mind unbiassed, uninfluenced, as well with respect to the principal matter in dispute, as with respect to every collateral question that may arise out of it. To communicate *privately* with a court upon any subject about to pass *sub judicio*, is indubitably, in an individual, extremely indecorous, to say no worse of it, but rises to a high degree in the scale of crimes, when it is done by an officer of the *Executive Department*, in-

P

stituting a prosecution, and implicated in the very crime which is charged! I trust, when this matter is considered in this point of view, stripped of its mask and domino, the American public will feel and express a proportionate degree of resentment and indignation at the individuals who have been concerned in it! Had not this letter of Messrs. Madison and Smith been *exposed* to light by Judge Patterson, whose manly virtue and sterling integrity placed him as far out of the reach of any attempt to influence or corrupt him, as his spirit and independence would lead him to despise such as could be guilty of it, there is too much reason to believe that it might have slept in the pocket of Judge Talmage, with the presentment of the Grand Jury against himself, as alike unfit to be exposed to the view of vulgar eyes.—I know it will be said, that this letter proceeded from the courtliness and urbanity of Messrs. Smith and Madison: but the Hall of Justice knows not the hypocritical or unmeaning ceremonies of an antichamber or a drawing room. A witness is subpoena'd and he is bound by law to attend or he is justified in refusing to do so. In the administration of justice there is and ought to be a sternness and severity altogether inconsistent with canting civility and hypocritical declarations of respect.—When a gentleman declines an invitation to dinner because *he will not go*, he is permitted to give some less offensive reason for his absence; but a witness, if lawfully required to give evidence in a court of justice, is bound by every principle which she inculcates, by his duty to society, to attend: no excuse can be received or regarded but one which the law will allow; if he be not lawfully required, no apology is necessary for his non-attendance with regard to himself, or out of respect to the court: if sickness or other sufficient cause prevent him, it is enough for him to shew that when he is called upon to answer for his contempt.

In the case particularly under consideration, the process of the court was issued and legally served: the right to

the attendance of the witnesses belonged to the party summoning them, not to the judge. Did Messrs. Madison and Smith presume that their evidence was not material? Such a *presumption* would justify the application of this term to them in another and a worse sense.—Will they justify their absence upon the maxim, *nemo teneatur ipsum accusare*? Let them profit by it, as far as it may serve them; but, even a *particeps criminis*, although neither required, nor permitted, to accuse himself, may be able and may be compelled to disclose facts not having that tendency. How often does it happen that the printer or the publisher is compelled to disclose the author of a libel? Although Messrs. Madison and Smith would not be bound to acknowledge that they individually countenanced and encouraged the enterprize of Miranda, why might they not state their knowledge of Mr. Jefferson's having done so? Such knowledge of itself, unless it were proved that they *advised* the President to give this countenance and encouragement, could not subject them to impeachment, much less to ordinary prosecution.—With respect to the latter, it may be doubted whether the act of Congress does not require a more active participation than mere *countenance* and *encouragement* to incur the penalties which it denounces. It may be otherwise as to impeachment, the grounds of which are less limited than those to which ordinary prosecutions in courts of justice are confined. But, as I have said before, these gentlemen could not be compelled to say whether they had *advised* the President, and, having no control over his conduct, without proof of having given such advice, they could not be convicted even on an impeachment. They might therefore have given evidence, without criminating themselves, and I trust I shall be able to shew in the sequel that evidence of the participation of the President of the United States, ought to and must have operated to the acquittal of the defendants.

But, will it be said that the officers of the Executive are not bound to crim-

nate one another? This will be an extension of the humane maxim of the law, very far beyond what precedent will justify. What is the consequence of this doctrine? The President appoints his own secretaries, who are removed at his pleasure: their dependence on him is likely to make them obsequious and their interest will probably make them faithful. If their chief be guilty of an official act, which should degrade him from his station, and he is called upon to answer for it, how is the accusation to be supported? I suppose an official act with which his secretaries alone are made acquainted, and there may be many such. The Secretary of State is called upon: he replies, "Nemo teneatur ipsum accusare." True, say the managers on the part of the House of Representatives, but we inquire about the acts of the President not about the acts of the Secretary of State—Yes, answers the Secretary, but the President is of the Executive department and so am I, and we are all, President and Secretaries, there incorporated, like the French Republic, one and indivisible;—to accuse the President is to accuse the Executive department, which is to accuse myself! Such is the logic of the ingenious apologists for the absentee Secretaries, and such must be their own justification if they pretend any. They will not seriously insist upon the reason given in their private letter to the judges, the special requisition of their services at that particular moment by the President. If he made such a requisition, let him blush at the indecency of taking it off, the moment it became unnecessary as an excuse for their disobedience to the writ. Scarcely was the trial of Messrs. Ogden and Smith over, before it was known that the whole corps of Secretaries was disbanded, with, I believe, but one exception, and that occasioned by sickness. The exigencies of public business no longer demanded their devotion, but they, and the President too, fly in every direction, "one to his farm, and another to his merchandise," as interest, pleasure, or whim might direct them! "Con-

cangius" may call this letter a "lie," but he is extremely wrong to call it a *plausible* one. No man is deceived by it. It recoils with disgrace upon its inventors, not less for its clumsiness, than for its falshood. Let us imagine this wise, and faithful and laborious body, the individuals having been served with subpoenas to attend at the trial of Messrs. Smith and Ogden and their expenses tendered to them, immediately convened by the orders of the President at Washington, to whom their presence there was convenient for the simple reason, that, having them there, he knew they could not be had elsewhere. There they are kept at their desks, mending old pens, or making new ones, working their sums in addition upwards and working them downwards, drawing plans of dry docks or making models of gun boats for the next war with the Turks, until the papers or private communications inform them that the trials have begun. The discussion of the motion for an attachment awakens their attention, and they may be supposed to lay aside their slates, and their pens, and their pencils: but this motion going favourably for them, they resume their former pursuits, and are compelled to while away their time as before, knowing no relaxation but their bed and their board, the pleasure of admiring the post and rail enclosure of the government-house, or wondering at the skill and industry which the workmen display in building up the new wing of the Capitol faster than the old wing tumbles down! While the trial is going on, they have indeed a dull time of it, for the motion for the attachment having failed, they might break up with safety, but they must abide together a little longer for decency's sake. At last it is announced that the trial is over, and *instantly* they break up and scamper away, with the alacrity of school-boys at the beginning of a vacation!

But, I owe an apology to you Mr. Diary, for the desultory remarks into which I have been led on this subject. Warned by the influence of "Concangius" observations, I have been led into

them when it was merely my intention to thank him, and at the same time to submit to him whether in his last letter he has not gone too far in asserting, "that the conduct of the public servants, whatever it might have been, could afford no answer to the indictment preferred against Smith and Ogden." I agree with him entirely in his abstract proposition, "that the guilt of John is no argument, nor the crime of John any apology, for the innocence or the offence of Peter:"* in other words, that the *guilt* of Messrs. Jefferson, Madison, Dearborn, and R. Smith, would not justify the actions of Messrs. Ogden and Smith. I put out of view the decency and the morality of Mr. Jefferson's giving special directions to have a prosecution instituted against men for acts at which he connived and in which he is said to have participated. As "Concangius" has said, it was the prosecution of the people, and was not to be affected by such considerations. Let it be remembered however, for such I believe to be the fact, that this is the first instance in which a President of the United States has descended to the ungracious task of becoming immediately instrumental in a public prosecution. This unthankful office has heretofore been left to those officers of the government whose peculiar province it is to bring offenders to the bar of justice. The President of the United States is required to do nothing more than to let the law take its course, unless he should find occasion to exercise the amiable prerogative of pardoning the offender. That prerogative is indeed an important one, and would of itself seem to preclude any direct interference of the President in the institution, or prosecution of a criminal charge; but we have not now to complain of crimes in pro conscientia, or of mere indecorum, and I will not therefore further insist upon this topic.

* In quoting this passage, I have preserved the meaning of Concangius, although not precisely the words as printed. Some confusion is produced by the improper use of the particle *nor*, occasioned, I presume, by typographical inaccuracy.

I have said that I should be able to shew that evidence of the participation of the President of the United States ought to have operated to the acquittal of the defendants, and I shall give some reasons for my belief that it did so. I know the popular opinion has been, as "Concangius" has stated it, that the *guilt* of the President would justify Messrs. Ogden and Smith. Nor is it wonderful that the people should forget their resentment against the accused in their indignation at the impudence of a *particeps criminis*, turning an accuser; not only becoming, in the common phrase, *states' evidence*, but prosecuting in his own name, his accomplice. The crime of the former, would be lost to a common eye in the blaze of crime and impudence shed by the latter. The people cannot be expected to view things in the dispassionate and abstract way in which they are regarded by the politician in his closet. They are hurried away by their feelings, and perhaps if it be not a proof of discernment, it is an evidence of virtue in them on such an occasion to feel, rather than to reflect. The ground of my opinion that the participation of the President might have justified Messrs. Ogden and Smith, is not that he was *guilty*, that his participation was *illegal*, but that it was *lawful*;—that he had done no more than the constitution and the laws, by a fair construction, permitted him to do, nay than they required him to do, in the existing circumstances; and that had he omitted this participation, that omission would of itself, (in certain events which were then more than probable, and are only suspended by the time-serving and ignominious measures which have been since taken,) have been a ground of impeachment and have justified a removal or required an abdication of office by the President, not less deservedly or necessarily than Mr. Jefferson's departure to Carter's mountain is said once to have required his abdication of the governorship of Virginia, or justified his removal if he had hesitated to resign.

By the constitution of the United

States, the President is declared to be Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. He is the organ of communication with foreign powers; he receives ambassadors and other public ministers, and nominates those who represent the United States; he makes treaties, subject only to the consent and approbation of the Senate. The situation in which he stands, gives him the best opportunity of perceiving the views and intentions of foreign nations and of knowing whether they are friendly or hostile. For what purpose is he placed on this constitutional eminence? Is it that he may stare at approaching danger, and prepare passively to receive the blow aimed at his country? The Constitution it is true gives to Congress *exclusively* the power of *declaring* war; but can the exclusive grant of *this* power to Congress, make their concurrence necessary to justify his acting on the defensive, and repelling the attack of a hostile nation? Is the sword placed in the hands of the Commander in Chief to remain in its scabbard when an *invading* foe is at the gates of your citadel, until Congress can be called together, by a tardy process of proclamation and summons? Certainly not!—The power of *declaring* war was prudently reserved for Congress. It would be dangerous indeed to commit the peace of the community to the rashness of an individual: but the power of *resisting* *hostility* is of a different kind; it rests upon the principles of self-preservation, and it is the duty of the President whenever he has grounds to believe that hostile preparations are making by a foreign power, not only to prepare to meet, but by *active* resistance to repel and discomfit them. Such I believe has been the construction put upon the Constitution by the present administration with respect to the measures they have taken as to the Barbary powers, and it is warranted by every principle of good sense and prudence. The President then being permitted, nay as I have before said, required, *to act defensively*, without waiting for the approbation or concurrence of Congress, must he lie by

until a *formal declaration* of war be made by the hostile power? Must he wait until the foe has landed on your shores, or crossed your boundaries, and war is proclaimed at the sound of the trumpet? Absurd supposition! Is it not known that in modern times wars are begun and carried on, with no warning of their commencement but the sound of great guns, and no evidence of their existence but the devastation and carnage which mark their progress? To this day it is disputed whether France or Great Britain acted offensively in the last war; and at this moment, although the latter power has seized every ship belonging to Prussia and sequestered every particle of her property within her reach, there is no declaration of war; the two nations are in theory perfectly at peace! Must the President of the United States permit the property of the citizens to be captured and condemned, their liberty put in jeopardy, the territory invaded by a hostile power *in battle array*, defiance bid to the government, and content himself with this *theoretical* peace? Must he defer every measure to vindicate the honour of the government or to protect the lives and liberties of the citizens, until a formal declaration of war be made against us, or until Congress is convened and declares war against the enemy? To shew the absurdity of such a construction of the Constitution and narrow limitation of the powers of the President, we need not *suppose* a case. That case was in fact exhibited in the conduct of Spain or her subjects, acting under the authority of their government, towards the United States. I need not call to recollection the repeated acts of outrage and injury which we received from them, and which were but a part of a system previously manifested and long before persisted in. Actual hostilities were committed by the Spaniards on our frontiers, not proceeding from the intemperance of the commander of a company, or the governor of a province, but with the knowledge and under the direction of the Spanish government. We all regarded our situation in relation to Spain as a

hostile one. Such was the opinion dictated by the common sense of this nation, on a view of the passing conduct of the officers and subjects of that. That such was the opinion of the President too, manifestly appears in his official communication to Congress at the opening of the session, and, under the influence of this opinion, it was his duty to wound the adversary and to weaken him! Is he then to be blamed for favoring the enterprize of Miranda? Was it not good policy, was it not his duty, to divert the hostile intentions of Spain, by encouraging this attack on her colonies? To these questions every patriotic tongue will respond, Yes! It was prudence and virtue in the President to foresee and avert the blow which threatened the nation; but some men are diffident only when they are inclined to act with honour and firmness. The generosity of a brave and free people would never condemn the zeal of a public officer in their service, if, with honest motives, it should carry him a little beyond the doubtful limits which in some instances bound constitutional power. But in this instance, I say, there has been no such transgression, it was hardly possible there should be. There is not an American breast which was not fired with resentment at the conduct of Spain, and would not have applauded the President had he gone much farther than he did. Surely it will not be pretended that she would have had reason to complain, had he taken the last means of vengeance. Upon this honourable and manly footing the President should have placed himself, and every honest American would on this occasion have rallied round him. He would have stood justified in the eyes of the nation and in the eyes of the world. But, alas! he wanted firmness (not for the first time) to stand his ground; he became recreant, in the very moment of glory. Congress commenced its session, and, after long sittings with closed doors, and much cool calculation, war is postponed at least, if not averted, by *tribute*! On this subject, I am willing to drop the curtain.

The measures taken by Congress being so meanly pacific were irreconcilable with the views and the measures previously taken by Mr. Jefferson, and he very obsequiously sets himself about undoing as far as he could all that he had done, and as a proof of his sincerity, turns upon those very men who had before acted in perfect accord with him!

Such then was the situation of the United States in relation to Spain. I say that she had actually committed hostilities upon the United States; that war virtually and *de facto* existed, and that it was the duty of the President to repel her hostile acts. For this I appeal to facts within the knowledge of every transient observer; I appeal to the official communication of the President to Congress at the opening of the session, which (with the greatest deference to Judge Talmage, who rejected it) I contend to be the best evidence of "the state of the Union," which the nature of the case admitted of, or the defendants could produce. It is an official act, required by the Constitution, and must be presumed to be true. Then these facts, justifying the participation of the President, and proving his actual participation, I demand what better defence could Messrs. Ogden and Smith wish for? The act of Congress under which they were prosecuted, requires that the military expedition or enterprize to be carried on must be against the territory or dominions of a foreign prince *with whom the United States are at peace*. Were the United States *at peace* with Spain? Had she not committed hostilities upon us? Had not the President, whose peculiar duty it is to know and to declare "the state of the Union," participated in this military expedition against her? Certainly he had—His participation was lawful. And the defendants were consequently not guilty of any offence under the act of Congress! They come within the proviso expressed by Mr. Jefferson himself in his conversation with Miranda, "they have not infringed any law of the United States."

That it was under impressions like these, that the juries must have given

their verdicts of acquittal, is certainly to be presumed. The cases were ingeniously and laboriously argued by the most skilful and industrious counsel, and, the defendants having admitted their participation in the expedition, no other defence than this remained for them. A better one could not be desired to shield innocence from persecution.

SULPICIOUS.

Phila. Aug. 19th, 1806.

P. S. Since writing the foregoing, the confidential messages of the President to Congress, on the subject of Spanish aggressions have appeared under the signature of "Decius." There are satisfactory reasons for believing John Randolph, Esq. to be the author of their publicity, and there is no doubt of their being authentic. To these messages, I confidently invite the attention of Concangius and my readers, in order to satisfy them, if they yet doubt, that we have been actually at war with Spain, and were so, when the *Leander* was fitted out at New York; and that the President acted under that impression. It is rumoured too, and it is to be feared with truth, that some of the Americans who were found in the four schooners in the service of Miranda, captured by the Spaniards, *have suffered death in the most ignominious manner!* I seriously ask my fellow citizens to say, upon whom the blood of these unfortunate men ought to be?

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[A work has lately appeared in England from the pen of the celebrated Thomas Clarkson, A. M. author of several essays on the Slave Trade, entitled "A Portraiture of Quakerism, taken from a view of the education and discipline—social manners—civil and political economy—religious principles—and character of the Society of Friends." It appears from the following extract from the author's letter, that he is favourably disposed towards the society; but if we allow ourselves to judge from the character of the author, and the opinion of Lindley Murray, we apprehend the world will be furnished with a more impartial and interesting account of the Quakers, in the "Portraiture," than it has hitherto been. We understand a

large edition of the work is now printing in New York, from a manuscript copy;—The English edition has not yet come to hand.]

Extracts from letters received from England explanatory and recommendatory of the work.

From the author, stating his view and intention in undertaking the work.

"In my labours on the subject of the abolition of the slave-trade, I had great occasion to mix with Friends, and coming by these means to the knowledge of many excellent institutions, of which I was before ignorant, I determined, at some period or other, to give these to the world.

"This work will be particularly useful to friends, and, perhaps, most so, to the youth or children of friends; for, independently of the various subjects of which it professes to treat, it will contain a compendium of their religion, made up from a laborious perusal of all their authors, who are most esteemed.—All their quotations from the fathers of the church, to which I am enabled to get access, will be examined. Hence many friends, instead of dipping into abstruse authors, may see all their principles laid down in regular order, and supported even by new facts and new arguments; for, loving the society as I do, and approving of their religious doctrines, I shall not fail to enforce them to the utmost of my power.

"This work will be highly useful again to the character of friends: for friends' principles are not known to the rest of the world. For how should they, when the world, who follow their own particular taste in reading, will not read their writings? Hence, when any person, not of the society, writes concerning them, he generally misrepresents their principles. But I hope to be able to set this matter right: and I hope also, by giving the origin of all those customs, in which friends differ from the world, and in shewing that they are founded in morality, not only to make their fellow-citizens better acquainted with them, but to break off their prejudices, and to procure for them both favour and respect.

From Lindley Murray, after having perused the work.

"I can truly say, that I have been much pleased with the performance. It is executed in a manner, which cannot fail to attract attention and command respect. I think it will be highly useful to the youth of our society, to perceive how well their opinions and practices can be supported; and it abounds with that kind of information, which must be interesting and satisfactory to persons who know but little of us. The work certainly places the society in a very advantageous point of view; and every member of it, whilst

he feels himself indebted to the author, must, if he reflects properly, be animated to act in a manner conformable to the excellent character, which he is made to sustain. The author too, through the medium of the Quakers, has had a fine opportunity to give to the world many important lessons of instruction; and he has not failed to do it in a way, that will doubtless afford to his own mind great satisfaction and prove beneficial to many of his readers. From these views of the work, I own that I am not a little desirous of seeing it published. And I hope it will not be long delayed. I think indeed that the author ought to persevere, and I shall be gratified to hear that the remaining volumes are nearly ready for the press."

For the Port-Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[In the terrific style of the modern ballad, Mr. MOORE, appears to emulate the best manner of his friend LEWIS. The ensuing stanzas will cause the blood of *the few* to run cold. The description in the second stanza, the ghastly crew in the fourth, and the shadowy steersman in the fifth, are circumstances which the genius of a Mrs. RADCLIFFE, would delight to describe.]

WRITTEN ON PASSING

DEAD-MAN'S ISLAND,*

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, LATE IN
THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy Bark?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!
Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails, with night-fog hung!
There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the flying Dutch-man."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the very splendid hospitality, with which my friends of the Phaeton and Boston had treated me, that I was but ill prepared to encounter the miseries of a Canadian ship. The weather however was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

Yon shadowy Bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew,
As ever yet drank the church-yard dew!

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on
Thou terrible Bark! ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

Well written songs are read with rapture and learned by heart. We, therefore, introduce in the gayer department of our miscellany, what is almost sure to please not only the idler, but the musician and the poet.

Flattering lovers often swear
Wedlock is as sweet as honey,
But experienced folks declare,
'Tis quite sour without money.
Having none, I told dear Harry
I was much afraid to marry.

But he cried, my heart, my love,
Rich in charms let that content ye,
I'll a tender husband prove,
I've a house and kine in plenty.
Speedy bless thy faithful Harry—
He is not afraid to marry.

Say, ye maids, what could I do?
Here was surely no deception,
Could I but believe him true?
Could I have the least exception?
I no longer fear'd to marry,
And soon wedded faithful Harry.

The following lines, which have never been published before, are taken from a manuscript of the author, the Hon. Robert Spencer, grandson to the late, and nephew to the present, Duke of Marlborough: he is one of the choice wits of the day.

GOOD-BYE, AND HOW D'Y' DO.

One day, Good-bye met How d' y' do,
Too close to shun saluting,
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

"Away! says How d'y do, your mein
Appals my cheerful nature,
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it,
Where'er I plant one bosom flow'r,
Your mildew drops to fade it."

Ere How d' y' do has tun'd each tongue
To hope's "delightful measure,"
Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.

From sorrows past, my chemic skill
Draws tears of consolation,
Whilst you from present joys distil
The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, "your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded,
But pray, who 'd think of How d' y' do
Unless Good-bye preceded?

Without my prior influence
Could yours have ever flourished,
And can your hand one flow'r dispense
But those my tears have nourished?

How oft, if at the court of love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How d' y' do has fail'd to move
Good-bye reveals the passion!

How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How d' y' does
One kind Good-bye would barter!

From love and friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their force
Without our joint assistance.

'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time, there's no denying,
One half in How d' y' do-ing goes,
And t'other in Good-bye-ing."

[As a brilliant *companion*-piece to the preceding original and beautiful verses, we exhibit the following, recently produced by Mr. MOORE. It should be remembered that the honourable Mr. Spencer and the translator of Anacreon are friends, and it reflects great honour upon the taste and talents of these gentlemen that notwithstanding they are both men of fashion and men of the world, they can find, or make so much time for the service of the muses. Such is the happy versatility of the genius and so exquisite has been the discipline of these poets that they can at once turn from the fashionable circle to the studious cloyster, and while they give their nights to fashion, they devote their mornings to invention and labour.]

THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I bring thee, love, a golden chain,
I bring thee too a flowery wreath;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
The flowrets long shall sweetly breathe!
Come, tell me which the tie shall be
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The chain is of a splendid thread
Stol'n from Minerva's yellow hair,
Just when the setting Sun had shed
The sober beams of evening there.
The wreath's of brightest myrtle wove
With brilliant tears of bliss among it
And many a rose leaf, culled by Love,
To heal his lip when bees have stung it.
Come, tell me which the tie shall be
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
Which answers when the tongue is loth.
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
And hold'st thy playful hands for both.
Ah! if there were not something wrong,
The world would see them blended oft;
The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
Then might the gold, the flowrets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,
That (Heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
Or shine but for a transient season!
Whether the Chain may press too much,
Or that the Wreath is slightly braided;
Let but the gold the flowrets touch
And all their glow, their tints are faded.

Sweet Fanny, what would Rapture do
When all the blooms had lost their grace,
Might she not steal a rose, or two
From other Wreaths to fill their place?
Oh! better to be always free,
Than thus to bind my love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread,
Along her brow's divine expanse.
Just then the garland's dearest rose
Gave one of its seducing sighs—
Oh! who can ask how Fanny chose
That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes.
"The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be
The tie to bind my soul to thee."

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

The *first* Poem in Mr. Moore's new work is an Epistle addressed with great propriety, to his friend and school-fellow Lord Strangford. The fanciful idea derived from Pythagoras, of inscribing on the disk of the moon, our thoughts for the perusal of an absent friend; the allusion to the union of their bowl and their books at school; the giant form of the mountain of Pico, and the com-

Q

pliment to the translator of Camoens,
all vindicate the pretensions of the au-
thor to the character of a poet.

EPISTLE

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

About the Phaeton frigate, off the Azores, by
moonlight.*

Sweet Moon! if, like Crotona's sage,†
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there,
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd distant friend!
Oh STRANGFORD! when we parted last,
I little thought the times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few,
Our only use for knowledge then
To turn to rapture all we knew!
Delicious days of whim and soul!
When, mingling lore and laugh together,
We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather!
I little thought that all were fled,
That, ere that Summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the Western World!
But, oh! 'twas time—in youth, awhile,
To cool the season's burning smile,
The heart may let its wanton wing
Repose in Pleasure's soft'ning spring;
But, if it wait for Winter's breeze,
The spring will dry, the heart will freeze!
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,
When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter hopes could bound along,
Or pant to be a wanderer more!‡

* From Captain Cockburn, who commanded
this "Phaeton, that whipp'd me to the West,"
I received such kind attentions as I must ever
remember with gratitude.

† Pythagoras; who was supposed to have
a power of writing upon the Moon by the
means of a magic mirror. See *Bayle, Art.
Pythag.*

‡ Alluding to these animated lines in the
44th Carmen of this Poet:

Jam mens pratrepidans avet vagari,
Jam lætistudio pedes vigeſcunt!

Even now delusive Hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurs of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep!
Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides!
The only envious cloud that lowers,
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
Where dimly mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heav'n of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the melting smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;
And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,
Oh! I should have full many a tale,
To tell of young Azorian maids.†

Dear STRANGFORD! at this hour, perhaps,
Some faithful lover (not so blest
As they, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest,
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoens' harp from rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine!‡
Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such dear, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own!

But, hark!—the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
Eight bells!—the middle watch is set;
Good night, my STRANGFORD!—ne'er forget
That, far beyond the Western Sea
Is one, whose heart remembers thee!

The popular tune of Yankee Doodle,
will always be a favourite with Ameri-
cans. The following, written we pre-
sume by the ingenious Mr. BIGELOW
of Salem, Mass. is so much superior to
the vulgar ditties generally sung to this

* Pico is a very high mountain on one of
the Azores, from which the island derives its
name. It is said by some to be as high as the
Peak of Teneriffe.

† I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the
inhabitants of the Azores are much addicted
to gallantry. This is an assertion in which
even Guthrie may be credited.

‡ These islands belong to the Portuguese.

tune, that we think proper to preserve it. Some of the *provincial* phrases of New England, are very happily ridiculed.

A SONG

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1806.

Tune—Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle is the tune
Americans delight in;
'Twill do to whistle, sing, or play,
And *just the thing* for fighting.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, Boys; Huzza!
Down outside, up the middle—
Yankee Doodle, fa, sol, la,
Trumpet, drum and fiddle.

Should Great-Britain, Spain or France,
Wage war upon our shore, sir,
We'll lead them such a *woundy* dance,
They'll find their toes are sore, sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Should a haughty foe expect
To give our boys a caning,
We guess they'll find our boys have *larn't*
A little bit of training.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

I'll *wager* now a mug of flip,
And bring it on the table,
Put Yankee Boys aboard a ship,
To beat them they are able.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then if they go to *argufy*,
I *rather* guess, they'll find too,
We've got a set of *tonguey* blades,
To out-talk 'em, if they're *mind* to.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

America's a dandy place:

The people are all brothers:
And when one's got a *punkin* pye,
He shares it with the others.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

We work and sleep and pray in peace—
By industry we thrive, sir,
And if a drone won't do his part,
We'll scout him from the hive, sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

And then on INDEPENDENT DAY
(And who's a better right to!)

We eat and drink, and sing and play,
And have a dance at night, too.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Our girls are fair, our boys are tough,
Our old folks wise and healthy;
And when we've every thing we want,
We count that we are wealthy.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

We're happy, free, and well to do,
And cannot want for knowledge;
For, almost every mile or two,
You find a school or college.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

The land we till is all our own;
Whate'er the price, we paid it;
Therefore we'll fight *till all is blue*,
Should any dare invade it.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Since we're so bless'd, let's eat and drink,
With thankfulness and gladness;
Should we kick o'er our cup of joy,
It would be *sartin* madness.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

In the following Stanzas, the moral reader will perceive that Mr. Moore can when he pleases, *think like a sage though he feels as a man*.

A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the West,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known

Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt, how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the ravishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit, who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim;

And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him!

The thought was extatic! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I look'd to the West, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more—

"Oh! thus," I exclaimed, "can a heavenly Eye
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before!"

Parnobile Fratrum.

To rob the public two contractors come,
One cheats in corn the other cheats in rum,
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain,
The rogue in Spirit, or the rogue in Grain.

[The following anecdote is genuine. We are told that the music in question is one of the finest pieces ever composed. No body doubts of the *ingenuity* of the devil.]

THE DEVIL'S SOLO.

Every musical amateur has heard of the celebrated TARTINI, though his works, generally speaking, have been confined to the continent. This eminent composer, who flourished in the beginning of the last century, dreamt one night, in the year, 1713, that he had entered into a compact with the Devil, who promised to be at his service upon all occasions. After making several trials of his obedience, he gave the Devil his violin, in order to discover what sort of a musician he was; when, to his great astonishment, he heard a solo so exquisitely beautiful, that he awoke with surprise and delight, and, seeing his instrument, endeavoured, but in vain, to express the sweet sounds he had just witnessed. He, however, composed a solo, which he named *Il Sonata del Diavolo*. It is a charming composition, and has always been esteemed his master piece. The Solo of the infernal performer, or at least so much of it as TARTINI's memory enabled him to preserve, has only within a few weeks found its way to our metropolis. The particular passage which made the greatest impression, and therefore may be considered as the genuine strains of his Satanic Majesty, is designated by the title of the *Author's Dream*. One part is uncommonly difficult of execution; it consists of successive shakes upon consecutive notes, while the other fingers of the performer are occupied in a corresponding accompaniment. It is, unquestionably, a *devilish* hard passage, and none but the Devil, or a devilish fine player, can accomplish it. The author informs us, in a marginal note, that they were the shakes performed by the Devil at the foot of the bed. It cannot but be a great source of satisfaction to find, that a personage, whom, from our earliest infancy, we are taught to dread; is not quite so bad as he has been described; and as he has "music in his soul," we may not unreasonably hope that he possesses other qualities in an equal degree, and that his love of the fine arts may, in progress of time, effectuate a complete and thorough reformation in his character and habits.

MODERN LOVE.

When Phillis found she'd lost her lover,
And that no art could keep a rover,
With willows dark she bound her head,
Swift to the cypress grove she sped:
There, stretch'd beside a brook, she lay,
To weep and sigh her soul away:
She groan'd, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
And look'd the image of Despair—
"Ah! wretched Phil! by love o'ertaken,
And thus by Florio forsaken.

Forsaken!—that I'll ne'er endure;
The brook affords a speedy cure.
Since Florio loves me not, I'll die!"
She rush'd—"Soft; what a fool am I!
To die for an inconstant swain!
I'll faith, I'll live, and try again."

[The following which is a good thing alludes to a dispute between two members of the American Congress.]

From the Repertory.

IMPROMPTU.

By Master Samuel Slender.

Said Randolph to Allston—"Our Mess, I believe,

"Expect you to-day, sir, to dine;

"You shall find what a dinner our hostess can give;

"We'll be happy to see you—you know where we live;

"And we'll crack a few bottles of wine."

In a devilish haste to eat puddings and pies,

And to crack half a dozen of Red.

Away posted Allston—but, to his surprise,
Found the wine he'd been promis'd dash'd
into his eyes,

And the bottle crack'd over his head.

To a Lady, coquetting at Church.

Yes, Cælia, you divinely fair,

May laugh at sermon, praise, and prayer,

But, Cælia, is no reverence due

To him, whose skill created you.

Recluse within Love's myrtle bower,

The warrior sinks in listless rest,

Forgets the busy path of Power,

And slumbers on his fair one's breast;

But let the call of Duty sound,

He springs from off the Cyprian ground,

And rears his crest on high,

Then vaults upon his neighing steed,

And spurs along the martial mead,

To challenge and defy!

In vain displodes the deathful storm,

Its vollied thunders round his form,

Drums roll and trumpets bray;

Still o'er the dying and the dead,

The hero's pressing footsteps tread,

Till victory crowns the day:

His dear reward, the laurel braid

That's woven by his faithful maid.

ON A DECAYED BEAUTY.

Sylvia, with every grace adorn'd,

Blooming in all her pride,

Each youth and fondest lover scorn'd

Who for her beauties dy'd.

When now arriv'd at fifty-nine

Love's gentle flame she tries,

And, as she finds her charms decline

She feels her passion rise.

Thus oaks, a hundred winters told,

Just as they now expire

Turn touchwood, doated, grey and old

And at each spark take fire.

Among a thousand good songs, I do not know whether I could select one of sweeter cadence, sounder sense and more agreeable allegory than the ensuing. It is the production of George Saville Carey.

Life's, like a ship, in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low,
Where every one must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever wind may blow.

If, unassail'd by squall or shower,
Wafted by the gentle gales;
Let's not lose the favouring hour
While success attends our sails.

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear,
But let us all our patience muster
And learn from Reason how to steer.
Let Judgment keep you ever steady,
'Tis a ballast never fails;
Should dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
While your vessel's under weigh,
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray:
When thundering tempests make you shudder
Or Boreas on the surface rails,
Let good discretion guide the rudder
And PROVIDENCE attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
In some welcome port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And Care, a while, in slumber lay.
Or, when each cann's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails,
Let each true heart with rapture glowing
Drink success unto our sails.

The following lines are not unanimated by the spirit of poetry.

Secure the bark had plough'd the azure main,
And no rude storm the ethereal remov'd;
Elate the mariner beheld again
The clime he honour'd and the plains he lov'd.

The wanton loves, high sporting in the air,
Call'd the glad youth to beauty's sacred shrine,
Come, come away, they cried, for thou the fair
The laurel wreath and fragrant flowers entwined.

Delusive hour! see now the threat'ning heaven
O'er thy defenceless head see tempests lour,
For to the main thy wretched bark is driven,
Seas, skies combined, on thee their fury pour.

Ah what avails thee that thou once wert blest
That Hope allur'd thee, or that Beauty lov'd,

That Peace her mantle folded on thy breast
That Glory crown'd thee, or that Fame approv'd.

Dark night succeeds to thy illumin'd morn
And thy bark sinks in the devouring main,
Alas! so fears my heart Semira's scorn,
So glow'd my hopes and such is now my pain.

The domestic charities will surely smile at the following.

When morn's approach had banish'd night,
And lovely May the world was cheering,
My infant boy beheld the light,
To greet a mother's fond endearing.
His beauties charm'd the village round,
So like his dad were all expressing
In June the christening bowl went round,
And sweetly smil'd a parent's blessing.

'Twas August—scarce three years were o'er,
And sweetly he began to prattle,
When an old shipmate reach'd the shore
To tell his dad had fell in battle.
I wept—Reflection dry'd my tears,
My boy required each fond caressing,
And with maternal hopes and fears
I watch'd a widow's parent's blessing.

When bleak November's winds did blow
To sea his daring spirit ventur'd,
To part, my breast was fraught with woe,
For every hope in him was center'd.
Five times December's moon had past,
Deform'd by storms full oft distressing
When o'er the beach tript home in haste,
To glad my heart a parent's blessing.

HENRY FIELDING is one of my favourite authors, and his *Tom Jones* I generally have read at least twice a year since my boyhood. I admire this original writer not only for his wit, humour, and perfect knowledge of the human heart, but for his clear and manly style. Above all, he is to be venerated for his love of CLASSICAL LITERATURE, and to be studied for his successful imitations of some of the finest reliques of antiquity. The following animated and beautiful invocation to a brilliant POWER is commended by Gibbon, and certainly exhibits in a striking and pleasing manner, that enthusiasm which urges every conscious and adventurous author to deeds of literary renown.

"Come, bright love of Fame, inspire my glowing breast; not thee I call who over swelling tides of blood and tears dost bear the hero on to glory, while

sighs of millions waft his spreading sails, but thee, fair gentle maid, whom Mnësis, happy nymph, first on the banks of Hebrus did produce. Thee, whom Mæonia educated, whom Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill, which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, satst with Milton, sweetly tuning thy heroic lyre; fill my ravished fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretel me that some tender maid, whose grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of Sophia, she reads the real worth which once existed in my Charlotte, shall from her sympathetic breast, send forth the heaving sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by a solemn assurance that when the little parlour in which I sit at this instant, shall be converted into a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those, who never knew, nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.

And thou, much plumper dame, whom no airy forms, or phantoms of imagination clothe; whom the well-seasoned beef and pudding, richly stained with plumbs, delight. Thee, I call, of whom in a Treckschuyte, in some Dutch canal, the fat ufrou gelt, impregnated by a jolly merchant of Amsterdam, was delivered: in Grub-street school didst thou suck in the elements of thy erudition. Here hast thou, in thy mature age, taught Poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of the patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and solemn air; while tragedy storms loud and rends the affrighted theatres with its thunder. To sooth thy wearied limbs to slumber, alderman History tells his tedious tale; and again to awaken thee, monsieur Romance performs his surprising tricks of dexterity. Nor less thy well-fed bookseller obeys thy influence. By thy advice the heavy unread folio lump which long had dozed on the dusty shelf, piece-mealed into numbers, runs nimbly through the nation. Instructed by thee, some books, like quacks impose on the world by

promising wonders, while others turn beaus and trust all their merits to a gilded outside." For the remainder see Tom Jones.

MADAME RECAMIER.

A letter from Paris, dated February 25, says, "the amiable and accomplished Madame Recamier is now preparing to quit her superb mansion in *Rue de Mont Blanc*, for an humble dwelling in the *Marais*, where she intends to establish a *Pensionat* for Young Ladies. No female of this capital retired from the circle of fashion with so much native dignity, and supported the reverse of fortune with more becoming fortitude. She carries with her, not only the admiration of friends, but the esteem of those who once envied or hated her as a rival. The same as formerly, when in affluence, she has during the last winter received regular invitations to our numerous balls, routs, and assemblies:—and the Empress and the Princesses Buonaparte have, by their chamberlain, informed her that her presence in the drawing-room would always be agreeable; but she has renounced entirely all society, and in solitude applied herself for her new situation of life. Even the brilliant offer of Princess Louisa Buonaparte, to become the governess of her children, has been declined in a modest letter; in which she says, "that though her education and capacity might be sufficient for the instruction of children of citizens, they were not calculated for the education of children of Princes." She adds, "that the unavoidable dissipation of courts would besides prevent her from fulfilling her first duty, that of a wife."—It is now discovered, that the house of Recamier never possessed any great wealth, though its credit, during ten years, has been one of the most extensive."

How is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
Alas! how different to pretend and know!
Like a poor highway brook, Pretence runs loud
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak and proud,
While, like some noble stream, True Knowledge glides
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To the Editor of the Port Folio.

SIR,

The following VISION, is translated from a European *Latin* work, but little known in this country:—independent of the brilliancy of imagination which it displays, and which is more conspicuous in the original *Latin*—the high and beautiful moral it contains, will greatly delight the refined, chaste, and virtuous reader; particularly those, who are votaries of pure *conjugal* felicity. With such corrections, in point of style, as your pen may dictate, you are at liberty to publish it in the *Port Folio*. S. P.

Bedford, P. May 15, 1806.

A VISION.

As deeply musing on celestial things,
On friendship, marriage, and on mutual love,
One morning bright, a heavenly voice I heard,
And thus it spake: "We have perceiv'd, that thou

Dost meditate on *Love Conjugal*;
On such as angels in the heavens enjoy.
Wherefore, that thou may'st be inform'd thereof,

To tell frail mortals of celestial joys;
We will let down from thence, for thee to view,

An *angel-pair, conjugal*:" When lo!
Appear'd, descending from the highest heaven,
A diamond chariot, glitt'ring as the sun:—
Two snow-white horses, gently drew along
This heav'nly car, in which, at distance view'd

Appear'd an *angel*: as it near approach'd
A *pair celestial*, in beauty bright,
Display'd at once their brilliant heav'nly forms.

A turtle-dove sat perch'd in either hand,
Which, waving gently, thus they me address'd.
"Wilt thou, that we come nearer, mortal man?

But should'st we thee too near approach, take heed,

Least, thy too feeble pow'rs are overwhelm'd
With the celestial blaze of love and truth,
Which flows from our high heav'n, ineffable,
To those inhabiting your world obscure."
To whom, in humble attitude, I bow'd;
While they approaching, thus divinely spake.
"We are a *pair conjugal*, bless'd in heaven;
Where we have liv'd in all the flower of youth,
Since that bless'd time, on earth, you name

* From the *Latin* term *Conjugiale*, a higher degree of union than is understood by the term *conjugal*, which is from the *Latin* word *Conjugal*.

The *Golden age*." With wonder and delight,
I humbly dar'd to view this matchless pair;
Whose face, and form, and raiment, all display'd

The brightest emblem of *conjugal love*.

In all the bloom of manly youth, appear'd

The *husband*: From his eyes, the sparkling light,

Deriv'd from Wisdom, darted brightest rays;
From whence was radiant from the inmost ground,

His face, refulgent as the shining east,

In all the splendour of celestial truth.

Cloth'd, was he, in an upper robe, which reach'd

In graceful ease, down to his feet: His vest
Of heav'nly blue, round which a golden girdle,
Rich with precious stones, (one grac'd each side,

And one, more bright, the middle grac'd) was girt.

Of shining linnen white, his stockings were,
With threads of silver intermingled bright:
Of velvet were his shoes.

Such was the form
Of *love conjugal*, with the *husband* shewn.

But with the *wife*, can language it describe?
Her face was seen by me, yet was not seen:
As beauty, in its highest form, 'twas seen;—
Because this beauty cannot be express'd,
Not seen; for in her face, shone splendid light,

Such only as the highest heav'n afford;
Dazzling my sight, my mind in wonder lost.
Observing this, she ask'd,—“What seest thou?”

I answer'd thus,—“Nought but *conjugal love*,
And its most perfect form, I see; and yet,
I do not see.” When, lo! she turn'd herself
Obliquely from her *husband's* brilliant form;
Then, only, could my eyes, with safety view
Attentively, her various, countless charms,
Which all the painter's art, to imitate,
Would be in vain: for in all nature's round,
No colours bright and rich enough exist,
Even faintly, to express their vivid hues.

The flaming light of her high native heav'n,
Deriv'd from Wisdom's love, shone in her eyes:—

With diadems and flow'rs, her hair was deck'd,

Arrang'd in correspondence with her beauty.
Carbuncles form'd her necklace; from it hung
A Rosary of rich chrysolites.

Bracelets of pearl she wore: Her upper robe,
Of scarlet was composed; and underneath
A purple stomacher, was clasp'd, in front,
With rubies bright. But what me most amaz'd—

Those colours varied constantly, as she

Her husband view'd. In mutual aspect,
Splendid were their hues; obliquely view'd,
Less brilliant they appear'd.

These beauties mark'd,—
Again of love and truth they me address'd;
And such their union was, that each appear'd
To speak the language of the other, with
voice

That to my ear, in sweetest sounds, convey'd
The bliss, that flows from innocence and
peace.

At length, with heav'n directed eyes, they said
"We are recall'd;—We must from you de-
part."

When lo! again, they instantly appear'd
In chariot bright convey'd, through flow'ring
shrubs,

Through olive groves, and orange-bearing
trees;

Until they near approach'd their native heav'n;
Where, met by virgins of celestial bloom,
They welcom'd were; and then aloft convey'd,
Beyond the sight of keenest mortal eye.

IN MEMORY OF BURNS.

Attend me now, ye sacred nine
And gently smooth the artless line;
Attend, and shed o'er merit's bier,
Lone sorrow's sweet, embalming tear.
Auld Scotia's thistle sighs an mourns
In memory of her long lost Burns;
Each Scottish bard now droops his head,
Since Burns is number'd with the dead.
Nae mair by bonie Doon he'll stray,
Nae mair he'll hear the zephyrs play
Along thy banks at parting day;
At eventide when a' was still
Except some gently purling rill,
Whose wimpling streams wi' pleasant din
Runs down the rock into the lin.
This was the hour thy Poet sought
To wander here in pensive thought,
Inspir'd by yonder rising moon
That glanc'd so clear on bonie Doon.
But oh! nae mair he'll see thee flow,
Nae mair to thee he'll tell his woe;
While sweet the blackbird gently sung,
While all around the woodland rung,
E'en nature seem'd to lisp her thanks
To Burns, upon thy flowery banks.
Ye banks of Ayr an' flowing stream
Nae mair ye'll be your bardie's theme.
Now mournfu' rolling, on ye go,
Nae mair he tells how sweet ye flow.
Ye warbling songsters o' the vale,
Nae mair ye'll hear his rural tale;
Wi' uncouth notes, by nature bred,
Nae mair ye'll charm him in the shade.

Ah Scotia fair, my guide auld mither
Whar waves sae sweet the bloomin' hether,
Is there no bard to tune ye'r lays
Nane left to sing his country's praise,
Nane left to rhyme auld nature's turns,
Wi' cantie strains like Rabie Burns.
Nane left to touch the sacred lyre,
Or climb yon hill wi' fond desire,
Enrapt in wild poetic fire.
Departed bard! art thou no more!
Thou hast fled to a far distant shore,
There to enjoy eternal rest,
By mortals never here possest.
Departed genius! art thou lost?
My country's pride, her greatest boast!
Go, gentle zephyrs, sweetly wave
The binding laurels o'er his grave,
While Fame proclaims on ilka shore
That Scotland's bard is now no more.
Rise youthful Bards where'er ye be,
In native vales, or o'er the sea. H. C.

On the detractors of departed merit.

Strophos, on fretful rancour fed,
With frothy venom strives to blot
The fair fame of the honour'd dead,
But, ere his last, broach'd scandal's read
The former's scorned and forgot.

So have I seen a chattering daw
On CAESAR's passive statue—mute—
Then give a self applauding caw;
But the next shower the seeming flaw
Completely washes out.

EPIGRAMS.

Damon, whom all the world but I, believ'd
The falsest wretch that ever nymph deceiv'd,
According to the presage of my mind
The truest and most faithful youth I find.
Through every little vice I trace the swain,
But still found Honour in his bosom reign.
So Proteus, if a chain but held him fast,
Shook off the beast and prov'd a god at last.

[The following Epigram was written on Sir
Francis Drake, who, it will be recollected,
circumnavigated the globe in the reign of
the "good Queen Bess."]

O, Nature, to Old England still
Continue these mistakes,
Give us for our *Kings* such *Queens*,
And for our * *Duc* such *Drakes*.

Such a liar as Peter I never came nigh,
Put a truth in his mouth it will come out a lie.

* Latin word for *commander*.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street,
Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.] Philadelphia, Saturday, September 6, 1806. [No. 35.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 19.

Et tu, Brute? —

MR. DIARY,

MY thanks too are due to Sulpicius. He has placed himself in the very situation of which I warned every lover of his country and every friend of public freedom to beware, and condescended to close with me upon my own ground. I am gratified, at once with the field on which I am to fight, and with the high respectability of my adversary.

Sulpicius honours me with his cordial approbation of the principal part of my first letter; and he honours me still further, by yielding me the very valuable assistance of his eloquence and acumen, in the cause of which I have there stood up the advocate. His deprecation of the doctrine, that the public servants are not bound to criminate one another, is not only just, but, strangely as the word may sound, well-timed. I have only to wish, that it had been dictated by his knowledge, his judgment and his sentiments, to brand still more distinctly, with the full strength of his pen, the unconstitutional character of the plea of the *special signature*, and the equally unconstitutional conduct of the judge, in not having trampled it under his feet.

But, Sulpicius submits to me, Whether, in my last letter, I have not gone too far, in asserting, That the conduct of the public servants, whatever it might have been, could afford no answer to the indictments preferred against Smith and Ogden?—I think that I have not; that I have not, it was the single object of that letter to show; and, that I have not, I will, in the present, still further attempt to show; rejoicing, as I do, at the very simple form, under which, through the good sense of Sulpicius, I am free to pursue the inquiry.

In the letter referred to, I have said, that in right reasoning, the only argument must be, from the competence to allow, to the defence founded on the allowance. It is here that Sulpicius fairly meets me; he struggles for this competence to allow; he declares, that the defendants had *no other defence*, and that a *better one could not be desired*.

Sulpicius is a bolder champion of messieurs Ogden and Smith than any with whom it has before been my fortune to meet; and, in the same proportion, he is, according to my ideas, a more determined besieger of the public rights. Others are willing to justify those gentlemen, by transferring their imputed guilt to the shoulders of Mr. Jefferson; a deplorable contempt, as I have argued, of the common rules of justice;—but, Sulpicius is not afraid to rest that justification upon principles, as I assert, and shall endeavour to make appear, inconsistent, not only with that constitution

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to which he appeals, but with every other constitution, or form of government, not avowedly despotic.

Others, I repeat, deduce the innocence of messieurs Ogden and Smith from the guilt of the public servants; but Sulpicius founds it on what he supposes to be the constitutional prerogative of the President. He allows the guilt to be a monstrous plea, and so far we are agreed; Sulpicius and myself, therefore, are unembarrassed by any points of discussion to which this view of the case might give birth; our sole subject of controversy is this, that either the President has or has not the prerogative which is bestowed upon him by Sulpicius. If, therefore, I can show that he has not, Sulpicius will immediately allow me, that no defence derived from it could avail the defendants in question. *Nemo dat qui non habet.*

Nor is this all. If my first exception should fail me, I have a second to take. I am prepared to say, to Sulpicius, Either the President has this prerogative or he has it not; and, in either case, the situation of those defendants was neither worse nor better. The question could not bear upon them at all.

When Sulpicius refers to the constitution of the United States, he refers rather to what it is possible he may think it ought to be, than to what it is. I, on the contrary, have nothing to do with what it ought to be; I look only to what it is.

If I am able, and I think it is not very difficult, to discover the spirit and meaning of the American constitution, it has for its first object, its second and its third, to render the President, not a sovereign, but a minister. In every form of government, the sovereignty must be placed somewhere: in the American, it is placed in the Congress. The members of Congress are as much the co-sovereigns of the country, as have been the directors and consuls of France; or the nobles of Venice: the President is their first minister. The constitution of the United States has distinctly recognized this sovereignty, by giving it limitations. Let us compare some of

the prerogatives of the king of Great Britain, with those granted by the constitution to Congress.—He may erect courts of law; he may appoint the judges; he may establish public marts; he may regulate weights and measures; he may coin and ascertain the value of money; he may collect and disburse the public revenue; he may appoint all officers, military and naval; he may send and receive ambassadors; he may make treaties; he may declare war; he may grant letters of marque and reprisal; and he may open and establish ports and havens. Let us hear almost an echo of all this, in the terms of The Constitution of the United States of America, Article I. sect. 8.—*The Congress shall have power To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises; to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States; (but all imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States;) to borrow money on the credit of the United States; to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several states and with the Indian tribes; to establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies, throughout the United States; to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures; to provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States; to establish post-offices and post-roads; to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries; to constitute tribunals inferior to the supreme courts; to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offences against the law of nations; to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water; to raise and support armies (but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years); to provide and maintain a navy; to make rules*

for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces; to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions; to provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia, &c. &c. I pursue no further the enumeration of what is granted or forbidden to the Congress; but, turn next to what the constitution has determined concerning the President, Art. II. sections 2 and 3.—The President shall be commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States and of the militia of the several states, when called into the actual service of the United States; he may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices; and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the United States, except in cases of impeachment. He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two thirds of the senators present shall concur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the supreme court, and all other officers of the United States, whose appointment are not here-in otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but, the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they may think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments. The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of their next session. He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient: he may on extraordinary occasions convene both Houses, or either of them; and, in case of disagreement between them, with respect to the time of adjournment,

he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper: he shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers; he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the United States.

Such are the respective boundaries of the power of the Congress and of the President of the United States; and I hope to be pardoned for having taken so much pains to place beyond controversy what, at first sight, may appear, incontrovertible, that the President is no sovereign, and that every prerogative of sovereignty is lodged in the Congress. But, the prerogative of waging war with foreign nations is one of the highest and most important of sovereign prerogatives; and, if the President have no such prerogatives (and with the three exceptions of those of occasionally convening and adjourning the Congress at his pleasure, and of pardon under certain restrictions, he has none) the question cannot remain, whether he have the prerogative of waging war: if he have not the prerogative of waging war, then, the United States being at peace with the catholic king, he could in no wise afford authority to the expedition of Miranda; and, consequently, what Sulpicius represents as the sole defence of messieurs Ogden and Smith, is lost.

But, Sulpicius is not startled at these difficulties. He believes himself able to maintain, First, That the United States, at the time of the commission of the acts charged upon the defendants, were at war with the catholic king; and, Secondly, that the President actually has a constitutional prerogative, in virtue of which he was able to have given (and according to him, did give) authority to Miranda and his friends. I shall dispose, with what speed I may, of the President's pretended prerogative.

The constitution, it is true, says Sulpicius, gives to Congress exclusively, the right of declaring war; and, again, The power of declaring war was prudently reserved for Congress; but, laying an unaccountable emphasis on the decla-

ration of war, he still contends for the prerogative of the President to commence hostilities, without the authority of the Congress! But, Sulpicius has another resource. Regardless, for a moment, of the letter of the Constitution, he enumerates the functions of the President, and then endeavours to establish by inference the prerogative. *For what purpose, he asks, is he placed on this constitutional eminence? Is it that he may stare at approaching danger, and prepare passively to receive the blow aimed at his country?* The Constitution shall answer these questions for itself. He is placed on this constitutional eminence, that he may be able, *from time to time*, to give to the Congress *information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient*; and, not that he may only stare at approaching danger, and prepare passively to receive the blow aimed at his country; nor, let us add, to fit out foreign expeditions at his pleasure; but, that he may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both houses, or either of them; and, what is something further, that he may be able to do, what he is commanded to do, *TAKE CARE that the laws be faithfully executed.*

In the paragraph before me, Sulpicius takes several inaccurate views, and is guilty of much misrepresentation. He totally misconceives the office of a commander in chief of the army and navy, of whom he speaks as of the *commander in chief of the nation*. A military commander in chief is necessarily an officer purely ministerial. Either he must obey the sovereign, or he is the sovereign himself. He is the commander in chief of the forces; but he is only to lead and employ them as he is ordered. Is the sword, says Sulpicius, to remain in its scabbard, when an invading foe is at the gates of your citadel? I answer, that it is his duty to defend the gates of the citadel; but no more, till he be further commanded. Every soldier is to maintain his post.

But, what have the expressions, *acting on the defensive, repelling the attack of an hostile nation, and an invading foe at*

the gates of your citadel; what have these expressions to do with the expedition against the Caraccas? The answer must depend upon the issue of two very extraordinary arguments, in which I am involved by Sulpicius. I am called upon to show, that there is some distinction between *resistance* and *attack, defence* and *offence*; and that the constitution has not given to the President the prerogative of making war, while it has reserved to Congress that of *declaring it*!

I ask, whether, if it were known that the king of Spain had sent a force against New York, the President would be justified, on that account, in sending, at his own discretion, an expedition against the Philippines? Sulpicius answers, Yes! and, of course, because it is known that the king of Spain has authorized certain offensive acts in Louisiana, the President was free to send an expedition against the Caraccas! This is what Sulpicius calls, acting on the defensive, repelling the attack of an hostile nation, and stemming an invading foe, at the gates of your citadel! This is self-preservation; this is resisting hostility; this is what Sulpicius denominates, in a phrase as new as his doctrine, *active resistance*! But this doctrine of active resistance calls for very serious notice; I shall presently show, that that of non-resistance is not more alarming.

For my own part, the President *being permitted and required to act defensively*, and the prerogative of declaring war being in the Congress, I am of opinion, that on discovering a hostile project against New York, his duty would be fulfilled in providing, as far as means were in his hands, for the actual defence of that city and of the neighbouring coast, and that he would be bound to wait for the attack; that, further, it would be his duty, on so extraordinary an occasion, to convene the Congress; to give to that body *information of the state of the Union*; and to recommend to their consideration such measures as he should *JUDGE expedient*: but, by *active resistance*, Sulpicius, as we have seen, means something very different from all this. The President is not only to *prepare to*

meet, but by active resistance to repel and discomfit them; that is, taking the sovereignty of the country into his hands, he is to employ the public means in whatever way his wisdom may see fit! In this place, Sulpicius talks of prudence and good sense; but, I talk of the American constitution.

Sulpicius allows that what he here teaches is but a construction of the constitution; but, a construction which he believes was put by the present administration, with respect to the measures they have taken as to the Barbary powers. I cannot conveniently avail myself of authentic information upon this subject; but I may safely assert, that if the present administration have acted upon this construction, only three alternatives remain to the Congress; to impeach and punish the persons guilty; to pass a bill of indemnity; or to acknowledge their abdication of their sovereignty, their contempt of the constitution and their treachery to the people.

On what construction, therefore, of the constitution, the present administration has acted, I do not presume to decide; but of what construction it theoretically adopts, I am lucky enough to have tolerably conclusive evidence. To oppose to Sulpicius, I have nothing less than the distinct authority of the head of that administration himself, expressed in his Confidential Message, of the 6th of December, 1805:—‘Considering that Congress alone is constitutionally invested with the power of changing our condition from peace to war, I have thought it my duty to await their authority for using force, IN ANY DEGREE WHICH COULD BE AVOIDED. I have barely instructed the officers, stationed in the neighbourhood of the aggressions, to protect our citizens from violence, and to patrol within the borders actually delivered to us, and not to go out of them, but when necessary to repel an inroad, or to rescue a citizen or his property.’—For barely, we must read, *merely*, which is certainly what the President intended; and, with this emendation, we find him describing a course of conduct precisely constitutional, and such as is a complete defini-

tion of that defensive policy with the pursuit of which, and which alone, he is intrusted by the constitution.

But, admitting that both myself and Mr. Jefferson are erroneous in this view of the provisions of the constitution, let us reduce the theory of Sulpicius to practice, and examine the matter under that aspect. *The constitution, it is true, gives to Congress, exclusively, the power of declaring war.* This Sulpicius allows us. To what end, let him further tell us, did the constitution give this power? and, when it spoke of *declaring war*, what did it mean? Let us suppose the President acting upon Sulpicius’s construction of the constitution. He has heard of aggressions on the part of a foreign power, and the danger is imminent. What does he do upon this *extraordinary occasion*?* Is it his first business to convene the Congress, and to his second to give that Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to *their* consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary or expedient? Does he submit, or does he allow any one else to submit the question, of how these aggressions are to be best received, or whether, justly considered, they be aggressions at all? whether they shall be resented by blows, or deprecated by sacrifices? or, if by blows, by what blows most effectually? Oh, no! he decides all this; he resolves on *active resistance*; he is before hand with the enemy; impatient of attack, he becomes assailant; he equips navies, not to protect the coasts, but to seize colonies; he raises or he marches troops, not to line the shores, not to secure the passes; not to garrison fortresses; not to protect magazines; no, but to embark, to cross seas or mountains; to conquer, to crush, to exterminate; to extend dominion, or to weaken rivals. Well; all this done, the Congress is at length assembled. What follows? The President gives it information of the state of the Union*—and what more?—*Information*; plenty of *information*; information of battles, infor-

* Art. II, sect. 3, ut supra.

mation of conquests, and information of projects. But, what are the measures he recommends to their *consideration*, and of which he only presumes to *judge* that they are necessary or expedient? None; except the declaration of war! His measures are all fixed and in train. He has engaged the country in war; and what remains for the Congress to perform, on this momentous point? why, very rationally, to *declare* upon the fact; to declare to the people and the world, that, after assembling in their hall, and receiving abundant information from the President, in public messages and in confidential messages, they have discovered of a truth, and ventured to declare, that the country—not that it shall or shall not go to war—but, that it is at war; *bonâ fide*, at war! So then, the Congress, instead of composing the sovereign power, is a body which assembles, solely to hear the reports and admire the wisdom of the President, or, if it will, to rail at him! to revile him for what he has done; but not tell him what he shall do, or call him to account for having done more than he was authorized to do at all!

Yes; Sulpicius will dispute this ground. He discovers no absurdity in the reservation of the right to *declare* war to the Congress, while the right of *making* it is abandoned to the President; and the reason of this is the peculiar interpretation which he gives to the *making* of war, an interpretation which I shall have to detect in numerous instances. I believe that I do justice to the sentiments of Sulpicius, when I venture to make this explanation in his name. He thinks that the constitution, in denying to the President the power of *declaring* war, has bound him under this single prohibition, that he shall not be the first to contemplate or commence hostilities; but, that if hostilities be commenced or contemplated by a foreign nation, then he labours under no restraint, but is to adopt what measures he may think proper for counteracting them: this is the latitude which he gives to the defensive system, within the broad limits of which he allows

every thing offensive to range itself. How far this interpretation is consistent with the terms and practice of the American constitution I have endeavoured to show; that it is such as was never understood to come within the meaning of *defence*, I will insult no man's understanding by toiling to prove; that, in the President of the United States, it must tend to nothing but rank despotism, I believe that I can soon make evident.

Let us pause, but for a moment, on the consequence of conceding to this officer the prerogative of entering into what Sulpicius calls active resistance. In giving or yielding to any individual the prerogative of sovereignty, of which, as I have said, this is the most sacred, nations have regarded it as an essential part of their policy to surround the throne with a body of counsellors, men whose influence might check the rashness of the monarch, and whose responsible and vulnerable condition was some pledge for the wisdom and the honesty of his conduct. They have wisely made his own person inviolable; but, they have refused obedience to his commands, and deference for his acts, except when given or done, *by, and with advice*; advice solemnly and formally given. They have made it ascertainable from whom the advice has proceeded; and they have made the adviser responsible for his advice. Now, where are the counsellors, where are the responsible coadjutors of the President of the United States? He has none. But, could the framers of the constitution be thus blind to one of the first safeguards of political liberty? Never! they would have given him counsellors, had they designed him to act the part of a sovereign. No; he has no counsellors, because it is the Congress which is the sovereign; because, for his part, he has only to listen to and obey its orders.* But, if raising upon the basis of the constitution a superstructure

* To their wisdom then I look for the course I am to pursue; and will pursue with sincere zeal that which they shall approve. *President's Confidential Message, Dec. 6th, 1805.*

which it was never designed to support; men should now accord to the President sovereign prerogatives; if they should confide in him the care of the nation and the kingly conduct of her helm, what, I say, must follow? Despotism; nothing but despotism; and beyond this—anarchy! Observe the progress:—Allow the President to act upon his own conscience and wisdom, and upon his own responsibility, and is he not, from that moment, your sovereign? Is he not your arbitrary, despotic, uncontrollable sovereign? After acknowledging his prerogative; what constitutional check have you upon him? He was free to act; you have granted this; and therefore you have granted all: for, should you find fault with his actions, as of course you will; should you threaten to depose him, or menace his personal safety, he must appoint guards, and he must levy troops against you; you threaten him with the scaffold, and he enchains you for his protection; you rebel against his government, and he dragoons you into obedience; or, you slay him in the field, or drag him to the block, and make room for a new dictator; or, struggle through blood and guilt and desolation, to a form of government more wise than that which Sulpicius would persuade you that you possess.

No; if you perceive the evil, or are ashamed of the spectacle of a chief magistrate placed in the situation of the President of the United States; if, with Sulpicius, you think that more extensive powers ought to be conferred, take a better course! Make him at once your sovereign; strip the Congress of its prerogatives, and give them to him. Declare his person sacred, for it will be essential to your liberty; but, make his counsellors and ministers responsible, for that is essential to your liberty also. Be careful not to abandon yourselves to a government where no responsibility is required, or, what is the same, where none can be obtained. Responsible ministers may be at least displaced; but a responsible sovereign must defend himself with the sword. You cannot expect him to put off his sovereignty

whenever a faction shall please to command it; whenever a populace calls for his head, or whenever boys break his windows. With you, the sovereignty is in the Congress; with you therefore it is so far as it ought to be, that it is not responsible; the President, who is merely a minister, who is not to command but to obey; the President is responsible. Once more, never let him be both sovereign and responsible; it is mockery; it is destruction.

Have I succeeded, then, in affording conviction, that neither in the vocabulary of the language, nor in the letter, nor in the spirit of the constitution, nor in the actual nor plain nor possible construction, nor in the principles of sound polity, any foundation can be had for the prerogative assumed by Sulpicius for the President? This is what I have attempted to do, and what I believe myself to have done: I consequently assume it as true. I leave to Sulpicius, or to whoso will undertake it, to reconcile the provisions of the constitution with the dictates of prudence and good sense. I leave to them the wisdom of giving to a body of men the sovereignty; I leave to them the wisdom of reposing the dearest interests of the nation upon the collected shoulders of numerous individuals, who for the most part are scattered over the country, and who take the chair of government only during a few months of the year, as the magistrate, in *John Bull*, dispenses justice only two hours in the day; I leave to them the merits of a government inactive in the moment of peril, until Congress can be called together, by a tardy process of proclamation and summons; I leave to them the advantages or disadvantages of a Presidency rendered incapable of pursuing that magnificent policy which provides for danger before it approaches, which *repels and discomfits an enemy* before he enters the field: this is not my affair; but, I adopt, as the soundest constitutional doctrine, what Sulpicius treats as absurd suppositions, that the President *must lie by*; not only till what he calls (or properly means by) a *formal declaration of war* be made by the hostile

power, but, if need be, still longer; that is, till the Congress shall have returned the declaration; and, expressly I declare, that under the American constitution, he assuredly *must wait until the foe has landed on your shores, or crossed your boundaries, and war is proclaimed, at the sound of the trumpet*; that is, he must wait thus, unless Congress have previously declared war. I know very well, that concerning this expression, *declaration of war*, a new impediment presents itself, to a right understanding between me and Sulpicius; but, of this I shall have so much to say hereafter, that I chuse to be silent here. I must however add, that this restraint under which the President acts, by no means reduces him to the necessity of seeing with inactivity the *territory invaded by a hostile power*. This is one of the misrepresentations of Sulpicius. If the territory be invaded, he is to meet the invader; but he is not to go to the Caraccas in search of him!

If I needed to look around me for multiplied proofs of the utter incongruity of the opinion of Sulpicius, with the letter, theory and practice of the constitution of the United States, I might find one in the very term, *executive*, so offensive to the ear of a foreigner acquainted with the English language, but which is decidedly expressive of the nature of the offices to which it is applied. Of late years, the contagion of speech has led many persons in the English parliament to apply this term, with sufficient stupidity, or a tainted affectation of democracy, to the crown and its ministers; but these do not form the *executive department* of the state, because they do not form merely that; they have higher functions; they are *the government*. On the other hand, in America, it is the Congress which is *the government*; and the department, filled by the President and the other public servants, is strictly the *executive department*. But, must I repeat, that what is merely executive, is not sovereign; or, must I begin my whole story again, and say, that to wage war is the highest prerogative of sovereignty; or, that to be foremost in hostilities, or to engage in foreign hostile

expeditions is, under whatever circumstances, to wage war?

One word more, and I shall then leave this branch of the argument. Sulpicius has mentioned the dispute, to this hour maintained, as to the aggressor, or first mover of offensive war, between Great Britain and France, in the last war. Now, the possible recurrence of this doubt, on similar occasions, is one of the strongest reasons for holding a tight rein over the President of the United States, as to such conduct as may lead the nation into war. It is essential that that power in the state which is sovereign should have the exclusive prerogative of judging for itself, as to when aggressions have really been sustained; and when and in what manner it will resent them. It must not be betrayed into war by the zeal of its servants. Nor can any thing be more weighty nor more clear than a second subject for consideration; the prudence of withholding from such servants the prerogative of entering upon offensive enterprizes, though there be imposed on them the duty of performing what is strictly defensive. Not only were the party with this prerogative a party with sovereignty; not only might it embroil the nation in war against the will, and even without the knowledge of the sovereign; but, all this apart, the policy of foreign expeditions, of what military men call diversions, and of what ambitious men call acquisitions, is commonly questionable, and always entitled to discussion; but, the policy of home defence, of a *levy pro aris et focis*, never.* This principle therefore erected into a rule of conduct, the sovereign members of the Congress may disperse themselves over the continent, as a merchant may leave his counting-house, satisfied that

* The sense of the committee was, neither to make war, nor to purchase peace; but to provide for the defence of our actual territory. On this point they conceived there could be but one sentiment, whatever difference of opinion might exist as to the wisdom of pledging the nation to protect its flag in remote seas, or its ability to afford such protection.

Decima.

those who act under them will pursue the ordinary and indispensable routine of business, and equally satisfied that they will undertake no adventures. For the officers of government to watch over the actual territory of the state, and to defend it if attacked, is no more than for a clerk to receive the debts due to his master, to take care that his paper be honoured, and to lock his door against thieves; but, if the former, availing themselves of the resources in their hands, launch into questionable acts, it is the same as if the latter, lured by some dazzling speculation, undertook to trade for their master, by putting out his property, and thus afforded him the chance of returning to empty coffers and a ruined credit. In all matters of speculation, it is the sovereign that must rule; and the President is not the sovereign.

Away then, with the President's pretended prerogative! away with all pretensions founded on its existence! Let us now see what will become of Sulpicius's second topic of defence, that war *virtually, and de facto* existed between Spain and the United States; or, that *we have been actually at war with Spain, and were so, when the Leander was fitted out at New York.*

If any perfection of the reasoning faculty could preserve a man from drawing false conclusions from false premises, I know not within what bounds I should be able to restrain my language, when I attempt a reply, arduous as the task necessarily must be, to assertions so preposterous. The country was at war! but the constitution says, that Congress has the exclusive power of declaring war; and where is the declaration of Congress? The country was at war! but the President told general Miranda that the country was not at war; that it was not prepared to go to war. The country was at war! but consuls and diplomatic ministers reciprocally resided in it, and in that of the enemy. The country was at war! but commercial intercourse subsisted in its accustomed state; the ports were not shut against the enemy, nor were the ports of the enemy shut.

I have already availed myself of the very important public letter of Decius, in the good faith of which I, with Sulpicius, put reliance. But to this letter Sulpicius refers me, for proof positive that at the time the *Leander* was fitted out at New York we were actually at war with Spain, and that the President acted un-

der that impression. If the President's word is to be taken, I have already shown, on his authority, that he did not act under that impression; but, let us look into this letter, for further proof that the country was at war!

The country was at war! What then was the object of the President's Confidential Message? To put the Congress in possession of this important secret? No; but to submit to its deliberations the state of the Union with regard to Spain, and to enable it to determine whether the country should be at war or not! Did the President say the country was already at war? So far from it, that even with respect to the time present and the future, he was of opinion, that at the crisis in which he wrote, a settlement of the differences between this country and Spain might be obtained, simply by assuming a manly attitude. FORMAL WAR IS NOT NECESSARY; it is NOT PROBABLE THAT IT WILL FOLLOW; but the protection of our citizens, the spirit and honour of our country require that force should be interposed in a certain degree. It will probably contribute to advance the object of peace; that is, to maintain peace.

Thus far the President, and the impressions under which he acted; but, under what impressions did the congress act? Did it open its eyes to the war in which the country was engaged, and proceed to what alone was left it, a discussion on the means of carrying it on, or of bringing it to a conclusion? No; the Congress, dull to all which is so clear to Sulpicius, stupidly formed a committee—to inquire whether it would be proper to go to war or not! After the patient's leg was off, as Sulpicius says it was, they were to decide, whether the amputation should take place! But this might be a misapprehension of the mere mob of Congress; let us look to the proceedings of the committee. Did the committee dive into the truth? Was the committee aware that the country was at war? Not a whit! The committee saw, in the multiplied aggressions of Spain, ample cause of war, on the part of a government with which the welfare of its citizens was not paramount to every other consideration; but conceiving that the true interest of the American people (which alone it behoved them to consult) required peace, they forbore to recommend offensive measures. The sense of the committee was, neither to MAKE WAR, nor purchase peace, but to provide for the DEFENCE OF OUR ACTUAL TERRITORY, which the highest authority had announced to have been violated; and to be menaced with fresh invasion.* So then, the committee, not only did not regard the country as at war, but did not think it proper that it should go to war; and this committee imagined that there is some line of distinction between providing for the defence of our actual territory and making war. It thought it possi-

* Decius.

ble to do the one, and at the same time leave the other undone! Perverse committee!

From the letter of Decius then, I learn, upon fresh evidence, that at the time the Leander was fitted out at New York, neither the Congress, nor the committee of the Congress, regarded the country as at war! But, all these might be mistaken. I learn then, further, that the country could not be at war, because at that very time it was deliberating upon the question of peace or war! If there be a shade of difference between any two things upon this earth, there must be something of the kind between the state of war, and that state in which it is matter of choice whether to be at war or not.—And this is the letter to which Sulpicius refers me, for proof that the country was at war!

There were no end to the ridicule which the maintenance of such an opinion excites; but I prefer the more gracious task of discovering to my adversary his error. Let others giggle at Torquatus as he passes; I will take him by the hand, and tell him that his wig is hind-part-before. To what then are we to attribute it, that a writer, like Sulpicius, can be found in so extraordinary a situation? To this alone, that he entirely forgets the meaning of the word *war*, as well as it stands in the vocabulary, as in its political acceptation. When the Scotchman described the nightingale with all the characteristics of the owl, it was not because his mind was deranged, or his ear false, or his eye disordered; but because he mistook the bird. In like manner, Sulpicius mistakes *war*; and, after this, all the rest is rational. When a schoolmaster flogs a scholar, or a negro-driver a slave, does Sulpicius say there is a battle? To constitute a battle, there must be an interchange of blows; to constitute war, reciprocal hostilities. A state of suffering is not the same thing with a state of war. Can a nation be in a state of war unless it be in a state of violence? and can it be in a state of violence, when it is in a state of submission or of quiet; when it is merely contemplating the injuries it receives, and revolving in its mind the course it shall pursue? War is an active, not a passive condition. It is always in our choice; it cannot be forced upon us; no conduct of a foreign nation can place us in a state of war against our will. Napoleon forces no nation to go to war with him; he marches into its territory, and seats himself in its capital; but he reproaches it with the waste of human blood, when, on these accounts, it ceases to be at peace. A man may be forced to receive a drubbing; but he cannot be forced to fight: to receive the stroke is one thing; to strike again is another; but, Sulpicius gives to both the same denomination. According to him, a nation may at once be impassible and at war!

No conduct of a foreign nation can place us in the state of war, against our will. Suppose

that instead of the still doubtful hostility of Spain, (though perhaps not doubtful aggressions,) the most unequivocal facts were before the world: Suppose that to-morrow we receive intelligence of a declaration of war on the part of the court of Madrid, and of the issue of letters of marque and reprisal against our commerce. What then? Is this country necessarily at war with Spain? Assuredly not; it is still free to maintain its peace; it may still refrain from hostilities; if submissions be required, it may make them; if tribute or contribution is wanted, it may give it; if territory be demanded, it may cede it; if a foreign yoke is to be fastened, it may bow the neck. It cannot be forced into war. At this juncture, not a post arrives, but might afford me examples of what I describe, in the passing events of Europe.

Sulpicius looks at the Spanish aggressions, and finds in them war; the committee, more correctly, looks at those aggressions, and finds—*ample cause of war*. This, in truth, is all that Sulpicius sees, and all that he mistakes for war. But, if foreign aggression could place this country in a state of war, with what nation is it at peace? If Spain aggress in Louisiana, does France never aggress in the West Indies? and, of the aggressions of Great Britain, we hear not less than of those of Spain. America, therefore, is at war alike with Spain, France, and Great Britain; or, she is at war with neither. If Sulpicius be right, Mr. Jefferson's administration has been one of the most warlike upon record!

But, to show still further with what certainty we may pronounce on the error of Sulpicius, let us look at its frightful operation in practice; its total national disorganization; for it is not one of the least singular circumstances in the letter of Sulpicius, that he is alternately the advocate of principles which establish despotic government, and of those which take from the government all control over the people; so unsettled is his theory of polity, or so little does he apply that theory, in the present momentous inquiry. The act of the Congress, under which messieurs Smith and Ogden were indicted, renders it a crime to begin, set on foot, or provide or prepare the means for any military expedition or enterprise, to be carried on from the United States, against the territory or dominions of any foreign prince or state, *with whom the United States are at peace*. In consequence, to make such an expedition or enterprise criminal, there is but this sole requisite, that it be against a foreign prince or state, *with whom the United States are at peace*; but, according to Sulpicius, whenever there be cause of war (which is always matter of opinion) whenever there be aggressions (real or supposed, and always susceptible of explanation, accommodation, &c.) whenever there be cause of war, malgré the exclusive prerogative of the Con-

gress, the whole nation, one and all, President* and populace,† are free to go to war! But, the exercise of this freedom, in the President, is despotism, and in the people, anarchy.

To what end is government established, but to act for the whole nation, according to its clearest perceptions and honest intentions, for the common good? and by what means can it effect this object, but by the people's faithful and entire concurrence in its views, and at least passive obedience to its decisions? but by its exercise of efficient control over all those transactions of individuals in which the state is interested?—But, Sulpicius presents us with the monstrous picture of a government deliberating on the course it shall pursue, and a handful of citizens resolved; of a government willing perhaps to make sacrifices, or proposing perhaps to gain time, and of two or three individuals who take the business into their hands, will part with nothing, and precipitate every thing; of a government possibly determined to preserve peace, and of John, Dick and Harry determined to go to war!—I pay my money and give my support to government, and to government I look for the conduct of the nation; on its wisdom I rely for the maintenance of peace, on its vigour for the prosecution of war; I study its temper; I gather its reports; I hear its decisions; and I freight my vessels accordingly; I calculate on my own security; I contemplate the pros-

* It is the duty of the President *whenever* he has grounds to believe that hostile preparations are making by a foreign power, not only to prepare to meet, but by *active* resistance to repel and discomfit them.—Actual hostilities were committed by the Spaniards, on our frontiers, not proceeding from the intemperance of the commander of a company, or the governor of a province, but with the knowledge and under the direction of the Spanish government. We all regarded our situation in relation to Spain as a hostile one. Such was the opinion dictated by the common sense of this nation, on a view of the passing conduct of the officers and subjects of that. That such was the opinion of the President too, manifestly appears in his official communication to Congress at the opening of the session, and, *under the influence of this opinion*, it was his duty to wound the adversary and to weaken him! Is he then to be blamed for favouring the enterprize of Miranda? Was it not good policy, was it not his duty, to divert the hostile intentions of Spain, by encouraging this attack on her colonies? *Sulpicius.*

† And the defendants were consequently not guilty of any offence under the act of Congress! They come within the proviso expressed by Mr. Jefferson himself in his conversation with Miranda, "they have not infringed any law of the United States." *Sulpicius.*

perity of my country: but, no; I am deceived; I have followed an *ignis fatuus*: I have mistaken the lighthouse; the government is not where I supposed; my next door neighbour, or some planter, or some pedlar, in the remotest corner of the empire, decides on peace and war; what I have called the government would have had it one way, but he has had it the other! Good God! in what a situation does Sulpicius place the Congress of these states! It is to that body that the people look for the management of their affairs; it is their reputation, their feelings, their lives perhaps that are at stake; but to-day the President, and to-morrow Smith and Ogden, and the next day some labourer on the wharfs or on the highway, will plunge the country into war, prepared or unprepared, willing or unwilling!

Look closely at the case before us. Sulpicius and Smith and Ogden regard our situation in relation to Spain as an hostile one, and think it good policy to divert the hostile intentions of the latter by encouraging this attack on her colonies. They would have applauded the President had he gone much farther than he did; and they are ready for the last means of vengeance. Now, what are the coexistent sentiments of the committee of Congress, and of the Congress itself?—The committee saw in the aggressions of Spain ample cause for war; so far they agree with Sulpicius, Ogden and Smith; but their politics soon differ widely: they saw cause of war, provided they had had to conduct the affairs of state upon any principle except that of regarding the welfare of its citizens as paramount to every other consideration. So then, though they thought there was ample cause of war, they did not think war consistent with the welfare of the citizens! This is certainly a point of some importance, and one on which it appears they thought differently from Sulpicius, Ogden and Smith. Their conduct is strictly conformable: Conceiving that the true interest of the American people (which alone it behooved them to consult) required peace, they forbore to recommend offensive measures!!! They believed it to be our policy to reap the neutral harvest!—The sense of the committee was, not to make war, but solely to provide for the defence of our actual territory.—On this point they concurred there could be but one sentiment, whatever difference of opinion might exist as to the wisdom of pledging the nation to protect its flag in remote seas, or its ability to afford such protection.* If we look to the Congress itself, so far from opposing this sentiment of its committee, we find it voting money, for the purpose, not of commencing or carrying on a war, but of accommodating differences!

Far be it from me to decide, when doctors disagree! I do not pretend to determine what is and what is not the true interest of the Ameri-

* Decius.

can people; but, I cannot avoid remarking how much at variance are the opinions of the two great councils; Sulpicius, Ogden and Smith, and the Congress of the United States! And what avails it, that we call the latter the government, if the former is to fit out expeditions for the *last means of vengeance*, while this resolves to abstain from all *offensive measures*? And how agreeable must have been the meeting of the President and Congress, had he diverted the intentions of Spain, by encouraging an attack on her colonies, and then found the policy of the Congress to be that of entering into no *offensive measures*? And what, after all, is the situation of Congress, with the peace of the country already compromised, with its policy already perhaps frustrated, by this diversion?

For, let no man presume to say, that he can calculate on the issue of what relates to America in the expedition of Miranda; much depends upon Miranda's success; but more on the will and power of France. If Miranda perish or be repulsed, the insignificance of the consequences may prevent particular notice of the enormous aggression committed in this affair, by America on Spain;—men think of effects more than of principles; but, if a small or a great revolution should result; if France should choose to resent this aggression, for what has she not been afforded the pretext? She tells the people of Switzerland, that if their landammann will wink at the introduction of British manufactures, and if France choose to regard this as an act of direct hostility, they can have nothing to call injustice in her conduct, if she should spread her armies from one limit of their mountains to the other, and make a conquest of the whole. Let me be answered, with how much increase of force may she not one day apply this reasoning to America? Nor is the argument a false one; for, except with certain politicians, the act of the government is held to be the act of the subject; and the act of the subject, being one controllable by the government, to be the act of the government itself. The act of Miranda and his associates, with respect to America is precisely of the same nature with what is pretended to be that of general Brady, with respect to Austria; and, for the offence of Brady, Austria is denied Brannau and all the strength of her western frontier!

The essential policy then, of confining to the government the sole authority for offensive operations, I assume as granted. It is a policy for which I may refer, and I refer with peculiar pleasure, to the example of the Shawanoes. On a late occasion, they have informed an American governor, that finding the peace of the nation compromised by the acts of straggling parties, they have resolved on assembling all those parties into one band, for the better control of their conduct. But, to this policy, so obvious, that I grow weary while I write

on it, and fear to be thought idle in asserting, to this policy Sulpicius is in direct opposition.

It is in direct opposition to this policy, that he contends for the utility of the President's message, in behalf of messieurs Ogden and Smith. It is in direct opposition to this policy that more than half his language, and all his principles are conceived. He tells us that *we all regarded our situation in relation to Spain as an hostile one*; he talks of *opinions* of the nation and of the President; and of those *opinions* as making it a duty to wound the adversary; he puts into the hands of the people and the President, and into any but those of the government, the *policy* of peace and war!

With respect to the message, Sulpicius proceeds upon a principle, which if received, must eradicate this policy, root and branch; that is, must remove at once all the ligatures by which men are formed into a nation; must put an end to every form of government (even that of the Shawanoes); must scatter us as unconnected individuals, and take from us all title to a national name. It is an acknowledged inconvenience of a free government (however counterbalanced) that the information; and the views, and the projects of the rulers must, for the most part, be made matters of public notoriety: hence, the national arm is weakened at home, and the enemy prepared for the blow. But, what are these evils to those which must follow, if it be conceded that individuals are as free to enter into political measures as the government itself? If it shall be conceded that, after establishing, by the acts of government, the state of the nation; they are free to do whatever their sentiments of that state may dictate? If Ogden and Smith, after showing, on the authority of the President, that the nation was aggrieved, shall be held free to undertake its cause? What is all this, but frightful! What is all this, but complete disorganization?

But, Sulpicius is still of opinion, that *we have been actually at war*; and he does well to stickle for this point, though he do not appear to be aware of what I may call, its all-importance. I shall give him one further answer, and no more. The neglect, in the modern practice of states, of *declarations of war*, constitutes one of the windings of that labyrinth

* It is thus that Sulpicius incessantly confounds things. In the same sentence, and as one question, he asks, *Was it not good policy*, was it not his duty, to divert the hostile intentions of Spain, by encouraging this attack on her colonies?—Nothing can be more distinct than the questions on what might be *good policy* in the state, and what is the *duty* of the President. What is *his* duty, the President is to do; what is *good policy*, it is for the Congress to decide, and for the latter *with sincere zeal, to pursue*.

in which Sulpicius is lost. Because all wars have not been preceded by *declarations*, he is very rightly of opinion, that states may be at war, though no declaration be made; but he founds, on this proposition, others as false as this true. He infers, that it was in the want of a *declaration* only that the situation of America resembled that of peace, and he says, that war has often subsisted without such declaration. He infers, that to issue such declaration is to become the original aggressor, and he says, that it is in default of such declaration, that we dispute on the propriety of applying this term to France or to Great Britain; he infers that to issue such declaration is to become the *original aggressor*, and he says, that this is the sole power exclusively given to the Congress! This at least, is all I am able to understand by the language of Sulpicius; for he lays much stress on the precise word, *declare*, and he allows the President to aggress, after aggression received.

But, to *declare* war is to *make* war, and to make war is, indifferently, to begin, or to return offensive operations; and this is the sovereign prerogative vested exclusively in Congress. War may be declared by actions, not less than by words. Publicists even expressly speak of things *tantamount to a declaration of war*; and every state is allowed to regard as an *aggression*, as a declaration, or as what is tantamount to a declaration. In general, the issuing of letters of marque and reprisal is the signal, and is regarded as a signal or a declaration; and a sufficient declaration it certainly is. Now the issuing of letters of marque and reprisal is distinctly reserved to Congress, and consequently all acts of hostility, and *a fortiori* all the more violent aggressions; but, if aggressions and acts of hostility be declarations of war, then they are forbidden to the President.

Thus then I am entitled to assume, that the country was not, as Sulpicius says it was, at war with Spain at the time of the fitting out of the *Leander*; and that it was not, as Sulpicius says it was, the duty, nor even an allowable act of the President to favour Miranda's enterprize. It follows, that the defendants could be entitled to no benefit from the defence which Sulpicius represents as their sole defence, but which is founded on falsehood, in all its parts; it is false as it contradicts the fact required by the statute; * and false as it depends on the constitution.

* If any person shall within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, begin or set on foot, or provide or prepare the means for any military expedition or enterprize to be carried on from thence against the territory or dominions of any foreign prince or state with whom the United States are at peace, every such person so offending shall, upon conviction, be adjudged guilty of a high mis-

But, I have already promised Sulpicius a very singular concession; and I shall make him more than one. Either the President has the prerogative contended for, or he has not; either the country was at peace with Spain, or it was not.

Now, if the President have not the prerogative, then his participation could be nothing but guilt; and his guilt cannot constitute the innocence of Messieurs Ogden and Smith: then, therefore, so much of the defence is at end.

But, if the President have the prerogative, then it is incumbent on him to exercise it with some formality; then all persons acting upon it, must provide themselves with such warrants, under his hand, or under that of some other duly authorized responsible person, that so, when called upon to answer the laws, they may be able to establish the innocence they derive from this participation. It cannot be suffered for a moment to end in a vague and hear-say story of the President's commands or wishes: they must show his warrants; and, what is more, we must be able to discover in the statute-books the forms of warrants or other satisfactory papers as may have been prescribed by the Legislature. It cannot be suffered for a moment, that while a constable is to be asked for the warrant under which he subjects a citizen to the most trifling restraint or coercion, an individual is to do that which may injure and even ruin a people, upon pretended and unproved and irregularly exercised authority. For a constable to say, that he has the consent of the magistrate, will never avail him. In a word; if this prerogative be known to the constitution, then it is known to the legislature; and if it be known there, let me be shown the forms under which it is ordered to be exercised, and let me be shown that those forms have been complied with. The President's prerogative is therefore, even upon this ground, wholly out of the question.

But, either the country was at peace, or it was not. If the country were at peace, then it is admitted that the President's participation could not be lawful. But, what if I show, that if the country were at war, then his participation is not necessary, and therefore need not be mentioned? What if I further show, that if it were at war, his participation would be as unlawful as if it were at peace?

If it be said that the country was at war with Spain, then the act of Messieurs Ogden

demeanor, and shall suffer fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the court in which conviction shall be had, so as that such fine shall not exceed three thousand dollars, nor the term of imprisonment be more than three years. *Act of June 5, 1794. Vol. III, p. 88, Sect. V.*

and Smith is not the act described by the statute; the expedition was not *against any foreign prince or state with whom the United States are at peace*. In consequence, they could have needed from the President no protection against the laws.

If it be said that the country was at war, then the President's power, with respect to an offensive operation like that of Miranda's, was neither more nor less than if it were at peace.

Still the same error with Sulpicius! Still the President is his sovereign!—But, what would Mr. Jefferson, or what would any constitutional President of the United States have done, had Miranda opened his project during a war with Spain? Wherefore did Miranda open his project to Mr. Jefferson? To gain his personal approbation? no; but to gain governmental assistance. Now, when asked for this assistance, what would a President of the United States have done?—Would he on his own authority have employed the resources of the nation in an expedition against the Caraccas? Assuredly not; had Congress not been sitting, and had he deemed the proposal sufficiently important to the country, he would even have convened that sovereign body for the occasion; but, under all circumstances, to that and to that alone, he would have submitted the policy of entering into the scheme of Miranda; and from that, and that alone, could Miranda and his associates have derived any national assistance. Without the Congress, being at war, they might have obtained letters of marque and reprisal; but, beyond these, nothing.—To issue letters of marque and reprisal is the exclusive prerogative of the Congress; and is it to be believed that the President, who may not do this, may do much more?

It must now be evident (what I chose to demonstrate before I assumed,) that all which is said by Sulpicius of the President, however important as a constitutional question, is entirely disconnected with the defence of Messieurs Ogden and Smith. If he have the prerogative, there must be some legal forms for its exercise, and those forms must be complied with; if he have it in war, he must have it equally in peace, and the truth is that he has it neither in the one nor in the other; his participation could be nothing but guilt; his approbation, nothing at all; and, hence, *The conduct of the public servants, whatever it might have been, could afford no answer to the indictment preferred against either colonel Smith or Mr. Ogden.*

The single question therefore is, were the United States at war with Spain, when the *Leander* was fitted out at New York? Sulpicius himself asks the question: *Were the United States at peace with Spain?* and he answers it, as he believes, by asking a second: *Had she not committed hostilities upon us?* But,

that *she* had committed hostilities upon *us*, is no proof that *we* were not at peace with *her*. To be at war with *her*, *we* must have committed, be committing, or determined to commit hostilities against *her*.

This however, Sulpicius represents as the defence of the defendants, to which he adds; that they had *no other defence*. If this be so, messieurs Ogden and Smith have been wrongly acquitted; but, this is a trifling evil, when compared with the ruinous principles upon which it was done, or which are raised upon its foundation. I reiterate with entire satisfaction, whatever I may have said in my former letter.

Yet, under this head, in one point, I have to correct myself. I have judged too favourably of the public servants. I had thought them guilty only of neglect, where vigilance would have become them. I despised their meanness, and I detested men, who placed as the advance-guard of the nation, had failed to give alarm when danger was to be apprehended; but, in referring to the act of the Congress on which messieurs Smith and Ogden were indicted, I find their guilt infinitely greater than I supposed. It is expressly provided, in that act, that the President shall have power to seize, or cause to be seized, any vessel fitted out under the circumstances in which the *Leander* was fitted:* it was therefore a high misdemeanor not to do so. According to

* In every case in which a vessel shall be fitted out and armed, or attempted to be so fitted out or armed, or in which the force of any vessel of war, cruiser, or other armed vessel shall be increased or augmented, or in which any military expedition or enterprise shall be begun or set on foot contrary to the provisions and prohibitions of this act; and in every case of the capture of a ship or vessel within the jurisdiction or protection of the United States as above defined, and in every case in which any process, issuing out of any court of the United States, shall be disobeyed or resisted by any person or persons having the custody of any vessel of war, cruiser, or other armed vessel of any foreign prince or state, or of the subjects or citizens of such prince or state: *In every such case it shall and may be lawful for the President of the United States, or such other person as he shall have empowered for that purpose, to employ such part of the land or naval forces of the United States, or of the militia thereof, as shall be judged necessary for the purpose of taking possession of, and detaining any such ship or vessel, with her prize or prizes, in the cases in which restoration shall have been adjudged, and also for the purpose of preventing the carrying on of any such expedition or enterprise from the territories of the United States against the territories or dominions of a foreign prince or state with whom the United States are at peace.*

some facts which have been disclosed, they have likewise offended against the provisions contained in the very section on which messieurs Smith and Ogden were indicted; if the story of the ordinance be true, it may yet be possible to prove, that they had some share in PROVIDING or PREPARING the means for a military expedition or enterprize, to be carried on from the United States against the territory or dominions of a foreign prince or state with whom the United States are and were at peace. These are grounds, therefore, for two articles of impeachment. The one cannot but be sustained, whatever may become of the other. The Congress will not, cannot, but by that baseness which more than half meets slavery, neglect them. Every member of the House of Representatives will support them; and the Senate, in trying the accused, will be careful to avoid that path of besotted ignorance, or unqualified infamy, in which it is so cruelly represented that the juries of New York have trod.

CONCANGIUS.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

DIDDIN, who is so much at home as a song writer *on deck*, is not less easy on shore. The following ballad is very easy and sprightly, and the week's journal of a giddy girl will divert our readers.

Lectur'd by Pa and Ma o'er night,
Monday at ten, quite vex'd and jealous,
Resolv'd in future to be right,
And never listen to the fellows,
Stitch'd half a wristband, read the text,
Receiv'd a note from Mrs. Racket:
I hate that woman, she sat next,
All church time, to sweet captain Clackit.

Tuesday got scolded, did not care,
The toast was cold, 'twas past eleven;
I dreamt the captain through the air
On Cupid's wings bore me to Heaven:
Pouted and dined, dressed, looked divine,
Made an excuse, got Ma to back it,
Went to the play, what joy was mine,
Talked loud and laugh'd with captain Clackit.

Wednesday came down, no lark so gay,
The girl's quite alter'd, said my mother,
Cried Dad, I recollect the day
When, deeree, thou wert such another.
Danced, drew a landscape, skimmed a play,
In the paper read that widow Placket
To Gretna Green had run away,
The forward minx, with captain Clackit.

Thursday fell sick; poor soul she'll die;
Five doctors came with lengthened faces,
Each felt my pulse; ah me, cried I,
Are these my promis'd loves and graces?
Friday grew worse; cried Ma, in pain,
Our day was fair, heaven do not black it;
Where's your complaint, love? In my brain.
What shall I give you—captain Clackit.

Early next morn a nostrum came
Worth all their cordials, balms and spices,
A letter, I had been to blame.
The captain's truth brought on a crisis.
Sunday, for fear of more delays,
Of a few clothes I made a packet,
And Monday morn stept in a chaise,
And ran away with captain Clackit.

The ensuing ballad by the same ingenious writer is another proof of the versatility of his powers.

Walk in, walk in, each beau and belle,
Here wisdom, virtue, truth, we sell,
Nay, think not I a falsehood tell,
I deal not, sir, in raillery.
I deal in wigs, a curious ware,
In which grey, red, black, brown and fair
May suit their features to a hair,
In this our gay wig gallery.
The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig,
When pertly parsons claim their pig,
Or guttling alderman look big,
I do not say they are not wise,
I only say, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom's in the wig.

See in this jazey what a twirl,
'Twill suit a young or ancient girl,
Sly Cupids lurk in every curl,
The ribband Venus zone is;
Rouse then, old man, throw by your staff,
Regard not how your neighbours laugh,
When but a guinea and a half
Can make you an Adonis.
The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig,
Be of the ton a natty sprig,
The thing, the tippy and the twig,
Nor heed who are the truly wise,
For after all, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom's in the wig.

Cries Verjuice, pointing at the play,
Is that your wife, intriguing, pray?
Oh no, my lovey's hair is grey,
That woman's hair is flaxen.
Then say, who would not be a wife,
To lead an unsuspected life,
And cure all foul and jealous strife,
By wearing of a caxon?
The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig,
Then hey for fun and rig and gig.
Who for dull moral cares a gig?
'Tis useless to be truly wise,
For after all, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom's in the wig.

Thus arm'd, you lovers do not spare :
 At will a hedge hog, or a bear,
 A Freizland hen, a Flanders mare,
 Whate'er you wish well suits us.
 The lawyer's flaw shall find a patch,
 A bob the knowing head shall thatch,
 The henpeck'd husband wear a scratch,
 His wife, a monstrous Brutus.
 The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig,
 Who'd in the mines of learning dig,
 Or Heliconian potions swig,
 Or study to be truly wise,
 When, after all, in vulgar eyes,
 The wisdom's in the wig.

For the Port Folio.

[He, who has ever heard the cheerful chorus to the following Sea Song, will smile when he reads it here.]

I am a jolly roving tar,
 Fearing neither wound nor scar,
 And many a tightish breeze I've seen
 When the grog is giving out,
 At a bottle or a boozing bout,
 Tom never was a lubber to give in.
 On shore, my hearts, on board a ship
 Good humour with me keeps a trip.
 'Tis yeo, yeo, drink and kiss the lasses,
 Drink away—that's your play,
 Fal de ral, yeo, yeo,
 Drink away and kiss the lasses.

Fitted out a cruiser tight,
 In a breeze I take delight,
 And fighting's my fair weather, I allow;
 Just like new ones at a play,
 We tars have such a taking way,
 We always take the enemy in tow,
 Fearing neither fin nor wing,
 At our guns we gaily sing
 Yeo, yeo, &c.

The grog I love you know's my boast
 And was I every heart to toast
 That leads Britannia's crew to victory—
 Make the sea grog, their health to quaff,
 Before that I could drink them half,
 I'm sartin that the ocean would be dry.
 So here goes what the world appals,
 Old England and her wooden walls.
 Yeo, yeo, &c.

ON A COURTESAN.

Before enjoyment lovers cry,
 Of Cupid's fiery darts they die;
 Yet, once possess, the fair complains
 No spark of all the flame remains;
 The swain that tries this lovely dame
After enjoyment, finds the flame.

LINES.

When Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
 Some lurking ill and hidden mischief near;
 Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
 And, arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepar'd:
 Fickle and false to others she may be;
 I can complain but of her constancy!

ADMONITION TO THE LADIES.

Myrtilla, rising with the dawn,
 Steals roses from the blushing morn,
 But when Myrtilla sleeps till tea,
 Aurora steals them back again.

TO OUR READERS.

Although the summer solstice is past, yet our readers may exclaim that the Editor by a queer kalendar of his own invention, has contrived that the *longest DAY* in the year should appear on the 6th of *September*. Seriously, the vast importance of the subject, the high interest the public take in the discussion, and the absolute necessity, as well as perfect propriety of sometimes obliging our political friends, have stimulated us to devote almost all our pages to the elaborate essay of *CONCANGIUS*. He has ably analyzed his subject, and though prolix, he is never tedious. To *SULPICIUS* and to him we give our plaudits for the dexterity with which they wield the quarter-staff of controversy. The public will award the prize.

Non nostrum est tantas componere lites

Our lounging and literary friends, who may be terrified by the view, in long perspective, of a vast plain of politics may be consoled by the assurance that next week they shall wander again in the *GARDEN OF VARIETY*.

Of a great number of very valuable papers from our most respectable correspondents, we are obliged to postpone the publication for the present. Let not the authors be impatient. Their literary offspring, like the editor's are equally rocking in the cradle of repose; but, like other tidy children, they shall go abroad, and court public notice, on the first genial day.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.] Philadelphia, Saturday, September 13, 1806. [No. 36.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 175.

'For great perfections are like heav'n,
'Too rich a present to be given;
'Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
'To be perform'd without hard duty,
'Which when they're nobly done and well,
'The simple natural, excel.
'How fair and sweet the planted rose,
'Beyond the wild, in ridges, grows!
'For without art the noblest seeds
'Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.'

BUTLER.

THE maxim of Cato has of late been completely without a professor, and the French principle, *mieux être que paraître*, is now regarded with wonder by an incredulous world, which has advanced too far in the arts of refinement and elegance, not to know that appearances are to be consulted before realities. Style has thrown off its Spartan brevity, since wise men have learned that arguments are never efficacious without the polish of artificial ornament; modern edifices are constructed rather with a design to dazzle the fancy than to gratify a Gothic taste, or to afford the obsolete advantages of convenience and stability; and in the decorations which grace the belle or dignify the courtier, not excellence, but magnificence is consulted. Why then should the mind display its native deficiencies, while those of every inferior object are concealed by an impenetra-

ble veil? Proportionably to the progress of time, does the world advance in accomplishments, or rather, does it recede from that humility, which characterizes savage life. In every thing, therefore, it should be our endeavour to avoid an approach to other animals—to adorn our manners with apparent philanthropy, and our countenance with eternal smiles, as we do our persons with the habiliments of fashion: we should be able, where our interests require, to receive with open arms the worst of men, and welcome with cordiality those for whom we entertain the deadliest enmity.

An illustrious ancestor of mine, from whom I am not separated by many generations, has certainly benefited mankind by his directions and example, in the art of concealing the natural feelings of the soul, more than ever did the Stagyrite by his discoveries in philosophy or his disquisitions on moral science. To point out an agreeable path to respectability and honors, which had before been attained by the thorny road of candor and sincerity, was a task worthy of immortal fame. If in the way he sometimes trampled on insulted virtue, or violated the precepts of a stale morality, these trifling inconveniences were soon forgotten, when the means were sanctified by the reward that waited on the glorious end.

The principles of good breeding are not to be found in the catalogue of nature; a disregard to their dictates would not only involve us in continual

T

broils, but would interpose an insuperable bar to the progress of refinement, and the improvements in knowledge; and, if good breeding and natural conduct are opposed to each other, we cannot surely hesitate which to choose. What wretches should we be, if the feelings, uncontrolled by art, were allowed the free expression—if every one declared the sentiments which actuated his soul—and if the most pure and virtuous were unable to enter a circle of their companions without hearing their peccadillo's tingling in their ears—Happier should we be, if every face were dressed in smiles, and if the deadliest hate could sting the soul without interrupting conviviality, or injuring the beneficence of man towards man.

Eugenio is a scholar; he possesses a strong natural understanding—he has adorned his mind with study and cultivation—but a bookworm is not a favorite with the ladies, and Eugenio ever wishes to appear a rake: “he talks of beauties that he never saw, and boasts of raptures that he never felt.” His scholastic improvements delight him in his closet, but in public he conceals them under a load of fashion and of folly; his artifice gains him admiration where he most desires it, his deceit gratifies his companions and pleases himself. Julius, on the other hand, is deficient in every mental endowment; his mind was never illumined by a single ray of science, nor did the voice of misery ever persuade him to a deed of charity; he has sufficient cunning never to expose himself by making an unnecessary observation; by soothing the greedy ear of power with flattery, he obtains applause; by distilling words of kindness from his tongue, he conceals the vices of his heart. A cynic would declare Eugenio to be full of affectation; he would term Julius a hypocrite; on one Johnson would bestow the imputation of folly; on the other of vice; but better judges of human nature, and less illiberal observers of conduct, would resolve their impulses into politeness and ambition. Hypocrisy is a word invented by malice, incorrectly used, and ever misunderstood; its meaning is

vague and undetermined, and the characters of those to whom it is applied are so various, and often so respectable, that I could wish it were thrown out of the language as an empty term. As to affectation, it would be difficult to point out many who have not ranked themselves under its banners, and practically become its most devoted slaves. Paradoxical as it may seem, I contend that in so doing they obey the dictates of reason: for if we possess a character already, why mispend time in its acquisition? As well might the wretched native of Nova-Zembla construct his habitation of ice, because he is constitutionally able to bear the rigors of eternal winter; or the inhabitants under the equinoctial line spread their couches in the solar rays, to increase the ardours of a torrid zone. If one character be given us by nature, (as some contend) we add to our greatness by giving ourselves *another*; and if by seeming that which we are not, we attain the ends of ambition and desire, let the narrow minded world say what it will. Cicero, we are told, was directed by the Delphic god to *pursue the bent of nature*; Cicero it is true became an orator; but had the Athenian Tully been deterred by the natural obstacles which opposed him, his fame had never reached the present age. So with every thing in life; strip from the wisest and the best the trappings of art, and their excellence exists no more—let a *villain smile*, and his guilt is soon forgotten.

STANHOPE.

For the Port Folio.

REVIEW.

An Inaugural Oration, delivered at the author's installation as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Thursday, 12th June, 1806. By John Quincy Adams. *12s. 6d. 1806.* Published at the request of the students. Boston, printed at the Anthology Office, by Munroe and Francis, 1806.

In no respect is the contrast between ancient and modern literature so striking as in what relates to the art of oratory. In other departments of science, modern Europeans may vie with the

remains of Greece and Rome; but, the superiority of the latter in eloquence, stands without rivalry or dispute.

Some of the causes of this superiority have been frequently the subject of remark. The free government of Greece and Rome which admitted all or a large portion of the citizens to a share in the public deliberations and left full scope to genius; the correct taste which pervaded the community in general, and made them just critics of style and language; the important and elevated subjects which occupied the attention of the orator, and which were calculated to interest every feeling and call forth every power of genius, all combined to make eloquence the great engine of influence and power, and to exact from her votaries the utmost degree of elegance and grandeur.

Hence schools of eloquence were early instituted, and teachers of rhetoric were the most necessary masters of youth. The intended orator was made acquainted with his art, not by the solitary study of books or treatises, nor even by mere lectures read by an instructor, but was given into the hands of a professor who exercised him in reading, declaiming and contending. And what was best calculated for improvement, the most eminent orators were themselves masters, who at the same time that they impressed their pupils with the principles of their art, were a living model for their example and imitation. Of all the arts, indeed, oratory most requires the aid of a living voice. The graces of gesture and action, of pronunciation and delivery, which form the soul of it, can never be learned from solitary study, and can be attained only by imitation of the purest models.

If these remarks are just, we may congratulate ourselves upon the plan of lecturing on rhetoric and oratory commenced by the present Boylston professor; which, though it does not yet reach all that could be wished, is calculated to remove many former impediments in the way of the student, and to stimulate and direct his future efforts. There is an ample field open to the professor in selecting and digesting

those rules, which now lie hidden in the dead languages, and are scattered through numerous volumes, into a system more applicable than any extant to the actual situation of our own country.

The oration before us is but the introduction to the series of lectures intended to be given to the students of Harvard. For although, as appears from the oration, the fund for the support of the professorship was constituted some years since, Mr. Adams is the first who has been appointed to perform its duties.

"Nearly two centuries" (says Mr. Adams) "have elapsed since the foundation of this university. There never existed a people more anxious to bestow upon their children the advantages of education than our venerable forefathers; and the name of Harvard is coeval with the first settlement of New-England. Their immediate and remote descendants, down to this day, have inherited and transmitted the same laudable ardour, and numerous foundations of various kinds attest their attachment to science and literature: yet, so far have rhetoric and oratory been from enjoying a pre-eminence in their system of education, that they are now, for the first time, made a separate branch of instruction, and I stand here to assume the duties of the first instructor. The establishment of an institution for the purpose was reserved for the name of **BOYLSTON**: a name which, if public benefits can impart a title to remembrance, New-England will not easily forget; a name, to the benevolence, public spirit, and genuine patriotism of which, this university, the neighbouring metropolis, and this whole nation have long had, and still have many reasons to attest: a name less distinguished by stations of splendour than by deeds of virtue: and better known to this people by blessings enjoyed, than by favours granted: a name, in fine, which if not encircled with the external radiance of popularity, beams, brightly beams with the inward lustre of beneficence. The institution itself is not of recent date. One generation of mankind, according to the

usual estimates of human life, has gone by, since the donation of Nicholas Boylston constituted the fund for the support of this professorship. The misfortunes which befel the university, consequent upon our revolution and other causes, have concurred in delaying the execution of his intentions until the present time; and even now they have the prospect of little more than honest zeal for their accomplishment."

So much for the plan. We shall proceed to select some passages which will give some idea of the topics handled by the author, as well as of his style and manner.—The description of Eloquence, at her resuscitation among the moderns, appears to have had much of the author's attention.

"At the revival of letters in Modern Europe, Eloquence, together with her sister Muses, awoke and shook the poppies from her brow. But their torpors still tingled in her veins: In the interval her voice was gone; her favorite languages were extinct; her organs were no longer attuned to harmony, and her hearers could no longer understand her speech. The discordant jargon of feudal anarchy had banished the musical dialects in which she had always delighted. The theatres of her former triumphs were either deserted, or they were filled with the babblers of sophistry and chicanery. She shrunk intuitively from the forum; for the last object she remembered to have seen there was the head of her darling Cicero planted on the rostrum. She ascended the tribunals of justice; there she found her child Persuasion manacled and pinioned by the letter of the law; there she beheld an image of herself stammering in barbarous Latin, and staggering under the lumber of a thousand volumes. Her heart fainted within her; she lost all confidence in herself; together with her irresistible powers she lost proportionably the consideration of the world, until, instead of comprising the whole system of education, she found herself excluded from the circle of sciences, and declared an outlaw from the realms of learning. She was not however doomed to eternal silence; with the progress

of freedom and liberal science, in various parts of modern Europe, she obtained access to mingle in the deliberations of their parliaments. With labour and difficulty she learned their languages, and lent her aid in giving them form and polish. But she has never recovered the graces of her former beauty, nor the energies of her ancient vigour."

The address to the students, though less figurative, and apparently less laboured than the foregoing, is much more simple and impressive.

"Sons of Harvard! you who are ascending with painful step and persevering toil the eminence of science, to prepare yourselves for the various functions and employments of the world before you, it cannot be necessary to urge upon you the importance of the art concerning which I am speaking. Is it the purpose of your future life to minister in the temples of Almighty God, to be the messenger of heaven upon earth, to enlighten with the torch of eternal truth the path of your fellow mortals to brighter worlds? Remember the reason assigned for the appointment of Aaron to that ministry which you purpose to assume upon yourself:—I KNOW THAT HE CAN SPEAK WELL; and in this testimonial of omnipotence receive the injunction of your duty. Is it your intention to devote the labours of your maturity to the cause of justice; to defend the persons, the property, and the peace of your fellow citizens from the open assaults of violence and the secret encroachments of fraud? Fill the fountains of your eloquence from inexhaustible sources, that their streams, when they shall begin to flow, may themselves prove inexhaustible. Is there among you a youth whose bosom burns with the fires of honourable ambition; who aspires to immortalize his name by the extent and importance of his services to his country; whose visions of futurity glow with the hope of presiding in her councils, of directing her affairs, of appearing to future ages in the rolls of fame, as her ornament and pride? Let him catch from the relics of ancient oratory those unresisted powers which mould

the mind of man to the will of the speaker, and yield the guidance of a nation to the dominion of the voice."

Mr. Adams enters in some degree into the causes of the superiority of ancient eloquence, and assigns as a principal ground the circumstance of the assemblies of the people, of the select councils, or of the senate in Athens and Rome being held for the purpose of real deliberation; whereas in modern Europe corruption here in the form of executive influence, there in the guise of party spirit, has crippled the sublimest efforts of oratory, and the votes upon questions of magnitude are all told long before the questions themselves are submitted to discussion.

The cause however lies deeper than this, since the inferiority of modern eloquence is not confined to the deliberative kind, but extends to every department of oratory. And one fact, that seems strongly opposed to the author's conclusions is, that the finest specimens of ancient oratory are of the judicial kind; though the Roman courts in the age of Cicero, the great æra of eloquence, had arrived at a high pitch of corruption. We are inclined too to think, that though the assemblies of the people were not subject to the influence of executive corruption as understood and practised in modern times, yet that the dominion of powerful leaders, as well as of gold, as often operated in securing majorities. It is notorious that the money of Philip did more in conquering the Greeks than the strength of his phalanx. And the sublimest efforts of the genius of Demosthenes were exerted, though without success, in stemming the tide of corruption, and calling his countrymen back to those principles of courage and patriotism which had animated their forefathers. And surely modern governments have seldom equalled the ancients in the violence and extent of party spirit.

Nor can we agree with Mr. Adams in another observation, that the exercises of religion alone have in the latter ages furnished discourses which remind us that eloquence is yet a faculty of the human mind. To what

discourses in the English language will the orator direct us for these superior specimens of eloquence. To the works of Barrow, Tillotson or Blair? They exhibit strength of genius, extensive learning, and great command of language. But are not these men far eclipsed in the requisites of oratory by many who have shone in the senate as well as at the bar; by Chatham, Mansfield, Burke, Erskine, or Curran?

The style of Mr. Adams is, in general, perspicuous and correct; though throughout too measured and stately: It preserves an uniform level; seldom disappointing us, though never surprising the reader with any of those fine flights of genius or peculiar happiness of expression, upon which he pauses with rapture and dwells with transport. We noted in the perusal, some phrases which might easily be altered for the better. "*Many a person*" followed by the pronoun in the plural is, to say the least, of doubtful propriety. In the paragraph we have quoted, "*access to mingle*" is harsh and tautologous. "*Corruption here in the form of executive influence, there in the guise of party spirit, has crippled the sublimest efforts of oratory, and the votes upon questions of magnitude to the interest of nations are all told;*" &c. is in a style below the dignity of the subject.

We take leave of the author with a hope and belief that his future exertions will answer the great purpose of his professorship, and reward him with an ample share of gratitude and fame. And indeed this specimen, as well as his high reputation, encourage us to expect that his plan will have all the aids of industry and genius, and will furnish a practical system of oratory founded on those first principles, which the brightest geniuses of antiquity have invented, and the lapse of ages approved.

M.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[For the following sketch of a man of learning and genius, who, like Chatterton and Ireland, chose to wear a vizor in his literary walk, we are indebted to the com-

plers of the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*. In translating this article the Editor has not servilely followed the original, but, in one or two places, endeavoured to make his author express himself as though he were writing this biography in the English idiom. For a more minute detail of the adventures of this literary *charlatan*, the curious reader is referred to Psalmanazar himself, who, in a very entertaining narrative, now become scarce, has artlessly described all his *artifice*.]

George Psalmanazar, an impostor of singular effrontery, was born in the south of France, and died in London, at the age of sixty-five, in the year 1763. He commenced his studies at a convent, but disgusted with monkish jargon, he offered himself as a preceptor to a lady whose character resembled that of the wife of *Potiphar*. This wanton dame finding that Psalmanazar was another *Joseph*, turned him out of doors. He then wandered through divers provinces in France, and acted the part sometimes of a Roman Catholic, persecuted by the Protestants, and sometimes of an Irish Catholic, persecuted by his brethren. Tired, at length, of this trick, his fruitful imagination projected another. Recollecting what he had read and heard of the orientals, he invented a new alphabet and a new language, and a system of ethics, religion, and government of a description altogether extraordinary. He then personated the character of a native of Japan, converted to Christianity, and in this disguise traversed a considerable portion of Germany and the Low Countries. But this new project failing, he was fain to enlist as a common soldier in the Scottish service. The chaplain of the regiment resolving to share with him in the profits of imposture, undertook to make him a proselyte to episcopacy, and found the pliant Psalmanazar very docile to his instructions. He employed him to translate into the pretended language of Japan the Westminster catechism. The chaplain, after having represented to the bishop of London that the narrative of this mock Japanese might be implicitly relied on, gave that prelate the manuscript. The credulous churchman deposited it in his library as a

great curiosity, and rewarded the cheat. Soon after Psalmanazar composed his famous romance, entitled "*A Description of the Island of Formosa*." This ingenious fable for some time divided the opinion of the learned world, and editions of it were published in various languages. The French translation in duodecimo is the best. Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history, this impostor applied himself to the study of the oriental tongues, and rendered himself so skillful in Hebrew, that he became a member of a confederacy of scholars, who published that learned, though sometimes uncouth and ill digested, compilation, entitled "*The Universal History*," of which the greatest portion of the ancient history is from the pen of Psalmanazar. After devoting the decline of his days to retirement and study, he concluded his farce of life by an act of truth and sincerity. On his death bed he left for publication a manuscript containing a round unvarnished tale of his adventures, and of those forgeries by whose aid he had so artfully excited the curiosity, and abused the credulity, of mankind.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[In Aikin's Geographical Delineations there occurs so just and so elegant a sketch of the French national character, that we are convinced our giving it a place in the Port Folio will be as agreeable to the public as to the editor. The opinion expressed at the close of the article, we should have hardly expected from Dr. Aikin, whose politics are by no means so pure and correct as his style. But all-imperious Truth will sometimes vanquish the most obstinate prejudice. So far are the French from being peculiarly capable of the blessings of a free constitution, that we may go farther, and say, that no nation is capable of being happy, no not for an hour, under any such constitutions as we have seen from the hands of republican mountebanks.]

"A country so well adapted to the residence of man, has from early times possessed a large population, and been inured to all the forms and institutions of civil life. The French people are chiefly a compound of Celtic and Go-

this stock; but the long continuance of the Roman dominion in Gaul must have given a strong Italian infusion, since it was able to introduce a language with a Latin basis. But, whatever were the diversities of origin, the natives of France have amalgamated into a mass possessing a national character, as distinct and clearly marked as that of any numerous community in the civilized parts of the globe. The essence of this character is an exuberance of animal spirits, producing excess of mobility and a perpetual restless activity. They are quick, ingenious, inventive, fertile in expedients, buoyant against difficulty or adversity; but mutable, trifling, confident, vain, credulous, and incapable of moderation. With much that renders them amiable in society, as readiness to oblige, delicate attentions, kind sympathy and lively sensibility, they are often of insecure commerce, from laxity of principle, unmeaning professions, jealous irritability, and a strong propensity to intrigue. Their feelings of every kind verge to excess; and there is nothing, either good or bad, of which they are not capable, under the influence of their impetuous ardour. No cabinet has excited so much disturbance among the neighbouring states, from ambition and the spirit of intermeddling, as that of France; and we have seen that no change of political system at home has made an alteration in their foreign policy. The French, beyond all people, are the creatures of society; by it their manners and sentiments are fashioned, and in it are centered their chief pleasures and gratifications. They would excel all nations in the art of conversation, were not the desire of shining too universal. The love of glory operates upon them with extraordinary force, and stimulates them to great exertions; but it is often attended with empty ostentation and gasconade.

“Although a passion for novelty is apt to lead them into a multiplicity and rapid change of pursuits, yet they are capable of long and steady application, when deeply interested in an object; and in every department of science and art they have attained a high degree of

perfection. Even the mathematical sciences have been cultivated by them with a success not inferior to that of any other nation. Their writers have rendered their language familiar to the lovers of literature throughout Europe, and in the value of their productions they have no equals among the moderns, with the sole exception of the English. Their taste in letters is, upon the whole, purer than in the fine arts, in which they are generally marked by superabundance of ornament and an affected manner. In some of the inferior arts, indeed, they are unrivalled. They supply dancers and cooks to all Europe, and are the supreme arbiters of fashion in dress.

“The French, naturally inquisitive, and prone to discussion, had proceeded far in emancipating their minds from the shackles of an arbitrary system of government and religion, before any correspondent change had taken place in their public institutions: at the same time, refined luxury and general dissipation had relaxed the bands of morality and accumulated abuse and disorder in every department. Financial difficulties brought on a necessity for reform; and when the idea of change was once admitted, it was not in the national character to proceed in it with caution and moderation. Violent struggles between old and new principles terminated in a revolution, in which monarchy, established religion, and every institution sanctioned by age and veneration went to wreck. The events of this dreadful period displayed prodigious energy in the nation, but accompanied by a ferocity and disregard of justice and humanity, which involved the cause of reform and its supporters in indelible disgrace. A host of foreign foes united to suppress the dangerous flame, or to make advantage of the confusion; but the vigour of the new republic not only resisted all assaults, but carried its conquering arms into the surrounding countries, and finally extended the limits of France farther than her most ambitious monarchs had ever attempted. This success, however, was produced by exertions of authority, which subverted

every thing free or republican in the constitution, and prepared the way for a military despotism. The most successful of the generals, a man of a daring genius, and capacious views, seized the reins; and first under the title of Chief Consul exercised, without controul, the authority of the *nominal* republic. Europe has since witnessed the astonishing spectacle of the same man, an obscure Corsican by birth, causing himself to be declared Emperor, with hereditary succession in his own family, crowned by the Pope, recognized by all orders of the state, and thus founding a new dynasty, while the Bourbons are wandering from country to country as exiles. The Roman Catholic religion has been re-established; a kind of new nobility has been instituted, arbitrary government and all the pageantry of a court have been restored; and it seems at present to be an allowed political maxim, that THE FRENCH ARE INCAPABLE OF THE BLESSINGS OF A FREE CONSTITUTION."

For the Port Folio.

[In the ensuing epistle, from a poet to his sister, the genius of the Bard and the charities of the Brother are nobly displayed.]

TO MISS M—E.

FROM NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, NOV. 1803.

In days, my KATE, when life was new,
When, lull'd with innocence and you,
I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made;
When, every night my weary head
Sunk on its own unthorned bed;
And, mild as evening's matron hour,
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And blest them into pure repose!
Then, haply, if a week, a day,
I linger'd from your arms away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while!
Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me;
The moon may thrice be born and die,
Ere e'en your seal can reach mine eye;
And oh! even then, that darling seal,
(Upon whose print I used to feel
The breath of home, the cordial air
Of loved lips, still freshly there!)
Must come, alas! through every fate
Of time and distance, cold and late,

When the dear hand, whose touches fill'd
The leaf with sweetness, may be chill'd!
But hence that gloomy thought! at last,
Beloved Kate! the waves are past:
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dies!
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun and soul!
Far from the shocks of Europe; far
From every wild elliptic star
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world!

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the rights they won
For hearth and altar, sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride!
While peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free unlorded soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there!
Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
May shelter him in proud repose!
Hope sings along the yellow sand
His welcome to a patriot land;
At once, the mighty wood receives
The stranger in its world of leaves,
Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm shed and cultur'd field;
And he, who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here!

Such is the picture, warmly such,
That long the spell of fancy's touch
Hath painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty!
Oh! ask me not, if truth will seal
The reveries of fancy's zeal,
If yet, my charmed eyes behold
These features of an age of gold—
No—yet, alas! no gleaming trace!
Never did youth, who lov'd a face

* Such romantic works as "The American Farmer's Letters," and the account of Kentucky, by Imlay, would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom, had deserted the rest of the world for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, how-

From portrait's rosy, flattering art,
Recoil with more regret of heart,
To find an owlet eye of grey,
Where painting pour'd the sapphire's ray,
Than I have felt, indignant felt,
To think the glorious dreams should melt,
Which oft, in boyhood's witching time,
Have rapt me to this wond'rous clime!

But, courage! yet, my wavering heart,
Blame not the temple's meanest part,*
Till you have trac'd the fabric o'er:—
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to Freedom's fane,
And, though a sable drop may stain
The vestibule, 'tis impious sin
To doubt there's holiness within!
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you (whose simplest ringlet's fate
Can claim more interest in my soul
Than all the powers from pole to pole)
One word at parting; in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.

ever, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossession.

In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I allude to those fraudulent violations of neutrality, to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of Great Britain. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.

* Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia, in general, are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived, the yellow-fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation. It is in truth a most disagreeable place, and the best the journalist or geographer can say of it is, that it abounds in dogs, in negroes, and in democrats. For further particulars see Weld and Liancourt.

The simple notes I send you here,†
Though rude, my love, would still be dear,
If you but knew the trance of thought,
In which my mind their murmurs caught.
'Twas one of those enchanting dreams,
That lull me oft, when music seems
To pour the soul in sound along,
And turn its every sigh to song!
I thought of home, the according lays
Respir'd the breath of happier days;
Warmly in every rising note
I felt a sweet remembrance float,
Till, led by music's fairy chain,
I wander'd back to home again!
Oh! love the song, and let it oft
Live on your lip, in warble soft!
Say that it tells you, simply well,
All I have bid its murmurs tell,
Of memory's glow, of dreams that shed
The tinge of joy, when joy is fled,
And all the heart's illusive hoard
Of love renew'd and friends restor'd!
Now, sweet, adieu!—this artless air,
And a few rhymes, in transcript fair,
Are all the gifts I yet can boast
To send you from Columbia's coast;
But, when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to my destin'd isle,‡
You shall have many a cowslip-bell
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,
In which the gentle spirit drew
From honey-flowers the morning dew!

For the Port Folio.

It is as true as it is trite, that examples draw us while precepts only lead, but alas, how few are there in this or perhaps in any country, in whom a young person can at once find an example in regard to manners, morals, and cultivation of mind. How few are there who may be looked up to as models in respect to good breeding, which is little less than a cardinal virtue, and, when emanating from the heart, fully merits this title, being at all events the best and most innocent semblance of virtue.

The basis of good breeding is, that our own immediate gratification is to be secondary to that of those around us. Now when in any society this principle is universally adhered to, no one is a loser, each gives and receives in turn, while conscious superiority elevates the whole, and renders each apparent sacri-

† A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this epistle.

‡ Bermuda.

rice an internal gratification. It is in such a society only, that we can ever attain even a temporary realization of those beautiful but imaginary pictures of a golden age, when each individual, regardless of his own good, only sought that of others, for, in lieu of the fancied benefits of an unnatural and improbable abandonment of self-love, by a temporary change in its direction within a limited, but to a sufficient, extent, we produce or enjoy results equally productive of happiness. If such be the effects of good breeding, who would not strive to attain it, but unfortunately, in order to do this, we must have the rare advantage of frequenting a society of well-bred people, for there is no other accomplishment in which it is so difficult for a man to excel his associates. It is to the rapid and short-lived exertions of individuals that nations owe their improvements in science and the arts; but, for their improvement in manners they are indebted to the progressive refinement of societies *en masse*. It is not by the degree of their virtue, talents and learning, that we discover the extraction of men, for in these, by the dint of superior talents, they often excel the society wherein they have been educated. It is our manners which declare our associates; whose co-operation is, in this respect, necessary to our improvement. With ill-bred companies to preserve our own good-breeding, even when confirmed by long habit, is almost impossible; much less can we, while thwarted by those around us, adhere to rules of conduct supported only by precept. Never to interrupt and yet constantly to be interrupted, never to contradict and yet sustain repeated contradiction, always to yield the best place and never to have any but the worst left for us, to be with those who will keep all they have and take all we give, and yet acquire the habits of good breeding, would be more than human nature. From such society as this, such an age of iron, let me fly to that of the first description, let me enchain my fancy to an attractive model, and bend my juvenile habits to a perfect and unalterable accordance.

For the Port Folio.

MR. MOORE'S SKETCH OF THE IMPERIAL CITY.

"To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next door neighbour, and in the same city, is a curious, and I believe a novel circumstance."

Weld's Travels, Letter IV.

The Federal City, if it must be called a city, has not been much increased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been since utterly suspended. The Hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's House, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of *uncleanly desolation*, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude pale, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitors of the first man in America. With respect to all that is within the house, I shall imitate the prudent forbearance of Herodotus and say, *τα δὲ ἑν ἀσπίδι*.

The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin, and the few ranges of houses, which were begun some years ago, have remained so long waste and unfinished that they are now for the most part dilapidated.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If you think the following scrap passable, please to give it a place in your paper. A.

Miseræ fortunæ solatium perenne,
Cum vapor cæruleus, ex nitida tuba, tabaci
Aere in alto ascendit gyranibus undis
Et sic circumfusa, sic dissipat curas mor-
daces.

TRANSLATION.

I seize the snowy tube when fortune lowers,
And own Tobacco's tranquillizing powers;
The azure fumes in circling eddies play,
And with the cloud my cares dissolve away.

For the Port Folio.

O B I T U A R Y.

DIED, in this city, on Tuesday, the 11th of August, in the 42d year of his age, JACOB DRAYTON, Esq. of Charleston, S. C. He came hither for the recovery of his health, but the disease with which he had long struggled took a fatal turn, and he expired a few days after he arrived in this city.

Of this accomplished gentleman it may be said, that his manners were as mild and amiable as his knowledge was liberal and extensive.—The great purpose of his irreproachable life was to fulfil every duty, with zeal, with justice, and with propriety, exercising invariably the utmost devotion and the most considerate kindness to his immediate relatives, and to others, benevolence, charity and good will, without bounds and without display.

It devolved upon one tender and affectionate branch of his family, to watch over the last hours of a brother's life, with anxious care and solicitude: to him she was devoted, by every tie of kindred, affection, and mutual confidence. She will never cease to deplore his loss; with hers will be united the lamentation of every relation and friend—and of his numerous dependents, who will long feel the solemn chasm his too early death has occasioned.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus

"Tam chari capitis?"

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

Some ingenious correspondent, who has done us the honour to peruse the humorous lines of Repton on a clog, published in page 303 of our last volume, has sent us a continuation. We have omitted some stanzas, because they were not quite finished, and because they were written in so cramp a hand that we found it impossible to decipher them.

I have look'd at the ballad by Repton,
Exhausting the rhymes upon og,
But yet, methinks he has skipt one,
Which might be resounded with clog.

How strange that one, mounted on Pegasus,
Would not be after thinking of jog,
Which means slowly moving a leg of his,
And has no connection with clog.

Though Helicon pours us bland liquor,
Yet not quite so mellow as grog,
Which make the conception go quicker,
And has no connection with clog.

So that I excuse the omission;
But why not a little egg-nog?*

Which puts one in a sleepy condition,
And has some relation to clog.

A relief from vexation and trouble,

Your poets will oft take a cog,
Though sometimes it makes things seem
double,

And is to Perception a clog.

Not so with a man, though he guzzles
Of Helicon's streams like a hog.

To find a rhyme more now me puzzles,
And so I will end with a clog.

THE STAGE.

Attached as we are to the nobler efforts of the dramatic art, it is with extreme regret that we learn the approaching departure, for her native country, of Mrs. WHITLOCK, the sister of Mrs. SIDMONS, and the ample sharer of the theatric genius of the KEMBLEs. It does but little honour to the taste and patronage of the United States, that an actress of her extraordinary talents should find no inducement capable of detaining her in this part of the world. We are not so affluent in genius like hers, as to be justified in neglecting what is within our reach. In England, she will no

* The Editor cannot refrain from a smile, when he casts his eye upon this enchanting word, which it is presumed is a legitimate expression in the American vocabulary. This harmonious compound, which is very familiar in the mouths of those people who are commonly and contemptuously designated by the description of Yankees, means, a "gruel thick and slab," composed of New-England rum, a very little water, brown sugar, and the yolks of eggs, the whole forming a sort of mud or slime, of so stupefying and soporiferous a quality that

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups in the world

can emulate its narcotic power. While we were in the lap of our Alma Mater this classical beverage, the very reverse of the liquid ruby of the Burgundian vine, was in great request among the gentle students of Harvard College, for the threefold purpose of killing time, driving away chagrin, and dissipating the fog from their learned brows.

† Vide Vellum in: Addison's Drummer, or Haunted House.

doubt return to a public delighted to see her once more in its theatres, and only displeased that she could ever have forsaken those, by whom she was so warmly admired and liberally rewarded; but, from America, she carries with her a fund of professional excellence, of which the loss can not be easily supplied. The versatility of her powers, combined with her extraordinary and uniform merit, render her an invaluable performer. That she equals her sister, in the more majestic walks of tragedy, is what we by no means assert; but, not to equal Mrs. SIDDONS in this department, is but little disgrace. To be second, to her who is without a rival, is to occupy no middling station. But Mrs. WHITLOCK is not devoted to tragedy alone; in comedy she delights us with all that is elegant or agreeable. Neither the graces nor the virtues of private life are direct claims, it is true, to that favour which is expected only on the score of talent; but, combined with this, they justly and strongly increase our predilection; and in these respects Mrs. WHITLOCK enjoys eminent and honourable distinction. We still indulge a hope that this ornament of the stage may be prevailed upon to remain with us; and, while our first wish is to secure her for our country, our second is to see her on the boards of Philadelphia.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

I was going, says Mons. Furetiere, along the street of S——, when there was a prodigious concourse of carts and coaches, so that they could not pass one another. Not being able to proceed, I stood under a gateway, and saw a priest in a dangerous situation, between the pole of a carriage and the wheels of a cart. He called out vehemently to the coachman and carter not to move forward or they would kill a priest. An artizan, who was near him, and in the like danger observed, Here is a priest, who makes as much noise

as I ought to do, who have a wife and four children. 'What do you say?' replied the indignant priest, 'why I have more children than you.'

The celebrated Charles Yorke, who was not less distinguished among his contemporaries, for his acquaintance with Polite Literature, than for his skill in Jurisprudence, is the undoubted author of the following lines.

To a Lady, with a present of Pope's works.

The lover oft, to please some faithless dame,
With vulgar presents feeds the dying flame,
Then adds a verse, of slighted vows complains,

While she the giver and the gift disdains.
These strains no idle suit to thee commend,
Or whom gay loves with chaste desires attend;

Nor fancied excellence, nor amorous care,
Prompts to rash praise, or fills with fond despair;

Enough, if the fair volume find access;
Thee the great Poet's lay shall best express;

Thy beauteous image there thou may'st regard,

Which strikes with modest awe the meaner bard;

Sure had he living view'd thy tender youth,
The blush of honour and the grace of truth,

Ne'er with Belinda's charms his verse had glow'd,

But from thy form the lov'd idea flow'd;
His wanton satire ne'er the sex had scorn'd,
For thee, by virtue and the muse adorned.

Segrais used to say that the title of Academician was the blue ribbon of men of letters. Observing the little attention which the age paid to poets, he used to say that the times were become prosaic.

Paulus Manutius, the famous Venetian printer, was father of the younger Aldus, and the son of the elder. The Cicero of Aldus is a very beautiful work. Over his study door was this inscription. Quisquis es, rogat te Aldus Manutius, ut si quid est, quod sibi velis, perpaucis agas, deinde abeas; nisi tanquam Hercules, defesso Atlanti veneris suppositurus humeros: semper enim erit quod tu agas et quotquot huc attulerint pedes. Stranger, whoever thou art, it is the request of Aldus Manutius, if you have any business

with him, that you will announce it as briefly as possible, and then retire; unless, like another Hercules, you are come to relieve for a while the weary Atlas of his weight: for endless toil awaits you here; and sufficient to employ every party, however numerous, that may choose to enter in.

The following poem is another proof that Mr. Moore has a vein for serious poetry, and that in the pensive hour he can exclaim, "Hence, vain deluding joys."

TO THE FLYING-FISH.*

When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!
But when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air, in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!

Oh Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there!

* It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance, which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between them; *συγγενειαν τῶν ποταμιῶν καὶ τῶν πτερυγίων*. With this thought in our minds, when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

Madame de G. maid of honour to Queen Ann of Austria, was banished from that Princess's presence, for being accused of an intrigue with a young lord of the court. The consequence of that amour was tragical. The medicine she used to procure an abortion proved mortal. On this adventure, Mons. Henault made these verses:

L'AVORTON.

Toi, qui meurs avant que de naître,
Assemblage confus du néant et de l'être, :
Triste avorton, informe enfant,
Rebut du néant et de l'être.

Toi, que l'Amour fait par un crime,
Et que l'Honneur défait par un crime à son tour,

Funeste ouvrage de l'amour,
De l'honneur funeste victime:
Laisse moi calmer mon ennui,
Et du fond du néant où tu rentres aujourd'hui,

Ne trouble point l'horreur dont ma faute est punie,

Deux tyrans opposés ont décidés ton sort,
L'Amour, malgré l'Honneur, t'a fait donner la vie,

L'Honneur, malgré l'Amour, t'a fait donner la mort.

THE ABORTION.

Being equivocal, whose breath
Was scarcely heard; for hasty Death
Claim'd thee too soon; mysterious creature,
Bereft of human shape and feature!
Offspring of Love, devoid of Shame,
Victim to Honour's guilty claim;
Sunk into nothing whence you rose,
No more my blushing faults expose.
Cease, cease, of crimes the fatal strife,
That caus'd thy death, or gave thee life;
Cease to remind me, gloomy sprite,
Love bade thee live in Honour's spite;
And Honour to that Love a foe,
Has sent thee to the shades below.

These lines appear to us only an expansion of the thought contained in that beautiful epigram inserted in a former number of the Port Folio,

"Twas love that conquer'd shame, &c.

Though Segrais was an academician, and lived always about the court, he never divested himself of his provincial dialect (Caen); which circumstance occasioned a lady to say to a gentleman who was going to travel with Segrais into Normandy, that he would have an excellent guide in his journey, as Segrais perfectly understood the language of the natives.

FROM THE NEWBURYPORT HERALD.

ON MY EARLY GREY HAIRS.

Life's current now ebbs in the course of
each vein,

And my high pulse of youth is impair'd;
The gout, through my nerve, in the warnings
of pain,

Tells, that pleasure's full bowl should be
spar'd

Though season'd by labour, by hardships
inur'd

To sustain the rude blasts of each clime,
My grey curling locks to the grave have
insur'd

The short voyage on the ocean of Time.
In vision successive, gay Fancy still flies,
Still, her cloud-woven fabrick endears;
But reason, awaken'd, more feelingly cries,
"Thou hast reap'd the full harvest of
years."

For the stars at my birth seem'd ill-fated
and bleak,

And led me through life's mazy bowers,
Where, no admonitions could forward, or
check,

Or point out the thorns from the flowers.
And oft when Misfortune has cross'd my
lorn way

Have I solac'd my cares in the bowl;
Yet Honour, while Passion held madly the
sway,

Kept the watch in my tumult-toss'd soul.
Seduction ne'er loosen'd my heart's honest
splice,

As the wild waves of Passion would roll;
My barque, often lurch'd on the sand-banks
of vice,

Again righted, and wore off the shoal.
And now, when my day-spring, my bloas-
oms are o'er,

And my hairs like a hoar-frost in June—
I feel no regret, for my barque nears the
shore,

Where my head shall regain fresher
bloom.

Then wave, ye grey signals, adown my
young head;

Your warnings in mercy are given—
To catch, ere the skies of blest summer
have fled,

The pure, lasting breezes of heaven.

MARINERO.

'How many cuckolds do you think
there are in this street,' says an artizan
to his neighbour, 'without counting
you?'—'Without counting me!' says
his friend angrily, 'I admire your im-
pudence.' 'Well,' replied the artizan,
'how many do you reckon, including
yourself?'

The following pointed epigram is
from the Quebec Mercury. But we
presume, both from the coldness of the
climate and the chastity of the ladies,
it exhibits more wit than truth.

MR. CARY,

If you think the following imitation of a
French epigram (I lately met with) deserv-
ing a place in your paper, insert it and ob-
lige your humble servt.

L. B.

Quebec, April 12.

A grave Canadian priest to all his band,
Publish'd of late this sanctified command;
"That none should read "*L'Esprit*" and
"*La Pucelle*,"

Books by *Voltaire*—that minister of hell!"
To burn these books, so fatal to the church,
His zealous servants thrice the province
search;

Till one assur'd him (with a serious face)
That he in vain had rummag'd every place;
"Rest, Rev'rend sire, (he cries) for all is
well,

Quebec has no "*Esprit*" and few "*Pucel-
les*,"

A lady once complained to Segrain
of the evil influence of her natal star,
which had occasioned her to commit
such and such an action against her
will. 'Madam,' replied Segrain, awak-
ing from a reverie, 'do you pretend to
have a star to yourself? Astronomers
tell me that there are not above twenty
thousand in all, so you see that every
body cannot have a star to himself.
This Segrain uttered with such gravity
of manner, that the fair astrologist was
ashamed of her philosophy.

The visionary pursuit of the philo-
sopher's stone is well described by M.
Bailli. *Alchemia est casta meretrix,
omnes invitat, neminem admittit: est
sine arte ars cujus principium est
scire, medium mentiri, finis mendicare.*
The study of alchymy may be com-
pared to a coquet. "She smiles invita-
tion on every one, and grants her fa-
vours to no one. It is an art without
rules, whose beginning is the sem-
blance of knowledge, whose middle is
falsehood, and whose end is beggary.

M. Balzac, speaking of the style
of Tertullian, said that it resembled
ebony, the darkness, of which strikes
the eye with dazzling splendour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

PARENT of ev'ry bliss! support of man!
Who, whilst thy cares seem wholly bent on earth,

To highest prospects can exalt the soul,
And fit it for sublimest joys in heav'n:
Theme of true sages, Agriculture, hail!
Thee first, thee last, my eager muse shall sing.

And see, where, bursting through the gloom of night,
The solar rays with steady steps advance.
Hark! their approach the feather'd choirs announce

In sweetest notes. The varied melody
Herds, flocks increase: the gallant horse erects

His mane, and neighing, greets th' approaching sun;

With eager hoof he paws the verdant field,
Demands the harness, and prepares to act
His part, on earth's expanded theatre.
Farmer, awake! amid the joyous scene
Art thou alone in sleep's embraces lock'd?
Start from the bed of ease; no show'r impends

To mar thy toil: each harsher wind is hush'd;

Blue is heav'n's canopy, and from the south
Spring sends her breezes forth to cheer thy breast,

Strengthen thy hands, and animate thy toil.
Swift let the plough divide the glebe, and tame

The genius of the soil. On thee depends
A family's support. Thy partner, (she
In beauty's bloom who made that beauty shine,

With thee in cares united as in bliss,)
Stands smiling at the door; around her throng

Her ruddy offspring; one she holds aloft;
To thee directs his eyes, and bids his tongue
In half-form'd accents lip his father's name.

The honor'd plough now rests; earth has receiv'd

The expected harvest; o'er the faithful soil
The harrow travels, and confirms thy hopes.
Farmer! incessant toil awaits thee still,
For, as the tender blade rears its weak head,
Intruding weeds may mock thy toil. The hoe

Now ply with steady skill; each noxious herb

Removing, let the gifts of Ceres bloom
Uninjur'd, unimpeded. O'er thy lands
Thus shall the waving harvest flourish thick,
Without obstruction; and the ripen'd ears
Teeming with happy juices, spread and swell

Luxuriant. Quickly summer's glowing rays
A yellow mantle o'er thy fields shall spread,
And Autumn with his sickle stand, prepar'd
To crown thy labours, and thy garners fill.

From thee, O farmer! now Virginia claims
Ease, plenty, wealth;—from thee each artist hopes

Life's comforts; oft his tender offspring views

With rapture, whilst he blesses thy firm toil,
Which cheers his labours with the cheap repast.

And, whilst he wields the axe, the shuttle throws

With dextrous art, or lifts the pond'rous sledge.

From thee security anticipates;
Proclaims the blessings Agriculture yields,
Labour's firm basis, industry's bright crown!

Farmer! how various are thy cares!—the plough,

The harrow and the sickle, claim a part,
And but a part of thy extended toil.

The vegetable kingdom owns thy sway.
By thee the orchard blooms;—its loaded boughs

Blush redolent; through ether scatt'ring wide

Sweetest perfumes. Oft as the citizen,
Envelop'd long in the town's murky fog,
And breathing air corrupted, sallies forth
To view the beauties of the hill and dale,
The vocal forest, and the teeming glebe—
Unusual transports on his senses rush,
Trade's anxious cares he, for a while, de- tests,

Beholds with genuine joy the glowing scene,
And, tho' his mind to art alone hath bow'd,
Insensibly to nature homage pays,
Improv'd by Industry's directing hand.
See! how he quaffs the apple's foaming juice,

Or drains the bowl, with home-brew'd ale replete!

Around the stranger flock the infant tribe;
And, whilst the glitt'ring buckle charms their sight,

The shining vest, and gold-encircled hat—
With equal wonder he beholds their cheeks
Glowing in all the luxury of health.

And oft reflects how vain are his pursuits,
Who, bent on wealth alone, disdains the fields,

Source of each joy; in cities lives immur'd,
Devotes to sordid pelf each hour, and builds
On trade's false quicksands, hope's illusive towers!—

But soon to avarice his raptures yield:
Returning, commerce he obeys again;
Forgets the farmer's bliss, his golden heaps
Ideal, counts; to the deceitful tide
Of speculation all his blessings trusts;

Nor fickle fortune dreads ; till ev'ry hope
Is swallow'd in the gulf of bankruptcy !

Since such thy woes, O trade ! by slow
degrees

Let me retire from thy deceitful paths.

Once, (when I knew thee not) the rural
scene

I priz'd, in rustic sports, and labours blest.

Ye fields, in nature's greenest mantle clad ;
Ye forests, gently bending with the breeze ;
Ye purling streams that lull'd me to repose ;
Ye birds, who wak'd me, joyous as the
morn ;

Ye herds, ye flocks, my resolution hear !

Let industry's firm hands those chords untie
Which bind me like a slave to drudging
trade ;—

Then shall I rush to hail the rural scene,
To turn the soil, to reap the gifts of earth,
Nature to follow, through her flow'ry paths,
And speculation's labyrinths detest,
Which, whilst they promise bliss, conduct
to woe !

W. P.

EPIGRAMS.

*On Lipsius bequeathing his Gown to the Vir-
gin Mary.*

A dying *Latinist*, of great renown,
Unto the Virgin Mary left his gown ;
And was not this false *Latin* so to join
With *female gender* the case *masculine*.

RESIGNATION.

Richard o' th' green, grown old and very
poor,
For Sunday's change had but the shirt he
wore ;

Wakes, fairs, or markets, or whatever came,
He wore his linen, turn'd, but still the
same :

Whene'er 'twas wash'd, or when a bleach-
ing spread,
He stripp'd himself, and lay the while in
bed,

At last, as drying in the sunshine laid,
Some thief who made no conscience of his
trade,

A faithless strip-bush, who ne'er fail'd the
sport,

Skulk'd slyly by and stole away the shirt.
The good old wife screams out aloud, un-
done !

O husband, Gaffer, O ! thy shirt is gone !
He cries sedate, Peace, fool, is that such
news,

Those who have something, they must
something lose.

*On a Young Lady with a Bosom-friend of
Siberian ermine.*

To check the blast, to guard thy tender form
From ruthless cold this gentle shield I
send,

May heaven afford thee, in each ruder
storm,

The warm protection of a bosom Friend.

*To a Lady, who turned her cheek to the author,
when he went to kiss her.*

Is't for a grace, or is't for some dislike,
That, when I'd kiss your lips, you turn your
cheek ?

Some think this vastly rude in your beha-
viour,

But I should rather think it as a favour,
For I, to show my kindness and my love,
Would leave both lip and cheek to kiss your
glove,

And with the cause to make you full ac-
quainted,

Your glove's perfum'd, your lips and cheeks
are painted.

A WIFE'S LAWYER.

Who is that beau—pray tell me, for you
know,

Still near your wife ? Pray tell me—Who's
that beau,

Still pouring nonsense in her glowing ear,
With his right elbow leaning on her chair ?
Who on his hand the sparkling brilliant
wears,

His hand almost as white and soft as hers !
“ That man is, though he now so gay ap-
pears,

“ A lawyer, who transacts my wife's af-
fairs.”

A lawyer that ! I vow you make me stare !
Surely lord Foppington's turn'd practiser !
A lawyer that ! you are a precious 'squire,
Fit for a *Gomez*, in the *Spanish Friar* !
Your wife's affairs ! Believe me, one so fine
Transacts not *her* affairs, so much as *thine*.

“ How long will I love you, if you grant me
this favour ?”

Prithee tie me not up to such rigid beha-
viour :

I'll love thee as long and as well as I can ;
I expect thee a woman ; you'll find me a
man.

Virtuous and friendly *Squab* will be
While right and interest can agree,
But, when they differ, do not wonder
If *Squab* and *Virtue* are asunder.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

*The Theatrical Censor for the ensuing Winter, including the
Theatres of Philadelphia, New-York, Boston and Charleston.*

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

THEATRICAL CENSOR

AND

CRITICAL MISCELLANY,

FOR 1806—1807.

Aimez qu'on vous corrige, et non pas qu'on vous loue.

BOILEAU.

IN closing the Theatrical Censor for the last Winter, it was promised to resume that work with the return of the season, and in a form more deserving of the flattering patronage with which it was honoured. The pledge, thus given, by the then Editor, it is now proposed to redeem.

No words shall be wasted here, in asserting the value of Dramatic Criticism; on that point, more than needful has been, perhaps, already said; but, at the least, enough. The Stage has a powerful influence on Society: well conducted, it is not only the vehicle of some of its most elegant pleasures, but the friend of all its virtues. To be sensible of its importance, and yet indifferent to its operation, is impossible; or, if possible, it is folly. The Stage must refine our manners, enlarge our minds and ennoble our hearts; or, it must degrade, contract and debase. The effect of bad and of good example cannot be the same.

Whether, therefore, we regard the Stage merely as the seat of the liberal arts, or, with more extended view, as the

school of ethics, its title to public guardianship is manifest. It is nothing to the question, that the actor may design only to divert us and to live; and the spectator desire only to be diverted. It is not in the power of either the one or the other to stop at the point he proposes to himself. Imitative as we are, we cannot be diverted by dulness, folly, vulgarity or vice, but at the expense of our genius, our understanding, our taste or our virtue.

But, let the Stage be considered only as the seat of liberal arts; as the source of intellectual amusement;—still we must be anxious to see these arts make some approach to perfection; still we must desire that this amusement should be worthy of our partiality. To promote these ends is the undertaking and the province of the Critic.

The public guardianship of the Stage.—This public guardianship consists in public criticism; in a voice and a hand always ready to draw the line between the right and the wrong; to throw a powerful light on each; to stamp the one with condemnation and the other with applause; to assert the claims of merit, and fight its battles against false pretension. This is the guardianship of the Stage; these are the objects of Criticism.

In Philadelphia, and the other cities of America, there is peculiar necessity for this interference. Where more than one Theatre is maintained, rival companies, if not critics on each other, necessarily imbue the public with habits of criticism; that is, of discrimination. Here, on the contrary, not only one city possesses but one Theatre, but one set of actors has possession of almost every Theatre. Not only our eyes witness but one kind and degree of excellence, but report brings us no notice of any other. We may travel from Dan to Beersheba, and hear only the same Roscius, see only the same Carlini. In what torpor this monotony, this sameness, must detain our judgment; how little it must tend to make us impatient of defect; what advantage must be derived from it, by our *rightly-seeming* players; we may collect from the answer of the sensible clergyman, who declined lending his pulpit to a friend:—‘Sir,’ said he, ‘if you preach worse than I, you

'ought not to preach at all; if better, my congregation will never be satisfied with me again.'

But, whatever may be the utility, or, at the worst, the innocence of Dramatic Criticism in general, in the THEATRICAL CENSOR there is, perhaps, expected a reformation. *Eulogies* and *pæans* (there are those who will understand us!) are reckoned upon, if we look for public favour. On this head we have but little to promise; we know what these *eulogies* and *pæans* are; by what description of persons, and to answer what ends, they are written, and why they are printed. To make those attempts on public credulity, on public *cullibility*, on the 'sweet cullibility of man's temper,' is very natural in those who are to gain by it, and something amiable, if not very honest, in those who serve a friend; but, the Theatrical Censor, is not published for these purposes:—'the players and 'I are, luckily, no friends;—not, by any means, that we are their enemies; but, that there subsist between us none of those *liaisons dangereuses*, those misleading intimacies, which sometimes pervert the judgment, and sometimes impose law upon the tongue. No; pleasant as is the task, to give its praise to merit, we must write the truth, or we must not write at all:

Off to due distance, half ye stalking train!
Blots of a title your low tastes prophane.

There is no concealing, then, that we are without any disposition to relax in what we deem a wholesome severity. We can neither soften our language nor moderate our expectations. We can make no reduction of our demands on the American Stage; we ask for something more than barn-playing.

But, thus far, we have referred only to the renewal of former criticism; it remains for us to explain that extension in our design, on which we venture to found a hope of still superior patronage. With respect to the Drama, we have to announce, that our censorship will comprehend the Theatres of PHILADELPHIA, NEW-YORK, BOSTON, and CHARLESTON. In each of these cities we are assured of the most complete assistance, and each will claim an equal share of our attention; an ar-

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rangement by which we flatter ourselves with being enabled to give to our pages, not only local interest in the respective cities, but, through the increased variety of their contents, through the points of union they will establish between the scattered lovers of the Drama and ourselves, through the comparisons they will necessarily suggest, and through the emulation they may be fortunate enough to excite, a higher value in the general estimation.

Nor are these the furthest limits of our plan. We shall pursue the Drama into the closet, and criticise it there. We shall deal in Anecdote, History, Scraps, Chit-chat and Sketches. We shall even, sometimes, lose sight, alike of the sock and the buskin, and give ourselves, for the instant, to the Fine Arts in general, to Literature and to Life.

In all these departments, however, we shall generally be found in the shape of critics. Many will think that not the Stage alone demands the Censor; and, truly, so do we! Without more formality, therefore, of profession, we claim the freedom of beating in all quarters for our game. 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women in it merely *players*.' On this authority, we might *spiritualise* the title of our paper, and insist, that whatever be the freedom of our *plot*, we shall violate none of the *unities*; that, after all, the *stage* and the *players* will be the sole objects of our pursuit. But, be this as it may, range we will, and dip the pencil where we please :

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

CONDITIONS.

The THEATRICAL CENSOR AND CRITICAL MISCELLANY will appear regularly every Saturday; each number containing sixteen large pages in medium octavo.

The Subscription is three dollars for six months, to be paid in advance. Subscriptions received by JOHN PHILLIPS, at his Circulating Library, South Fourth-street, Philadelphia; by J. OSBORNE, at his Circulating Library, Park, New-York; by OLIVER C. GREENLEAF, Bookseller, Boston; by Messrs. WARNER and HANNA, Booksellers, Baltimore; and by Messrs. MARCHANT, WILLINGTON and Co. Charleston, South-Carolina.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.] Philadelphia, Saturday, September 20, 1806. [No. 37.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

[Our anxiety to aid the cause of elegant literature, combined with a warm friendship for Dr. C. and a full conviction of his abilities as an Editor, urges us to give the front rank to an interesting article.

PROPOSALS BY JOHN WATTS,

For publishing by Subscription, in medium 8vo.

SELECT SPEECHES,

FORENSIC AND PARLIAMENTARY,

With Illustrative Remarks,

BY N. CHAPMAN, M. D.

Pietatem gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent; ad rectisque auribus adstant;
Iste regit dēctis animos et pectora mulcet. Virg.

THE design of the work, as the title imports, is to draw from the exchequer of modern eloquence the most distinguished Speeches, and to publish them *collectively*. These splendid productions, to many of which "Demosthenes would have listened with *delight*, and Cicero with *envy*," are permitted, by a strange insensibility to their value, to be scattered, with the refuse of literature, in the perishable shape of a pamphlet, or to be preserved imperfectly in the rapid synopses of the Chronicles of the day. It is to be regretted that, in consequence of this neglect, some of the finest displays of modern elocution are already irretrievably lost, and that the rest must inevitably be swept away by the current of time, if an effort be not fostered to give to them a more permanent form.

The diligent researches of the Editor, though sometimes disappointed, have been, on the whole, rewarded with a success very disproportioned to the moderate expectations with which he went to the task.

He has found, concealed in the cabinets of the curious, and in the hoards of "literary misers," a sufficient number of the "brightest gems," to authorise him to exchange the toils of gleaning for the perplexity of selection.

He proposes to make indisputable evidence of the genuineness of every Speech, the invariable criterion of his choice, and will admit no one into the work which has not distinct claims from importance of matter and brilliancy of diction.

Without hazarding a decision of his own, on the intricate question of the respective excellence of ancient and modern eloquence, he confidently trusts that *his compilation* will not be thought to weaken the opinion that, were a collection of the best specimens of the latter to be formed, it might fearlessly challenge a comparison with the celebrated exhibitions of Grecian and Roman oratory.

Of the pretensions of the work to public favor the Editor conceives little need be said.

I. It is an attempt, and the only one, to perpetuate Modern Eloquence.

What direct memorial, says a late writer, would remote posterity have received, even of the existence of the

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talent, were not a few of Mr. Burke's Orations incorporated with his works? But, gorgeous as is certainly the rhetoric of Edmund Burke, will his speeches alone convey an adequate representation of the extent, variety, and richness of the eloquence of the age in which he lived?

II. It will present at one view to the Lawyer and Statesman, those learned and lucid discussions of politics and jurisprudence, which are eminently subsidiary to his investigations, and which, as now dispersed, are always difficult of access, and frequently not to be procured at any price.

III. It will afford a correct model for the study of Oratory.

The calm, temperate, argumentative manner of the moderns differs too widely from the bold, vehement, figurative style of the ancient orations, to render them, notwithstanding their various beauties, a standard altogether proper for emulation.

A speaker, who should at this time adventurously imitate the impetuous strains, or the lofty flights, which mark the classic elocution—who should dare to pour “the torrent, or spread the splendid conflagration,” would probably excite not more surprise, or provoke greater merriment, by appearing before his audience enrobed in the grotesque costume of antiquity.

Whatever tends to improve or to widen the dominion of speech cannot be an object of indifference in a commonwealth.

Eloquence has always been admired and studied by every free people. It engages particularly their attention, because it opens to them the widest avenue to distinction. Compared to it, the influence of the other attributes, which elevate to rank, or confer authority, is feeble and insignificant. In Greece and Rome it rose, by cultivation, to the loftiest pitch of refinement, and the history of those states confirms, by innumerable instances, the truth, “that Eloquence is Power.”

But no where has a condition of things prevailed, holding out stronger incitements to its acquirement, or more

auspicious opportunities for its profitable exertion, than in the United States. There are, indeed, in the peculiar construction of our political institutions, advantages to the orator, which did not belong even to the ancient democracies. The complex fabric of our federative system has multiplied, beyond the example of any government, legislative assemblies and judiciary establishments: each of which is not only a school to discipline eloquence, but also a field, that yields the abundant harvest of its honours and emoluments.

With us, an additional motive exists, to stimulate generous ambition to the culture of oratory. The nation has a character to receive. We can scarcely hope to create, and emblazon one with the glitter of, military deeds. The natural felicities of our situation will forbid, perhaps for a considerable period, our becoming warlike. Reputation from the improvements of literature, or science, or the arts, is equally denied to us. Centuries must elapse before we can arrive at this enviable eminence. The adolescence of a people is not the season which produces such improvements. They are the offspring of a much ripener age.

Hitherto we are chiefly known by a hardy spirit of commercial enterprise, and by the uncommon possession of the faculty of public speaking, which are the probable germinations of our future character. Into these directions the genius of the country is pressed by causes not readily to be controlled. Eloquence seems to flourish well among us. Let us therefore encourage its growth till it becomes the distinguishing feature of the American people. Let us, since we are excluded from many of the means which advance the glory of a nation, endeavour to exalt our fame by excelling in one of the noblest qualities of our nature.

Like a polished republic of antiquity, we will be content to be characterised by our commerce and our oratory. The winds which waft the redundant products of our industry to the remotest regions may also bear our renown as the most eloquent people of the earth.

CONDITIONS.

- I. The Work will be comprised in three or four Volumes, octavo.
- II. It will be elegantly printed on fine paper, and with a Type bold and distinct.
- III. The price to Subscribers will be Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, each volume: To Non-Subscribers, Three Dollars.
- IV. It is contemplated to put the work to press on the first of November.

Subscriptions received at *John Watts's* Office, Dock Street,; and by all the principal Booksellers throughout the United States.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF ANACREON, &c.

(Continued from p. 185, Vol. I.)

CHAP. III.

IN the evening we went to the theatre, to witness the representation of a play that had been written by Hipparchus, the son of the reigning tyrant. This Prince was eminently distinguished from the young noblemen of his father's court by his love of letters, and to him the Athenians, who have always more loved those who contributed to their pleasures than they respected the talents which exalted their power, ascribed many of the pleasures they enjoyed. Pisistratus, though it was his policy, as well as his disposition, to divert the minds of his subjects from his individual views, and gild their fetters with the pageantry of splendid exhibitions, devoted his almost undivided attention to those schemes, by which he finally overturned the constitution of Solon, and satisfied that inordinate ambition which had never been attracted from its object by the fascinating lures of delight, nor daunted by the menaces of opposition. It is difficult to speak of this character with impartiality. We are in danger of being dazzled by the splendor of his personal qualities, and we cannot yield a due degree of applause to the talents and the perseverance he displayed, when we reflect that they were exerted to overturn the liberties of his country. Conspicuous as the member of a family which had been rendered illustrious by a long train of noble ancestry, he entered the busy theatre of

life at that critical period in the history of his country, when the Athenians, ever volatile and never contented, were become wearied of those excellent institutions which the wisdom of Solon had devised, which they themselves had once regarded with the veneration that is due to oracular inspiration, and which the prudence of surrounding nations had not disdained to applaud and adopt. The unhappy divisions which distracted the councils of his country, offered a field for the exercise of his turbulent and restless disposition, too flattering for his honesty to resist. Athens, divided by three factions, which were actuated by as many different interests, had enjoyed some quiet whilst she was protected by the authority and awed by the presence of her legislator. But as soon as his absence had relieved her terrors, faction reared her Medusa head. The three parties which Solon had exerted all his ingenuity to restrain, both by the allurements of promise and the commands of authority, now united to fan a flame in which they would all perish. Pisistratus had too much penetration to hesitate. He was soon enrolled among the democratic party—his voice resounded beneath the banners of sedition, and he blew the clarion of anarchy. There, where age dares to dictate without the sanction of experience, where youth is clamorous without the energy of spirit: Where the crafty flatter the vanity of ignorance, and the bold overawe the timidity of caution, was the influence of Pisistratus secretly insinuated and successfully exercised. He deceived the credulous by specious falsehoods, and flattered the vanity of meanness by the hopes of future honours. Nothing that ingenuity could suggest, and boldness perpetrate, escaped his vigilant eye. Even the wary policy of the lawgiver himself was blinded by his art. Thus did he collect around him whatever the vilest rank of his country could contribute, of the base and the profligate, the needy and the designing, the restless and the ambitious, the ignorant and the credulous. By these means did he enlist a band of men, who were

prompt at his signal to slander honesty and insult dignity, to despise the institutions of their country, and, impelled by the violence of passion, to elude the control of reason.*

But let me at least endeavour to do justice to his memory. With a person bold and majestic he needed but to be seen to attract attention. His eloquence, which raged in the loftiest torrents of indignation, or flowed in a gentle current of mild persuasion, was happily aided by nature, who had bestowed on the tones of his voice an extraordinary degree of sweetness. Nor was she less bountiful in the embellishment of his mind. No man could more skilfully command, not only his own passions, but even those of others, which he made subservient to his views. He was accessible to the meanest of the community, and he listened to every complaint. With qualities so eminently adapted to fit him to be the leader of the democratic faction, it will not be wondered at that the warning voice of Solon could be of little avail in stopping the incur-sive spread of his popularity. But after he had attained the eminence for which he had laboured with such untiring toil, the loftiness of his genius displayed itself in a dignity of demeanor, which

* Let the reader pause for a moment in this place, and reflect on the unvarying and detestable complexion which has always distinguished the features of this meretricious Syren. Let him view her folly and her profligacy in the streets of Athens, when she derided the salutary laws of Solon—her weakness and instability under those of Lycurgus—see her lighting the torch of discord, and blowing the trump of rebellion in England—and only furling her standard when it has been crimsoned by the blood of a sovereign;—and see her exhibit a still more hideous aspect, when she ravaged the fertile fields of France, imbrued her hands in the blood of a mild and benignant monarch, whose only crime was his love towards his subjects, and murdered thousands to satiate her savage ferocity; and at length plunged her deluded followers into the darkest gloom of despotism! Such is the demon of democracy. Arrayed in smiles, she courts our embraces; but her heart is cankered—she is corrupted by loathsome disease, and polluted by a passion more contagious than the fang of the viper.

added a bright lustre to authority, and gave fresh energy to courage. It has been properly said, that a sovereign is more powerful by his personal qualities than by his power, and the TYRANT,* for so he is styled by the Greeks, furnishes an illustrious example of the truth of the remark. By whatever arts he usurped the sovereignty of his country, and prostrated her liberties, for a short time, we must yet admire the humanity, virtue, and moderation, with which he exercised his authority. He not only enforced and improved many of the laws of Solon, particularly those against idleness, but he became a real benefactor, by teaching new modes of industry; which he did by introducing arts and manufactures, hitherto unknown, into Attica. It is true that he united in himself the regal privileges and powers of the robe and the sword, but it is no less true that, when he was accused of an infraction of his own laws by the commission of a murder, he appeared before the Areopagus, and in the tone of innocence called upon that illustrious body to inquire into the facts, and to remove so foul a stigma from his name, if they should find his hands unstained by the blood of a fellow-citizen. Had not the contentions of the different factions of the city somewhat embittered the natural humanity of his disposition, and the violent opposition of his enemies inflamed an inherent love of power, the name of Pisistratus would be conspicuously enrolled in the first rank of the patriots and heroes of Greece.

But to return from my digression. Hipparchus, disclaiming the soft blandishments of a voluptuous court, had devoted his days and nights to the cul-

* The Greeks attached a different idea to the word τυραννος, from that which is implied in the acceptation of the modern word Tyrant. They applied it to all, without discrimination, who acquired the sovereign power in a free republic. Thrasybulus of Miletus, Periander of Corinth, Pisistratus of Athens, Polycrates of Samos, Alexander of Phœnix, and Dionysius of Syracuse, were all called τυραννοι, though their characters were as widely different as those of Titus and Domitian, the extremes of virtue and vice.

tivation of his mind. At his instigation his father had invited to his court the most eminent men of Greece, and the merit of his exertions he always ascribed to him. Such was the filial duty and the amiable disposition of this young prince, that he endeavoured, by every little art, to soften the fetters of the Athenians, and invariably taught them to direct their thanks to the monarch. The Play, which he now brought forward, was his first attempt; and it succeeded in a manner the most flattering to the sanguine hopes of a juvenile author. The fable was taken from the Rhapsodies of Homer, which his father had collected. He depicted the misfortunes of Ulysses, and their happy termination. He portrayed the magic influence of Circe and her companions, in such glowing words, that we all wondered at the prudence which could escape their snares.

But when the poet, changing the scene, carried us to the island of Calypso—when he painted her beauty, and described the fascinating lures which love had taught her, in terms which Apollo had inspired, every heart seemed agonized for his fidelity—the whole audience arose in raptures when they witnessed his triumph.

Thus the pen of the poet created at his will all the changes of hope and fear, of love, admiration and terror. We left the theatre, participating in the joys of Ulysses, after he had escaped all his perils, and once more folded in his arms the faithful Penelope.

I spent the night with Anacreon, and our recent entertainment naturally became the topic of conversation. He had written some tragedies himself, and the subject was familiar to him.

"The fable of every poem," he said, "is either simple or implex: It is called simple, when the tale moves on, without any interruption, by striking reverses of fortune, or sudden discoveries, in the hero—and implex, when his situation changes from good to bad, or from bad to good. The implex sort of fable is, therefore, of two kinds. In the first, the hero is subjected to a long series of

difficulties and dangers, but he finally surmounts them, and is rewarded by honours and happiness, as we saw, to night, in the character of Ulysses. In the second, the chief actor falls from the pinnacle of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace.* Our poets frequently make, what they imagine to be, very important discoveries, in order to excite our surprise and enchain our attention. But they neglect to make any subsequent change in the apparent plan of the play, or in the sentiments of the actors. Thus, in the *Electra* of Sophocles, after the discovery that is made between *Electra* and *Orestes*, they still continue in the same state, and there is no peripety, or change of fortune, until after the death of *Clytemnestra* and *Egisthus*.

I interrupted Anacreon, to ask, which he thought the better manner of conducting a fable. Whether to make virtue always triumphant, or sometimes to terminate its sufferings by death without other relief?

He said, that "authors differed very much on this question. But to me," he continued, "it has always appeared, that, as the principal design of tragedy is to excite commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat its purpose if we invariably make virtue and innocence successful and happy. Whatever vexations and disappointments may occur to a good man, in the

* We may supply the neglect of Anacreon in this place, by mentioning the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, as an instance of the second kind of implex fable. There our general parents, from the most enviable state which the creative imagination of a poet can feign, are suddenly plunged into all the misery of sin and sorrow. That sweet converse, which cheated the lazy hours of time, is changed into the revilings of disgust, or the murmurs of discontent—the prospect of a future, and even a greater, felicity is dimmed by the consciousness of guilt and the dread of punishment—and they are haunted by the most agonizing phantoms which can torture a parent's reflection—they present before them the offspring they have introduced to the world, to drink of the cup of bitterness, which can only be exhausted by the intervention of one who is able to save all.

course of the narrative, we are little affected by them; we take no interest in his sufferings, if we know that in the conclusion he is to attain the summit of his desires, and be made completely happy. Whilst he is plunged in the depth of misery, we are apt to console ourselves with the reflection, that he will eventually extricate himself from all his difficulties; and, that his grief, how poignant soever it may be at present, will soon be mitigated, and the smiles of cheerfulness be restored to his countenance.—For this reason, the most skillful of our writers treat men in their poems as they find them in the world. They make virtue sometimes happy, and sometimes miserable. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these ways, and concludes by observing, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and won the prize from those which concluded in the contrary manner.

Terror and commiseration leave an impression of pleasing painfulness, and diffuse a soft melancholy over the mind, from which arises a serious composure of thoughts, that is much more lasting and delightful than the little transient ebullitions of joy and rapture.* Besides, the prosperity of the good has nothing tragical in it, and I think I may add,

* In confirmation of this opinion of Anacreon, we may remark, that the most popular of our English tragedies are those, in which the favourites of the audience sink under the calamities that oppress them. Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Lear, are oftener played and more generally applauded than any of the other dramas of Shakspeare.—It must be owned, however, that this sort of construction, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for the Epic poem. Milton seems to be sensible of the imperfectness of his Fable; and his ingenuity has therefore resorted to various artifices to supply the defect: particularly by the mortification of the great adversary of mankind, on his return to the assembly of the infernal spirits, as is richly described in the Tenth Book—Also, by the vision, in which Adam, at the close of the Poem, sees the seed of the woman bruising the serpent's head, and fancies himself to be placed in a happier Paradise than that from which he had been expelled.

that the punishment of the bad inspires as little terror or pity. In this respect Sophocles errs when he makes Electra and Orestes happy in the conclusion, and punishes Egisthus and Clytemnestra. It is proper that their crimes should be punished, but the audience would be more affected if they had been called upon to mourn over unsuccessful innocence.

It is also a great fault, as Aristotle again observes, in some of our writers, that they endeavour to excite terror or pity, not by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, but by the dress and the decorations of the stage.* This censure may justly be applied to Eschylus. It is said, that when his "Furies" was first performed, the audience was so terrified, that the children fell

* It is to be regretted that the exquisite raillery of Addison did not affect some revolution in what the Italians call, "*fourberia della scena*," the knavery or trickish part of the drama—that authors will continue to terrify us by thunder and lightning, and make us melancholy by darkening the stage.

But small wits are incorrigible. Shakspeare exalts our conceptions by a few strokes of his pen, but there are others who are compelled to resort to such expedients as the terrific processions which old Matthew Paris describes. The work is rare, and the curious will not be wearied by a short extract. This author has left us an account of the "Devil's Stage Plays," as he terms them, said to have been exhibited, with many other strange sights, to the soul of a pious catholic rustic, under the special patronage of the saints.

"THE SCENE, HELL.

"First they (the devils) introduced a very proud man in his robes, strutting along big, cocking his eye-brows, uttering swelling words; in short, having all the manners of imperiousness and arrogance; but while he was threatening horrible executions, and priding himself in his trappings, all on a sudden, they turned into a flame around him, burning him most dismally, and then the devil's seizing him, tormented him beyond what human malice can imagine."

The other characters composing this diabolical drama, were, a soldier, a priest, a lawyer, his rib; an adulteress with her gallants, two backbiters, and lastly, a most harmonious concert of thieves, incendiaries, and violators of holy places. All of which must have been vastly edifying and comfortable to the soul of the poor sinner.

into fits, and many of the women were seriously injured.

A poet should be cautious that he do not make his good characters too perfect, lest he stifle all hopes of imitation; and also for another reason, which Aristotle gives. He says that, if a man of perfect and consummate virtue becomes unfortunate, it excites our pity but not our terror, because we who do not resemble the suffering person have little dread that we shall meet a similar fate. But if we behold one, with whose virtues some imperfections are mingled, his misfortunes not only interest our sympathy, but our terror, because our character resembles his.*

Thus you see, my dear Crito, that our art does not consist in the mere assemblage of words, in collecting together a quantity of brilliant metaphors and striking similes. The poet who soars on the wings of invention, and aspires to the praise of posterity, must study the human mind with the nicest scrutiny. He should habituate himself to an active curiosity respecting the motives of human actions, and he should be able to search the innermost recesses of the heart with the skill of the metaphysical anatomist.

But come, let us drink—our long conversation has made me thirsty. I immediately poured him some choice Chian, which had recently been sent by one of his bacchanalian friends. Ah,

* Without presuming to question the accuracy of Aristotle's judgment, I must be permitted to observe, that his remark will not apply to the Adam and Eve of Milton. In the *Paradise Lost*, these persons possess the most eminent virtues, and their fall is not to be considered as what may be, but what actually is, our situation. We are embarked in the same vessel, and must participate in their happiness or misery.

In this, and in a few other instances, as Addison has remarked, Aristotle's rules for Epic Poetry, which he had learned from a diligent perusal of Homer, cannot be supposed to suit exactly with the heroic poems that have been written since his time. It must be evident to every one, that his rules would have been still more perfect, could he have studied the *Eneid*, which was written several centuries after his death.

said he, this is the inspiring god; this is the legitimate Muse of genuine poetry. Did such liquor flow from Helicon, we should be a nation of poets. I asked if wine really aided his invention. Oh yes, it exhilarates my spirits—brightens all my faculties—give me my lyre, and you shall see that this goblet is also an inspirer of harmony. The instrument was quickly strung, and, after a long discussion of the rules of poetry, it was a pleasant change to have them exemplified by a song on

THE POWER OF WINE.

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!
Warm with the goblet's fresh'ning dews,
My heart invokes the heavenly muse.
When I drink my sorrow's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
When I drink, the jesting boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;
And while we dance thro' breathing bowers,
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,

*When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!* "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry." There is an epigram in the first book of the *Anthologia*, which begins thus:

Οποι τοι χαριντι μεγας σκελι ιππος αειδω,
Τδω δε σπον, καλον ε τικος επος.

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies!

M.

And while we dance through breathing bowers, &c.] If some of the translators had observed Dr. Trapp's caution, with regard to *πολυαιθετον μ' η αυτης*, "Cave ne cœlum intelligas," they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy by such extravagant conceptions of the passage. Could our poet imagine such bombast as the following?

Quand je bois, mon œil s'imagine
Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums div-
vers,
Bacchus m'importe dans les airs,
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this:

Indi mi mena
Mentre lietro ebro deliro,
Bacco in giro
Per la vaga aura serena.

M.

In bowls he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!
When I drink, I deftly twine
Flowers, begemm'd with tears of wine;
And, while with festive hand I spread
The smiling garland round my head,
Something whispers in my breast,
How sweet it is to live at rest!
When I drink, and perfume stills
Around me all in balmy rills,
Then as some beauty, smiling roses,
In languor on my breast reposes,
Venus! I breathe my vows to thee,
In many a sigh of luxury!
When I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know,
When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!
When I drink, the bliss is mine;
There's bliss in every drop of wine!
All other joys that I have known,
I've scarcely dar'd to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'er shadows all my joy!

CHAP. IV.

After he concluded his song, we drank some more wine and retired to our chambers. On the following day, I observed an unusual degree of thoughtfulness in his manner, and, as he daily became more pensive, I ventured to solicit his confidence.

I will tell you willingly, he said, for it is sweet to have a friend who will listen to our complaints, and sympathize in our sorrows. I thought that the fever of love had ceased to rage in my veins; but I was wrong. Cupid finds me so willing a slave, that he delights to exercise his power. That lovely girl

*When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!*] Subjoined to Gail's edition of Anacreon, there are some curious letters upon the *Osiaus* of the ancients, which appeared in the French Journals. At the opening of the Odeon in Paris, the managers of the spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for the fêtes of this institution. He suggested the word "*Thiasse*," which was adopted; but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of it, and addressed their criticisms to Gail through the medium of the public prints. Two or three of the letters he has inserted in his edition, and they have elicited from him some learned research on the subject. M.

whom we saw slumbering in the grove—I cannot banish her idea from my mind. You must see her—intreat that I may see her too—Here are thy credentials—thou shalt be my Mercury.

In fact, I found that he had a long time neglected the worship of Venus, and the goddess seemed now resolved, by the severity of his present sufferings, to punish his desertion from her altars. The brow which was once serene and unruffled, save by the smiles of cheerfulness, was now contracted by the gloom of discontent and solicitude. His lyre had no longer any melody unless it respired the notes of love, and his heart feelingly re-echoed the plaintive cadence. He strived to conquer this new passion and regain his wonted carelessness—but in vain—he yielded when he could no longer resist, and he was not ashamed to acknowledge his defeat. The ode which he had written in his tablet, and requested me to convey to her, was addressed

TO THE GOLDEN EURYPYLE.*

I will; I will; the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resigned;
And I've repell'd the tender lure,
And hop'd my heart should sleep secure.
But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too;
Assum'd the corslet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smil'd at fear.

* Mr. Moore remarks that the word "golden," is frequently employed as an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "*Venus aurea*;" and in Propertius "*Cynthia aurea*." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman "golden." May I add that the "*flava coma*" of Horace is in the same spirit?

*And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too;*] Longepierre has quoted an epigram from the Anthologia, in which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against love.

Then (hear it, all you powers above!)
 I fought with love! I fought with love!
 And now his arrows all were shed—
 And I had just in terrors fled—
 When, heaving an indignant sigh,
 To see me thus unwounded fly,
 And, having now no other dart,
 He glanc'd himself into my heart!
 My heart—alas the luckless day!
 Receiv'd the God, and died away.
 Farewel, farewell, my faithless shield!
 Thy lord at length is forc'd to yield.
 Vain, vain, is every outward care,
 My foe 's within, and triumph's there.

Ἠλλισμαι πρὸς ἄντα περὶ σταγροῖσι λογιζομαι,
 Οὐδὲ με τιμωμι, μόνος καὶ πρὸς ἑνα.
 Θιατὸς δ' ἀβυσσὸν συνελκυσσάμεναι: νῦν δὲ βελόν
 Βαλχὸν εἶχεν, τί μοι πρὸς θεὸν ἔγωγε δύναμαι;

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
 And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
 Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dis-
 may'd,

But, if Bacchus should ever advance to his
 aid,

Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
 Unfortunate warrior! what should I do?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and
 Bacchus united is delicately expressed in an
 Italian poem, which is so very Anacreontic,
 that I may be pardoned for introducing it.
 Indeed, it is an imitation of our poet's sixth
 ode.

Lavossi Amore in quel vicino fiume
 Ove giuro (Pastor) che bevend'io
 Bevei le fiamme, anzi l'istesso Dio,
 L'hor con l'humide piume
 Lasciavetto mi scherza al cor intorno.
 Ma che sarei s'io lo bevessi un giorno,
 Baccò, nel tuo liquore?

Sarei, più che non sono ebro d'Amore.

The urchin of the bow and quiver
 Was bathing in a neighbouring river,
 Where, as I drank on yester-eve,
 (Shepherd-youth! the tale believe,)
 'Twas not a cooling, chrystal draught,
 'Twas liquid flame I mildly quaff'd;
 For love was in the rippling tide,
 I felt him to my bosom glide.
 And now the wily, wanton minion
 Plays o'er my heart with restless pinion.
 This was a day of fatal star,
 But were it not more fatal far,
 If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
 I found this flutt'ring, young desire!
 Then, then indeed my soul should prove,
 Much more than ever, drunk with love!

And, having left no other dart,
 He glanc'd himself into my heart!'] Dryden
 has parodied this thought in the following
 extravagant lines:

— I'm all o'er love;
 Nay, I am Love, Love shot, and shot so fast,
 He shot himself into my breast at last.

I had some acquaintance with Eury-
 pyle, and therefore felt no difficulty in
 presenting the offering my friend had
 sent. She received it not as a deserved
 homage to her beauty, but as an ex-
 travagant compliment, which her mo-
 desty would willingly have avoided.
 Yet the vows of such a poet, of one who
 was the admiration of the most polished
 court in Greece, was too flattering to be
 resisted.

When I contemplated the delightful
 manner in which Anacreon now passed
 his days, it was pleasant to me to re-
 member that I had been an humble in-
 strument in promoting it. But it was
 a satisfaction in which some regret, and
 perhaps a little envy were intermingled.
 Those hours in which I was once in-
 structed by his conversations on poetry,
 or listened with rapture to the softness
 of his music, were now gone. Eury-
 pyle engrossed all his soul. The strings of
 his lyre breathed but in unison with the
 expressions of her eyes, and her praise
 was the only theme of his song.

Yet I ought not to have repined. She
 was a woman who merited the love of
 Anacreon. Her mind was highly cul-
 tivated. From the most eminent teachers
 she had learned to enliven the canvas
 with animation, and her skilful hand had
 given life to the marble of Paria. With
 the young and the gay, she warbled
 the notes of festivity, or twined through
 the mazes of the dance.

But, alas! how fugitive is pleasure.
 In a few moments, the lovely maid was
 obliged to attend her father, who was
 sent on an embassy to one of the Gre-
 cian states.—The parting was tender
 and impressive. Anacreon vowed, what
 he had often vowed before, to be ever
 faithful, and his mistress conjured him
 to remember how intimately her felicity
 depended on his fidelity. He mourned
 her absence, by an elegy, the copy of
 which I have unfortunately lost; but I
 have preserved the following address to
 Archas, who had been one of the in-
 structors of Euryppyle.

To this eminent artist he had applied
 for a picture of his former pupil. The
 feelings of the Painter were scarcely

less interested than the heart of the Poet, and he made so exquisite a picture, that it was sent to Athens, after the death of Anacreon, to be deposited in the temple of Oenus.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form, and soul infuse;
Best of painters! come portray
The lovely maid that's far away.
Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;
And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,

*Thou, whose soft and rosy hues,
Mimic form, and soul infuse;* I have followed the reading of the Vatican MS. *godine*. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation:

Della rosea arte signore. M.

The lovely maid that's far away.] If the portrait of this beauty be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions "the golden Euryppyle" as his mistress.

Βαλκίμος χρυσῆν χάρει στ' Εὐρυπύλλῃ. M.

*Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;*] The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of hair. Apuleius, in the second book of his *Milesiads*, says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, though surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

Stesichorus gave the epithet *καλληποκαμμος* to the Graces, and Simonides bestowed the same upon the Muses. See Hadrian Junius's *Dissertation upon Hair*.

To this passage of our poet, Selden alluded in a note on the *Polyolbion* of Drayton, song the second, where observing, that the epithet "black-haired" was given by some of the ancients to the goddess Isis, he says, "Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love) intended to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of women's special ornament, well-haired (*καλληποκαμμος*), thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired." M.

And, if painting hath the skill

To make the spicy balm distill, &c.] Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: *σταυρὸν καὶ τοὶ ἄνδρες οὖν τοὺν ῥόδον καὶ φημι γομφαδαῖα αὐτὰ μετὰ τῆς ὀσμῆς.* "I admire the dewiness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted." M.

Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray,
With which Minerva's glances play,
And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.
O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and mellow'd red;
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!

*And give them all that liquid fire,
That Venus' languid eyes respire.]* Marchetti explains thus the *ὕψος* of the original:

Dipingili umidetti
Tremuli e lascivetti,
Quai gli ha Ciprigna l'alma Dea d'Amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida, as La Fosse remarks:

Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beam,
That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet. M.

*Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.]* Thus Propertius, eleg. 3, lib. ii.

Utque rosæ puro lacte natant folia.
And Davenant, in a little poem called 'The Mistress,'

Catch as it falls the Scythian snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.
Thus too Taygetus:

Quæ lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation. M.

*Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!]* The "lip, provoking kisses," in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of *χρῆς μαλθακὰ πρὸς τὰ φιλλήματα*, "Lips

Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
 Ripely suing Love's invasion.
 Then beneath the velvet chin,
 Whose dimple shades a love within,
 Mould her neck, with grace descending,
 In a heaven of beauty ending;
 While airy charms, above, below,
 Sport and flutter on its snow.
 Now let a floating, lucid veil,
 Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;
 A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
 And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
 Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
 It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
 Constancy is not for me;
 So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

In his Essay on Man, Pope has very beautifully adverted to a peculiarity in the natural history of the Nautilus. Goldsmith also in his "Animated Na-

soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us with all the authority of experience, that girls who have large lips kiss infinitely sweeter than others! "Suavius viros osculantur puellæ labiosque, quam quæ sunt brevibus labris." And Aeneas Sylvius, in his tedious, uninteresting story of the adulterous loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity), describes her lips as exquisitely adapted for biting. "Os parvum descensque, labia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima." Epist. 114, lib. i. M.

*Then beneath the velvet chin,
 Whose dimple shades a love within, &c.]* Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro:

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
 Vestigio demonstrant molli tudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
 By the finger of Cupid imprest;
 There Softness, bewitchingly simple,
 Has chosen her innocent nest. M.

*Now let a floating, lucid veil,
 Shadow her limbs, but not conceal; &c.]* This delicate art of description, which leaves the imagination to complete the picture, has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronsard is exceptionally minute; and Politianus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. The "ques-to che tu m'intendi" should be always left to fancy. M.

ture," has indulged us with a very pleasing description of this fairy mariner. Mrs. C. Smith, in a recent performance, has likewise very poetically described

THE NAUTILUS.

Where southern suns and winds prevail,
 And undulate the summer seas;
 The Nautilus expands his sail,
 And sends before the fresh'ning breeze.

Off in a little squadron seen,
 Of mimic shapes, all rigg'd complete;
 Fancy might think the fairy queen
 Was sailing with the elfin fleet.

With how much beauty is design'd
 Each channel'd bark of purest white,
 With orient pearl each cabin lin'd,
 Varying with every change of light.

While with his little slender oars,
 His silken sail and tapering mast,
 The dauntless mariner explores
 The dangers of the watery waste.

Prepared, should tempests rend the sky,
 From harm his fragile bark to keep,
 He furls his sail, his oar lays by,
 And seeks his safety in the deep.

Then safe on ocean's shelly bed,
 He hears the storm above him roar,
 Mid groves of coral glowing red,
 Or rocks o'erhung with madrepo-re.

So let us catch life's favouring gale,
 But if Fate's adverse winds be rude,
 Take calmly in the adventurous sail,
 And find repose in Solitude.

A PARENT'S BLINDNESS.

Boileau's father one day was recounting the various qualities in the minds of his children; and, delighted with the sweetness of temper and simplicity of mind, which he thought he had discovered in his son, used to say of him, that he was very different from the rest of his children, for he knew that Des-préaux would never speak ill of any body.

When Boileau first commenced his satirical career, he received admonitory hints from his friends, that he was about to stir up against himself a host of formidable enemies, who would continually keep their eyes upon him, and annoy him on every opportunity. I care not for them, answered the intrepid satirist, I will endeavour to be an honest man, and I shall defy their malice.

The literary and political world, says a London paper, are under great obligations to Mr. Almon for his Classical edition of the works of the author of JUNIUS. Besides developing the Secret History of those Letters, Mr. Almon has enriched them with Notes Biographical and Historical, which will ever stamp value on this new edition.

A certain noted Physician, at Bath, was lately complaining in a coffee-house in that city, that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give 10,000l. each, and yet that he could find nobody to marry them. "With your leave, Doctor," said an Irishman, who was present, stepping up and making a very respectful bow, "I'll take two of them!"

From the Greek.

ON A STATUE OF VENUS BY PRAXITELES.
When Venus saw her statue plac'd
At Cnidos, with perfection grac'd;
"Ah where, Praxiteles," she cried,
"Hast thou my naked charms espied." C. B.

ON ENVY.

Envy is bad—and yet claims one good part,
It gnaws the man who envies to the heart!

C. B.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WATTS'S EDITION OF MOORE'S ODES, &c.

Although but a very short season has elapsed since we announced Mr. Moore's new work, yet it has been published more than a fortnight. Such is the celerity of the Philadelphia Press. Such is the triumph of victorious Industry.

This elegant volume in large 8vo.* consists principally of Odes and Epistles, among which are interspersed many minor poems, which captivate the

* The English edition is a very thick quarto, printed in a very ostentatious and expensive style, and cannot be afforded in this country for less than 12 dollars, an enormous tax, which would amount to a prohibition of this poetical luxury. Mr. Watts's editions, at 2 and 3 dollars, are remarkably cheap, whether we consider the value of the matter, or the accuracy of the Press. His second edition, now advertised, will contain much additional interesting matter.

reader by their wit and sprightliness, while the others delight him by their strength and splendor. Though the walks of Mr. Moore's poesy are exceedingly various, yet they are all enameled, and all delightful. It is nearly impossible to find a crude or careless composition in this beautiful Anthologia. The ingenuity of the author's mind, and the benevolence of his heart, are evinced in many a passage, which will be echoed by the voices of love and friendship, while the name of Anacreon and of Moore survive. What can be more sincere and affectionate than his tender apostrophes to his noble fellow-student and his gentle sister? What more impassioned than his Odes to Nea the nymph of "the fairy isle?" What more joyous than his verses to George Morgan and Joseph Attkinson, Esquires? What more descriptive of local scenery than the Epistle to the Marchioness of Donegall, and to Lady Charlotte Rawdon? and what more faithful to manners and character than the Address to Dr. Hume? The fall of Hebe, The Grecian Girl's Dream, The Genius of Harmony, Rings and Seals, The Snow Spirit, Hymn of a Virgin of Delphi, and The Song of the Evil Spirit of the Woods, will, we think, be sufficient to convince the liberal critic, that if the loftier tone of Poetry has been lowered of late, it is not owing to the fault of Mr. Moore.

This interesting volume is sure of success both from the early reputation of the author, and from the intrinsic merit of the composition. Dr. Kearney, the Provost of Trinity College, Dr. Lawrence, the friend of Burke, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, the author of the best Sonnets in the English language, Mr. W. Gifford, and the whole tribe of British critics declared, while Mr. Moore was quite a youth, that in spirit, genius, and originality, he would emulate the writers of a purer age. Of his invention the proofs may be found in every page of this volume. Of his learning there is enough in the notes to some of his more classical effusions, to satisfy the greediness of a pedant. His tone is not always that of the lover's

lute. We sometimes may hear other notes than these of an amatory or melancholy madrigal. His genius sometimes appears in the wild form of ancient Dithyrambic, and sometimes in the angry guise of Churchill's satire.— Still, he is never—

— “So devote to Aristotle's checks,
That OVID is an outcast quite abjur'd.”

A Sonnet not to a mistress's *eye-brow*, but to her imagination and her heart, is often his favourite composition, but tempered with more prudence and more delicacy than was visible in his juvenile performances. Neither in “The Tell-Tale Lyre,” nor in “The Dream of Antiquity,” nor in “The Senses,” nor in “Chloris and Fanny,” nor in “The Warning,” nor in the playful verses to Lady H. which PRIOR might exult to own, has this fascinating bard, though treading on very dangerous ground, ever found a path so voluptuous, as when his muse directed her willing view to Julia, to Rosa, and to Fanny of Timimol.

Perhaps the Odes to Nea, many of which, it must be confessed, glow with much of the intenseness of Ovid's and Catullus's fire; The Stanzas, entitled, “At Night,” the “Fragment of a Mythological Hymn to Love,” “The Address of Aristippus to a Lamp, given him by Lais,” The verses entitled, “Dreams,” and some passages in a very fine imitation of Hudibras, entitled “The Devil among the Scholars,” may be growled at by some, and whined over by others, but though we by no means assume the office of an apologist, even for the mere appearance of evil, yet, in justice to the very young and impassioned author of these glowing descriptions, it may be remarked that, if he has sinned to his own conscience, and must be damned either by the charitable or the calvanistic, and sentenced to some purgatory of punishment, he will find himself in company of a tolerable reputation, such as Shakspeare, Prior, and even Pope himself. The wits like Swift and Rabelais, and the poets like Catullus and Carew, have in every age, heated themselves and per-

haps their readers too much by the blaze of Love. But such is the temperament of genius, and such are the propensities of poets, that we know not in what year of our Lord either the genuine moralist, or the sobbing secretary will find snow and ice enough to extinguish this fire.

Among the lighter poems in this enchanting miscellany, we wish to mention with emphasis the tender verses, which begin with “Come take the harp,” and “The world had just begun to steal each hope,” &c. The “Ballad Stanzas.” The “Lines written at the Falls of the Mohawk.” “To Cara, Concealed within the shady wood.” The “Anacreontic to Lamia.” The Epigram from the Greek of P. Silentarius, “To Mrs. B. written in her Album.” The address “To a Lady's Picture.” “The Steersman's Song,” and “The Kiss à l'Antique.” These little pieces, it is true, are the miniature pictures of poetry, but they display the features of beauty, the eye of fire, and the loveliness of the graces, with all the minuteness of accurate observation, and the brightest colours of an artist's pencil. The fate of such stanzas as we are now describing it is easy to predict. They will be read. They will be remembered.

Each lovely nymph shall read them on her fan,
And each bright beau shall spell them—
if he can.

For the Port Folio.

SURREPTITIOUS EDITION OF MR. MOORE'S
NEW WORK.

Scarcely had the octavo edition made its appearance before there crept out of the press a dwarfish imitation, in the puny shape of a lank duodecimo. This is a proof of the popularity of Mr. Moore's poems rather than of candour among the proprietors of this meagre edition.

The public may be surprised at the harshness of this introductory paragraph, but that surprise will change to another emotion, when we assign the cause of this asperity.

Early in the summer, a gentleman of rank in England, anxious to furnish an American friend with an anticipated

copy of these Odes, procured a copy, either from the author or his bookseller, long before it was *published* in London.* This was transmitted by the British packet, and received here on the eighteenth of June. It was immediately put to press by Mr. J. Watts, and a large impression was executed, in a just confidence that the reputation of the author, and the merit of his poetry, would not merely be a guarantee from risque, but the pledge of a very extensive sale. During the progress of the work through the press the sheets were clandestinely obtained, and a new edition, in a miniature size, at a reduced price, was announced to the trade. This flagrant act of hostility could have no other motive than the ungenerous and illiberal one of a malignant intention to check, if not to ruin, the sale of the edition undertaken by the rightful proprietor. We are strictly within the limits of correctness, when we say *rightful* proprietor, because, though with certain qualifications any person may reprint a book, not guarded by the law securing literary property, yet, with respect to all foreign publications, the right of preoccupation is considered valid by the whole body of American printers and booksellers

* Nothing is more common in Great-Britain, particularly in the metropolis, than for a book to be printed many months before publication, especially if the author be a man of fashion and leisure. As he passes much of his time in the country, his distance from the press necessarily interposes frequent delay. Besides, there is a fashionable season for the literary market, as well as stated hours or days for markets of another kind. Neither the bookseller's interest nor an author's vanity permit a volume to be advertised during the summer months, when London, in Gibbon's phrase, is "a vast solitude," and the courts of Westminster Hall, and the squares of the West End are silent and deserted. Hence, partly in consequence of this interval between printing and publishing, but mostly in consequence of the active and persevering spirit of the publisher here, these Odes were perused on this side of the Atlantic, by the admirers of the author, almost as soon as by his London and Dublin friends. This circumstance must be soothing to the sensibility of Mr. M. and to that love of fame which glows in every poet's breast.

of respectability, and it is considered a breach of custom as well as of the *law of kindness* for one bookseller to publish an edition, which may directly clash with the interest of another. The policy as well as the reason of such a system is obvious. If rival editions were perpetually starting *at the same instant*, in the race for public favour, if literary property should be thus jeopardized by every invader, not only the interest of individuals but of literature itself would be prejudiced. Conflicting editions would, for a moment, rouse the attention of the public, but at length they would glut the market and ruin their proprietors. The reprinting of books would become a desperate and gambling adventure; and thus a very copious source of instruction would be wholly rescinded. But it is superfluous to pursue the argument; the *practice* is settled among the *trade*, and understood by every regular printer.

The manner in which the sheets were obtained is not entitled to praise; and though such a mode of acquiring property is not a subject for the cognizance of the laws, yet men of the world and of business may pronounce it illiberal and unsanctioned. Dr. Paley would probably call it by a harsher name.

Of the pretensions to public favour of this *base-born* edition, we cannot *speak vauntingly*. It is coarsely and incorrectly printed; and whether we consider the *spirit* of the plan, or the nature of the execution, we are confident that men of reflexion and judgment will censure both.

In a circular letter, addressed by Mr. Watts to every *brother* bookseller in the United States, the *pitch* of these remarks has been communicated in a style of manliness, elegance, vigour, and just remonstrance, which cannot fail of its object. Of the antagonist, we cannot say the *rival*, edition of Mr. Moore's Poems, we should have been careless to speak, had we not been actuated by a well-founded zeal to animadvert upon a wanton attack on the rights and interests of a respectable friend, a learned and meritorious printer, and an honest man.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To the Editor of the Port Folio.

SIR,

I take the liberty to send you a few juvenile poems, which I have transcribed from a manuscript, which has been preserved to perpetuate the feelings and emotions of childhood. If these trifles should gain the distinction of your notice, they shall be the precursors of others of a similar description. A****.

SONNET TO THE BLUE BIRD.

Sweet messenger of spring, complaining bird,
How from the budding top of yonder elm,
That hangs o'erwaving thee, I've stood and heard

With throbbing heart, thy embassy of love.
Sweet bird! art thou commissioned to our realm,

Ambassador to cheer the wasted grove,
To tell the daisy when to lift its head,
To whisper to the tulip, that 'tis time,
With fearless smile, to leave a wintry bed;
Or dost thou sing to wake the red-breast up,
Torous the sleeping songsters to their chime,
And tell them all, the nipping frost is o'er.
O if you come for this, sweet bird of spring,
Welcome, thrice welcome to the news you bring.

Inscription for a Hermitage at Scituate.

Forbear, rash mortal, this retreat,
Where loves and virtues only meet;
Cease to approach this quiet grove,
Where all is tranquillity and love;
If aught unhallowed, aught impure,
Your heart arrest, your breast allure,
Dare not to trace a footstep near,
Thy breast shall own no inmate here.

The snow-drop here shall earliest blow,
And by the streams harmonious flow,
Sweet music chanting from above,
Shall tell the witching hour of love.
Here shall the sister fays be seen,
Dancing round their myrtle green;
And here the Dryad oft at eve
The mystic web of love shall weave.

But see the priestess of this grove,
Her voice all gentleness and love;
She speaks, and music starts around,
The minstrel imitates the sound,
The sylphs and fairies in her train
Join the rich note, prolong the strain,
Till heavenly music chanting flies,
Borne by the winds to viewless skies.

Ah stranger! enter not this grove,
If not thy breast is turn'd to love;
Dare not approach this sacred seat,
Unless thy heart the virtues beat.

IMITATION OF PRIOR.

TO JULIA.

Sweet is my little native bower,
That shades me in the sultry hour,
That fans me softly with a breeze,
When scorching sunbeams still the trees.
Then runs beside with passage fleet,
A little rippling rivulet.
The loveliest music of the spray
Awakes the rosy fingered day:
On every bush within my grove
I hear the linnet's tale of love.
Come, my Julia, haste away,
And hear the music of the spray,
And range the mead, where prattles sweet
The little rippling rivulet.
With transport then we'll fondly rove,
And teach the linnets how to love,
Sweet is my little native bower,
That shades me in the sultry hour!

TO JULIA.

Go, gentle bird, that gladd'st the spring,
Go, blue bird on thy swiftest wing,
With note prevailing in the grove,
Whisper the melody of love.

Go, and when the tiptoe morn
The cliffs and mountain tops adorn;
Go, perch upon thy favourite tree,
And bear this sentiment from me.

Not all the joys which wealth can bring,
Not all the beauty of the spring,
Not fortune's bright alluring glee,
Is half so rich as Julia's smile.

Should pomp and glory richly shower,
And on my head their rain-drops pour,
Wan discontent would frown the while,
If wanting Julia's gentle smile.

To this alone does Edward's wish aspire,
He asks but this, 'tis all his heart's desire;
Make him a beggar but in this alone,
And fortune, fame, and riches are his own.

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

A BALLAD.

Stay, gentle traveller on your way,
And join for once our rural glee;
For on the green we dance to-day,
And in our jocund hour agree.
See'st thou yon cottage on the hill,
A little lowly peaceful pile;
Thatch'd round with neatness and with skill,
And deck'd by virtue's peaceful smile.

Rude is the oak that towers above,
And green the ivy on its wall,
But peaceful, happy in their love,
The humble tenants smile on all.

Say, traveller, wilt thou join our song,
The sweetest song of all the grove;
For as it swells the plain along,
It wafts the tenderest, purest love.

Edwin will pipe upon his reed,
And sing the joys of rural glee;
And while our browsing flock's at feed,
Will give the house to mirth and thee.

List, 'tis the sound of Ellen's lute,
That gently dies upon the gale;
Each warbling songster now is mute,
For Ellen's queen of all this vale.

List, Julia too has join'd her note,
The woodland groves and hills rejoice;
The songsters listen as they float,
For Julia has a melting voice.

'Tis Ellen's birth-day song that swells,
Come haste and join our rural glee;
Peace, stranger, still our inmate dwells,
And will not fail to welcome thee.

ON LIFE.

Long life is short, where virtuous men engage,
But to the bad, one moment is an age! C. B.

IMITATED.

The graces, seeking for a place of rest,
Have fix'd their empire in Amanda's breast!
C. B.

ON A MISER.

You have a rich man's wealth—a poor man's
breast,
Rich to your heirs—but to yourself distress'd!
C. B.

From Catullus.

Lesbia, my soul, your frequent thoughts propose
That this our league of Love shall never
close;
O grant, ye gods! that what she says be true,
Grant that my Lesbia may the vow renew;
Grant that establish'd on our souls may prove
Thro' life, this bond of friendship and of love!
C. B.

TO OUR READERS.

We have been forcibly struck with our correspondent "C's" allusion to the literary, as well as military merit of SIR SIDNEY SMITH. He was educated in all the severity of the classical discipline by Dr. Knox, and consequently, in all

the duties and graces of a soldier and a scholar, is the very reverse of the *militia* mountebanks of a republican region.

The conclusion of "A PURITAN'S Address" is, if possible, more disgusting than the drivelling hypocrisy of his exordium. PRIOR, who well knew the nature of your sobbing fanatic, has finely expressed his contempt for the prolix impertinence of the *gifted teacher*.

— At pure barn of loud *non con*,
Where, with my *grannam* I have gone,
When *Lobb* had sifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next,
"Now to apply," has plagu'd me more,
Than all his *villain cant* before.

The sarcastic, useful, and just report of some late proceedings of the Canaille, is entitled to a very full consideration. It not only abounds with wit, but, is in fact, a faithful sketch of the clumsy, crude, senseless politics of the "*unlearned reason*" of

"A set of *patches*, rude *mechanicals*,
Who gain their bread upon the city *stalls*."

These silly sheep, instead of attempting to "weigh and perpend" the massy and ponderous questions of state policy, for which they have no intellectual strength, would do well to leave these things to others; to walk worthily of the *vocation* wherewith they are called; and to reflect that instead of mending their own condition, by their awkward and abortive ambition, they are only the blind instruments and humble *tools* of a small and cunning band of *jugglers behind the curtain*. The Editor is happy to receive communications of this complexion. He inserts, with alacrity, whatever will bring into disgrace and contempt this French mode of a political *mob*, huddling together, and striving to disturb, and to botch, and new vamp the state. He disclaims the domination of a majority of *such men*, "*told by the head*."

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.] Philadelphia, Saturday, September 27, 1806. [No. 38.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 176.

'Woman's at best a contradiction still.'

MR. SAUNTER,

I AM a bachelor, sir, and trust long to continue so; whatever knowledge or opinions, therefore, I possess, with respect to the female sex, have arisen rather from general observation than individual experience. Such as they are, however, I am the more induced to believe, with Mr. Pope, that woman is a *contradiction still*. The sex have been generally, either superlatively exalted, or infinitely debased; represented either as the ornaments of the universe and the first of the creator's works, or as beings, in disposition and understanding, almost beneath the level of human nature. I am not disposed, like some, to magnify their virtues and diminish their faults, or like others to deteriorate from those excellences which they evidently possess. There is no creature in the universe from which the attractive power of truth cannot elicit some virtue; there is none, whose purity is unsullied with a stain. So it is with woman: none are completely vicious or virtuous.

The historic page presents us with a catalogue of females, that appear inconsistent with the ordinary character of the sex. Babylon yielded to the as-

piring genius of a woman. Rome knew her Cornelia's and her Portia's; to a woman France owed her deliverance from the horrors of impending destruction, and one of the brightest ornaments of the British throne was a heroic queen. But the world now witnesses a different race; female heroism is known only by name; luxury and weakness have usurped its place—and the glories of Semiramis and Zenobia, with those of Babylon and Palmyra, have crumbled into dust, in the annihilating grasp of time.

Excluded either by the prohibitions of nature, or the mandates of custom, from a participation in the hardier duties of society, woman is limited by a narrow sphere of action: beyond this she cannot diffuse the emanations of her mind, which, though often brilliant for a moment, yet they soon expire like the meteor's blaze. It is wonderful that any person should contend for an equality of genius between man and woman. The experience of daily intercourse, the observation of immemorial time, must convince us that whenever a female has endeavoured to rise above the rest of her sex, in an attempt to display a profundity of research, an acumen of thought, or a capacity for close argumentation, she has met the disgust of the world and the contempt or pity of her immediate friends. The body and mind are counterparts of each other: and though close application and the deprivation of health may enfeeble the person without corrupting the soul,

yet, where nature has delineated in the limbs and features, the plainest indications of weakness, the understanding will be found equally devoid of capacity and force. The maturity of the female mind (such as it is) is reached too early for a proper foundation to have been laid in its progress towards perfection; 'like the lightning, which doth cease to be, ere one can say, it lightens.'

Do not suppose, sir, from what I have said, that I am deficient in admiration for the first best gift of God to man. I have been contemplating the dark side of the figure. Reverse it, and we behold a dazzling display of brilliancy, sufficient to enliven the most inanimate fancy, and fire the coldest heart. To excel in the works of the understanding and in the energies of the soul is the exclusive privilege, the boasted prerogative, of man: deprive him of the society of the other sex, and he falls beneath the state intended for him by nature, or stands alone on an extended plain, exposed to the storms of affliction, without a sympathizing breast, in which he may find repose from misery, or participation in happiness. If, from the camp, the forum, and the discussions of the schools, women are banished, yet, in the social circle, whither we retire, from the vexations of the world, the scintillations of female wit enliven society, and the sweets of female conversation vivify the drooping soul.

Does man complain because the beasts of the forest possess superior rapidity or strength? Does youth languish for the toys of infancy, or old age repine at the loss of youthful pleasures? Why then should woman be dissatisfied? Is she not the undisputed queen of the wide domains of love and beauty? Do not the proudest hearts bow to her desires? And if her situation be cut off from some few negative gratifications, yet the temptations to vice are placed at a distance, and she presses to her bosom the sweet reflection of spotless purity.

But, says Dr. Young, "Scandal's the sweetener of a woman's tea." However degrading to the sex the assertion may be, however unworthy of other

features in their character, however contemptible it may render them in the eye of virtue, I fear the observation is too well founded to bear a contradiction. The satirist has depicted them in many instances in colours too highly drawn, or altogether false, but the accusation brought against them for calumny must not, cannot, be refuted. Little, very little indeed, must be that mind which delights in decrying others' virtues, or viewing their errors through the glass of scandal: yet, little as it may be, it finds a place in almost every female breast. Is this assertion malicious or ungallant? I hope not. Demerits as well as merits must be displayed; and when by the side of brilliant objects we place 'black and grained spots,' contrast increases and adorns their resplendency. If I were to mention only excellences, like Phaton, I should neglect the advice of Apollo,* and like him some other Eridances might be my portion. I may say, women are lively, attractive, and beautiful; but they too frequently become frivolous, censorious, and vain.

ORLANDO.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LORD Chief Justice Saunders succeeded Pemberton in the king's bench, in the reign of Charles the Second. He was a poor beggar boy, or foundling, without known parents or relations. He found his way into Clement's Inn, by courting the attornies' clerks for scraps. His extraordinary observance and diligence recommended him to the society. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write, and one of the attornies got a board knocked up at a window at the top of a stair-case, and that was his desk, where he wrote after copies which the clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a writer that he took in business, and earned some pence by hackney writing. And thus, by degrees, he pushed his faculties and fell to forms, and by books that were

* Media tutissime ibis.

lent him became an excellent entering clerk, and an able counsel, first at special pleading, then at large. Afterwards he was called to the bar, and had practice in the king's bench equal to any there. As to his person, he was very corpulent and beastly; a mere lump of morbid flesh. He used to say, 'by my troggs' (for that was his manner), 'none can say I want issue of my body, for I have nine on my back.' He was a foeted mass, that offended his neighbours at the bar in the sharpest degree. Those whose ill fortune it was to stand near him were confessors, and, in summer time, almost martyrs. This hateful decay of his carcase came on him by continual sottishness, for, to say nothing of brandy, he was seldom without a pot of ale at his nose, or near him. That exercise was all he used: the rest of his life he was sitting at his desk or piping it at home, and that home was a taylor's house in butcher row, called his lodging; and the man's wife was his nurse or worse, but, by virtue of his money, of which he made little account, though he got a great deal, he soon became master of the family, and, being no changeling, he was true to his friends and they to him to the last hour of his life.

His parts were lively. Wit and repartee, in unaffected rusticity, were natural to him. He was ever ready, and never at a loss, and none ever came so near as he to be a match for Sergeant Maynard. His great dexterity was in the art of special pleading, and he would lay snares that often caught his superiors, that were not aware of his traps. He was so fond of success for his clients, that he would set the court hard with a trick, for which he met sometimes with a reprimand, which he would wittily ward off so that no one was offended with him. Hales, Chief Justice, could not bear his irregularity of life, and for that and his suspicion of his tricks, used to bear hard on him. He had a goodness of nature and disposition that justly entitled him to be called a philanthrope. He was a perfect Silenus to the students, to make them merry when they had a mind to it. He was neither ri-

gid nor austere. If any near him at the bar grumbled at his stench, he ever diverted the complaint into content and laughing by the abundance of his wit. As to the honesty of his dealing, he was honest as the driven snow was white, having no regard for money, nor desire to be rich, and for good nature and condescension there was not his fellow. He would stand at the bar for hours before the court sat, with a circle of students about him, putting cases and making them merry.

In no time did he lean to faction, or in his business give offence to any. He put off officious talk of politics and government with jests, and made his wit a shield to cover all his weaknesses and infirmities. He played jigs on the harpsichord in such a manner, as to see him were a jest. The king, observing him to be of a free disposition, loyal, friendly, and without greediness or guile, thought of him to be Chief Justice of the king's bench; and, while he sat there, he gave general satisfaction to the lawyers. His application to business was so intense as to bring on an apoplexy and palsy, which numbed his parts and he never recovered.

For the Port Folio.

REVIEW.

A COMMERCIAL DICTIONARY, containing the present state of mercantile law, practice and custom, by Joshua Montefiore, with very considerable additions relative to the laws, usages, and practice of the United States. Three vols. 8vo. \$10 50 cts. Philadelphia. J. Humphreys.

A development of the principles which regulate the vast machine of mercantile intercourse, exhibited in one view and within the reach of ordinary men, however necessary it might have been, was not to be met with until the publication of the book before us.—Connected as commerce is with the science of the law, with general policy, with historical and geographical research, and with the particular knowledge of mercantile men, such a development required a recourse to the numerous report-books of the lawyer, and to Abbott, Parke, and other legal commentators—to Adam Smith, and

other writers upon the political wealth of nations—to Child and Anderson—to Pinkerton—to various other historical treatises on commerce and commercial places; and, to the floating and uncollected information of living and practical merchants. To give such a development is the object of Mr. Montefiore, and to enable him to do it, he informs us that his researches have been indefatigable; and, whoever follows him through his volumes will be satisfied that they must have been so. The work is dedicated by permission, to Lord ELLENBOROUGH, Lord Chief Justice of England, a privilege affording of itself a sufficient assurance of the general value of the book, and especially of its correctness, and consequent usefulness on legal subjects. It appeared in England under the particular patronage of the East India Company, who subscribed for forty copies, and it was patronized and supported by the most numerous and respectable list of commercial institutions, Insurance Companies, and individual merchants that we remember to have seen. Though the expenses incurred by the author, in collecting and framing his materials, caused him to hold it at a high price, a large edition is said to have been immediately bought up by the intelligent and investigating merchants of Great Britain. These circumstances, it has been justly observed, say as much in its favour as could be said by a volume of explanation from the compiler, or of praise from the critic. Amidst such weighty commendation our feeble approbation would be lost; we cannot, however, refuse to bear honourable testimony to the candour of Mr. Montefiore, in giving due praise and credit to the authors from whom he has borrowed. Thus he acknowledges that he has availed himself frequently of the aid of that most valuable work, Abbott's *treatise on the law of merchant ships and seamen*, and speaks of it as "a book which ought to be on the desk of every merchant, and without which the library of the lawyer is incomplete."—The merchants of the United States, as intelligent and perhaps more spirited

than the merchants of Great Britain, will gladly lay hold of every assistance to their commercial enterprise; and as such, we recommend to them this COMMERCIAL DICTIONARY; to whose service this edition has been rendered more particularly beneficial by considerable additions relative to the laws, usages, and practice of the United States.

For the Port Folio.

SCOTTISH LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A WORK of considerable importance is now under publication by Mr. George Chalmers, so celebrated for the profundity and ability of his antiquarian researches. He has for many years been soliciting materials for this work, and we are given to understand, that for profound and laborious research it will surpass any other on the same subject which Scotland has ever yet produced. It will be called *Caledonia*, or an historical and topographical account of North Britain, from the most ancient to the present times.

The first volume will be divided into four books. Book first will contain the *Roman period*, from the original colonization to A. D. 446. In this Mr. C. will treat of the aboriginal tribes at the time of the first invasion, and the history of the campaigns of the several Roman generals, till their final abdication; to be illustrated with a Roman British map of North Britain.

Book second will contain the *British period* from A. D. 446 to A. D. 843; and will treat of the Picts, their origin, language, &c. the Romanized Bretons, the Saxons, and the Scots, with the introduction of Christianity.

Book third will contain the *Scottish period* from A. D. 843 to 1097, and will treat of the union of the Scots and Picts, their local, civil, and ecclesiastical history during this period.

Book fourth will contain the *Scottish Saxon period* from A. D. 1097 to 1306, which will treat in different chapters of the territory, the history, the laws, manners, commerce, &c. of Scotland during this period, with a short view of subsequent events.

The second and third volumes will contain the history of all the thirty-three counties of North Britain, each chapter to contain the history of a distinct county—as to name, territory, population and language, agriculture and commerce, civil and ecclesiastical history, from the most ancient to the present time; to be illustrated by a modern map of Great-Britain, corrected from recent surveys and observations.

The fourth volume will contain a topographical dictionary of the names of places, hills, lakes, rivers, &c. with etymological, historical, and explanatory notes. To this dictionary will be prefixed an introduction, giving an historical account of all the languages that have been spoken by the inhabitants of North Britain.

This work, conducted as it is by Mr. Chalmers, may be confidently expected to contain every information that can be desired by the antiquarian, the politician, and the merchant, respecting the ancient and present state of this country.

Mr. Chalmers has just published the complete works of the ancient Scottish comic poet, Sir David Lyndsay, with the life of the author, and some prefatory dissertations, which will be highly entertaining to the curious and the antiquarian.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I am not, like your correspondent Metoicos, an 'inmate' of a literary circle. I enjoy no opportunity of 'gazing at the literature and other attractions of Philadelphia.' I cannot lounge to, and 'sip a little' at, an extensive and well-chosen library. I am 'a woodman of the west,' an inhabitant of a 'savage region,' where you consider 'a classical imitation as stupendous as an erection of an academy of the sciences among the Esquimaux, or a professorship of belles lettres filled by Red-jacket or Cornplanter.' Under these circumstances I am aware that 'an attempt' to enter the lists of criticism, will be thought

'wonderful;' and I shall not be surprised, should you exclaim, with Mr. Randolph, 'ne sutor ultra crepidam,' and recommend to me, his prescription for those politicians who conceived we could ruin Britain in a maritime war. Should you, however, do this, I will not, like friend Sloan, in his speech on Gregg's resolution, 'demonstrate the propriety of the prescription, by attempting to prove it improper.'

The criticisms of Metoicos have not 'kindled my wrath,' neither have they put to fresh trials the mimosa-feelings of the young gentleman on the Ohio.' Metoicos has tempered his censures with a portion of approbation the 'hard things' he has said, he has rendered palatable, by the liberality which prevails throughout his essay. It is not the province of criticism to call names. In this particular the epithet 'Mimosa' is exceptionable; but as the term is altogether incomprehensible, both to the 'young man' and myself, it has had no effect upon 'the hyper-irritability of our systems.'

Metoicos will find no difficulty 'to dislodge me from the post,' that bad rhymes are defensible upon the authority of Pope. I never advocated such doctrine. I never defended the rhymes of my friend upon such ground. If Metoicos will take the trouble to read the criticisms of Messrs. Colon and Spondee, and my observations respecting them, he will find that I attempted nothing more than to show, that my friend was assailed with bitter ridicule and sarcasm, for the use of rhymes to be found in the best English poets. I hazarded no opinion of my own that these rhymes were correct. Metoicos says that 'wears and tears,' that 'bow, now, and brow,' are good rhymes; Messrs. Colon and Spondee say, that such rhymes as 'wear and fear, esteem and blame,' are Irishisms; that there is 'no legitimate poetical union' between the words 'vow and bestow.' Between such critics I pretend not to decide. I presume not to point the shafts of ridicule against either. I only contend, that no youth ought to be hissed from the haunts of the Muses for using rhymes respecting the pro-

priety of which the imitators of Addison and Johnson are decided in opinion.

But, Mr. Oldschool, it is not my intention at present, to enter into a discussion on this subject. I mean to take some notice of the criticisms of Metoicos, on the translation of the *Ode ad Lydiam*, and in the first place I must observe, that I agree, that 'roseate, beautiful, or lovely neck,' would be a more appropriate and elegant translation of '*cervicem roseam*' than 'ruby neck.'

I am chiefly concerned about the third stanza. It is a little surprising, that so many opinions should prevail respecting its true meaning. Mr. Boscawen supposes that Horace, in the first member of this stanza, alludes to and regrets the intemperance of Lydia herself. Metoicos conceives he laments the exposure of her naked beauties amid drunken excesses, while following the Delphic commentators. I contend that he expresses rage and indignation, that Lydia should be maltreated and beaten by her intoxicated lover.

Mr. Boscawen has not furnished us with the reasons for his opinion; but Metoicos, objecting to the translation in question, has examined the subject, and given the grounds for his opinion. He conceives that the word *uror* does not express that degree of indignation, which Horace would have felt, had Lydia been struck. This verb is frequently used by Horace; it signifies to burn with passion of some kind, and is often used to described the ardor of love. It is also used to express grief or indignation. Horace uses it in one place to express the workings both of love, and the most implacable resentment. Speaking of the enmity between Agamemnon and Achilles, he says,
Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit
utrumque.

In the two previous stanzas I find nothing to strengthen the construction of Metoicos. In these Horace describes the anguish he feels when Lydia manifests a regard for his rival Telephus. In the third the subject is changed. It is not grief or anguish, but indignation, he expresses. Indignation aroused by Lydia's receiving some

ill usage from her lover. Why should Horace be ashamed because an intoxicated rival maltreated his mistress? Sensations of shame arise only from a sense of guilt or improper conduct; could either be imputed to Horace by the conduct of Zelephus? Anger, accompanied with sensations of sorrow or anguish, is excited by the insults offered to those we love, and I think the word *uror* more appropriately describes anger of this nature, than either *furo*, *æivio*, or *insanio*.

Upon such occasions, Metoicos admits, that blows sometimes pass, but Horace says nothing of them here. Where does he say her 'naked beauties are exposed'?

Uror seu tebi candidos

Turparunt humeros immodicæ mero.

Rizz—

Turparunt signifies to disgrace, to degrade, deform. It defines no particular mode of degradation, and if it does not mean to beat, neither does it signify to denude or strip naked. This verb is used by Horace upon two other occasions; but neither furnishes any thing to aid the construction of Metoicos.

—At illi fada cicatrix

Setosam lævi frontem turpaverat oris

A scar in the forehead is here mentioned as a deformity, and I believe no instance can be produced, where Horace has spoken of nakedness as a deformity. By the way, this explanation of Metoicos is very indefinite. I am at a loss for an idea of those 'naked beauties' which he insists were 'exposed.' I have no knowledge of those beauties of the shoulders, or even of the 'white shoulders,' which it would be so disgraceful to expose. I can see no reason why a man should either be ashamed or fly in a passion, though his rival got a full view of the back of his mistress's neck, quite down to the points of her shoulders. To be sure there are beauties which ought not to be exposed. Beauties which, even at this day, are not entirely naked, but these beauties have no connection whatever with the 'shoulders.'

One thing more, and I have done with these 'naked beauties.' I am of opi-

tion it was not uncommon for the ladies to expose their arms and shoulders naked, even in the days of Horace. The following lines from Congreve's translation of Ovid's Art of Love (I never read the original) warrants this opinion.

'If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
'That, and the shoulder of your left arm bare.'

I cannot believe that Horace laments as a disgrace or deformity what Ovid recommends as graceful and alluring, or that he would either grieve with anguish or burn with shame, that Lydia sometimes pursued the instructions of Ovid, the first connoisseur in love and gallantry.

I will not say, Mr. Oldschool, that it is not an 'anticlimax' in 'composition' to mention the 'lesser outrage after the greater.' I believe, however, that the greater indignity is generally uppermost in the mind, and would upon most occasions, be first mentioned, either by an angry or injured man. For this reason, the anticlimax pointed out by Metoicos can have no weight with me in construing this stanza.

Upon the whole, sir, Metoicos, who has manifested great uneasiness lest these blows, which he so much deprecates, were given on 'the breast' or 'on the whole form of Lydia,' has himself insisted on a construction which will not bear examination. Indeed it is generally much easier to find fault with any attempt at translation than to improve it. But, when I undertook to 'maintain my friend's translation,' I had no view to a contest of this nature. I have never seen Boscawen's translation of Horace, except in the Port Folio; on the publication of this ode, you stated that the translator observed, 'the taste of the lover could not be very delicate, if he sighed long after a mistress, whose intemperance he describes in such strong terms.' The translation in question rescues Horace from this imputation, and it was in support of his construction that I gave my opinion and referred to the commentators. On this subject Metoicos and myself agree; and whether the cause of Ho-

race's complaint was, 'that Lydia anticipated the nakedness of the modern bon ton,' or received 'regular castigation' on the *breast, shoulders*, or 'whole form' is a question which cannot now be settled. However, if any 'fair reader, who has interested herself in this controversy,' has been 'relieved' by the argument of Metoicos, rather than subject her to farther uneasiness, I will submit, and consent to be thought in an error.

I am sorry that Metoicos is 'offended at the introduction of *fluid*.' The idea is in the original. We can have no conception of the 'fifth part of Venus's nectar' (*quinta parte sui nectaris*) distinct from an idea of some fluid. Metoicos thinks it 'inconceivable that Venus should imbue kisses,' in this fluid. *Oscula quæ Venus imbuît* is literally rendered, kisses or lips, which Venus hath imbued. Now I have ever understood that, in *Cupid's vocabulary*, sweet lips and sweet kisses are synonymous terms, and that poets were at liberty to use them as such. Sweet kisses are words without any meaning, unconnected with an idea of the lips from which they are received; and in love songs and odes, I conceive, they may, with propriety be substituted for the lips themselves. If Metoicos insists to confine every poetical expression to its strict literal meaning, he will destroy much of the beauty of poetry.

Mr. Oldschool, I disagree with Metoicos respecting the tenor and intention of the ode *ad Lydiam*. I cannot believe Lydia 'a mere wanton.' Or, that it was the aim of the ode 'to inspire a wanton with sentiment, to reclaim her to love.' Throughout this ode Horace expresses that anxiety and tender concern, that warmth of friendship, and indignant resentment, which a man seldom or never feels for a 'wanton' mistress. I cannot perceive the policy of a lover's extolling matrimony and constancy to a 'mere wanton'; such conduct seems more likely to excite disgust and anger, than complacency or self-respect. To eulogize marriage, in conversation with a mistress, would appear like reproof, which is surely not an 'artful' manner of con-

caliating regard. In ode 25, lib. 1, Horace treats Lydia as a wanton: but it should be noted, that his sentiments in this ode are at variance with the spirit of all his other odes addressed to Lydia, and utterly irreconcilable with his proposition in ode 9, lib. 3.

Quid si prisca rēdit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?

It is probable this ode was produced in a moment of jealousy and passion, for I cannot suppose that Horace would propose to join himself to a 'mere wanton,' in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony. The jealousy, the passionate description of Lydia's beauty, and the power of her charms, which Horace has described, shows the strong interest she had in his heart, and induces me to believe that Lydia was a coquet, who knew her power over him, and amused herself with teasing him.

But says Metoicos, 'Horace does not speak of Telephus as a rival in her affections.' If he had no fears that Lydia loved Telephus, why was he disturbed when she praised his 'personal charms?' Could merely speaking in approbation of the roseate neck, the soft delicate arms of Telephus, occasion so much anxiety? No. It was the rapture with which she described these beauties, the delight she manifested in naming Telephus, that excited the jealousy of Horace, because this conduct gave rise to an apprehension that Telephus was beloved. Horace, indeed, has not said in so many words, that Lydia loved Telephus. Neither has he said that she was his mistress. He has not complained that she indulged his rival with every token of affection, but that she praised his beauty. From this, Metoicos infers, that she was a 'mere wanton,' that all 'sentimental' affection was out of the question, and yet he insists that Horace was in a bitter passion that Telephus had been permitted to look upon her 'naked' shoulders. A circumstance wonderfully degrading to a 'wanton,' and very likely to excite indignation where 'sentimental' affections were no way concerned.

Thus, sir, I have ventured to criticise a critic, who has boldly presented

his 'whole surface' to the 'fire' of criticism. I shall not 'tremble or wince' at any criticisms this attempt may occasion. Due allowance will no doubt be made, on account of my situation and society; and I trust you will not, like Dr. Caustic and the Royal College of Physicians, set in array your whole insignia of death's-heads, scorpions and adders, to frighten 'a woodman' of the wilds of Ohio from the haunts of literature.

The subjoined attempt at translation is a proof that my young friend has not been induced 'to throw his reed into the stream, or hang his harp upon the willows.' He requests me to remark that it was not intended as a literal version of the ode, but a paraphrase. You will probably consider it a 'curiosity' worthy of being preserved in the Port Folio, especially, as it is a production of the 'wilds' of Ohio, of the neighbourhood of *Red-jacket* and *Cornplanter*. H.

HOR. ODE IX, LIB. 3.

Hor. Whilst I alone enjoy'd thy charms,
Nor any dearer youth
Entwinn'd round thy soft neck his arms,
Made me suspect thy truth,
I lived more happy than a Persian king,
With all the joy his wealth and honors
bring.

Lyd. Whilst thou with melting passion
burn'd,
For no more charming fair,
Nor Lydia was for Chloe scorn'd,
Abandon'd to despair,
I flourish'd more renown'd, and he-
nor'd more,
Than she who Rome's illustrious
founder bore.

Hor. Now Cressian Chloe holds me bound
In love's delightful chains,
She, skill'd the warbling lyre to sound
In soft and melting strains.
For her I would not fear even death to
dare,
Would the dread Fates her dearest
beauties spare.

Lyd. Calais, a fair Thurinian youth,
Warms me with chaste desires,
Love's gentle goddess in us both
A mutual flame inspires.
For him I twice could suffer death
with joy,
Would the dire Destinies spare the
lovely boy.

Mr. What if my former love again
Returns, and gently moves,
To join in the hymeneal chain
Our separated loves?
What if the beauteous Chloe I desert,
And Lydia reigns sole mistress of my heart?

Lyd. Tho' he outshine the brightest star,
Tho' you indeed should be
Lighter than corkwood, rougher far
Than the tempestuous sea,
His charms would never touch my heart, for I
With thee would wish to live, with thee rejoice to die.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The beautiful allegorical song, *Life's*, like a ship, in constant motion, has been very generally attributed to the admirable muse of Dibdin; but, in a small volume, containing a description of the watering-places of Great-Britain, Mr. George Saville Carey prints it as his own, and sets up a formal claim to the honor of the composition. He relates, that he wrote it for a pleasure party at Norwich, on occasion of celebrating the regatta which is held, at stated times, on the river of that city. There is no reason to doubt his veracity; particularly as it has been given to Mr. Dibdin only by public report; and as, besides, there is even intrinsic evidence in his favour. The style is different from that of Dibdin. As a poem, it aspires to a more elevated character than the generality of the effusions of that author. It has more dignity, and less genius. It satisfies, not surprises. In listening to Carey, we receive a tranquil pleasure; in listening to Dibdin, we are transported. Compare this song with Dibdin's *Morality in the Forest*, and the specific qualifications of the two poets will become instantly manifest.—In the work already mentioned, Mr. Carey also asserts his father to have been the author of the well-written and popular hymn, *God save the king*.

A-froquo.—In my late epistle, there were the words, *any time*; instead of which, there appeared in your paper these two others, *very true*.

QUIDNUNC.

For the Port Folio.

ANECDOTE OF ANACHARSIS CLOOTS.

From Dr. Moore's *Mordaunt*.

I overheard a curious dialogue between Anacharsis Cloots and a plain sensible looking man, who drank coffee at the same table with him, one day after dinner at Robert's.

'This man happened to say, that something, I don't remember what, was 'as certain as that God made the world.'

'Pshaw!' said Anacharsis, snappishly, 'he did not make the world.'

'No!' cried the man, staring with surprise, 'who made it then?'

'Why nobody. It never was made,' answered Cloots.

'How came it here then?' answered the other.

'How came it here! why it has been here from all eternity.'

'I never should have guessed it to be so old,' rejoined the man, 'but still you have not informed me how it exists.'

'By chance,' said Cloots.

'By chance,' exclaimed the other.

'Yes, undoubtedly, by mere chance,' added Cloots—'You have no notion of the power of chance!'

'The power of chance!' repeated the other—'chance is blind.'

'Blindness does not diminish power,' cried Cloots with an air of triumph; 'for even according to your bible, Sampson was able to pull down a house, and smother three thousand Philistines, after he was stone blind.'

'Sneering is one thing, Mr. Cloots, and reasoning is another.'

'Then let us reason,' answered Anacharsis—'I speak of the power of chance.—Were a thousand dice put into a box and thrown out often enough, there can be no doubt but that six thousand would be thrown out at last; nay, if a hundred thousand were rattled, and thrown without ceasing, six hundred thousand would appear in process of time at one throw. Why, therefore, may not this world, such as we find it, have been cast up by the mere rattling of atoms.'

'Now I perceive the drift of your reasoning,' rejoined the other: 'but

A a

although I cannot explain what is above human comprehension, citizen Cloots, yet, as there is no necessity in the nature of things that this world, and all the creatures in it, should have existed at all, it seems clear to me that they must exist by the power of a supreme being; and I am fully convinced that order, uniformity, and exquisite adaptiveness must be the work of intelligence and wisdom, as well as power."

"Nec Deus inter sit nisi dignus vindice, nodus."

"What do you think of that maxim of Horace?" said Cloots.

"I think it a very good one, as he applied it," rejoined the other: "but I am convinced that Horace, though a heathen, would not have brought it into such an argument as the present."

"Perhaps not; for as you say, he was an ignorant heathen, and believed in gods!"

"Had he lived at present he would have confined his faith to one; for, independent of the Christian religion, all the improvements that have been made since his time lead us to acknowledge a first intelligent Creator and governor of the universe."

"They lead me to no such thing," said Cloots. "I adhere to chance, and acknowledge no other God. What say you to that?"

"I say," replied the other, "that were I to utter such an impious expression, I should be afraid of going to hell."

"There again!" cried Cloots, "Why there is no such place."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"Because the thing is impossible," answered Cloots.

"Did you not assert, a little while ago, that this world was made by chance?"

"I assert so still!" exclaimed Cloots.

"Then how can you assert that such a place as hell is not made by chance also?" rejoined his opponent.

This unexpected question seemed to disconcert the philosopher, which the other observing, he added, with a serious air—

"Citizen Cloots, I would not have you trust altogether to such reasoning, which is wicked as well as inconsistent: and permit me to add a piece of ad-

vice, which it greatly imports you to follow:—Renounce impiety, that, in case there should, by chance or otherwise, be any such place as hell prepared for blasphemers, you may not be sent into it."

Having pronounced this in a solemn manner, the man rose and walked out of the room.

For the Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

Mr. West has finished his picture on the memorable event of the death of Lord Nelson, and he opens his beautiful gallery in Newman-street, for ten days, that the amateurs may see this elaborate work before it is consigned into the hands of Mr. Heath, the engraver. It is a wonderful work, and will raise the fame of the master to a very high point. It was truly remarked, by an artist of distinguished merit, that it was only necessary to look over the series of prints which have been taken from the pictures of Mr. West, to form an estimate of the value of the original. While almost all his contemporaries have degenerated into the insipidity of portraits, he has maintained his enthusiastic love of the higher department of the art, and has seized on every great occasion to illustrate upon canvas the triumphant achievements of the country. Upon no former occasion had he so grand a subject, and upon no former occasion has he more highly distinguished himself. The picture is truly epic, for it combines a perfect history of the battle with such a burst of passion as to arouse every generous emotion of the soul. He has chosen the point of time when the hero, after hearing from captain Hardy that the battle is won, is raising his last ejaculation to the Author of his being in gratitude and resignation. His attitude is nearly the same, though reversed, as that of Gen. Wolfe, but the expression of all the group which forms the centre is superior to every former effort of the master. He has departed so far from the reality as to make his last scene on the quarter deck, instead of the cock-pit, because he could not otherwise have combined the other great features of the action which he had introduced as the Episodes of Mr. Scott, and of several gallant youths who fell, besides their commander. All these are most forcibly introduced, without confusing or encumbering the chief point; and the back ground shews the sublime character of the battle. It is a work which truly redounds to the praise of the English school, and we have no doubt but that Mr. Heath will feel all his enthusiasm, as well as skill, aroused in doing justice to the work in his engraving. [Lon. pap.

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

AN HUMOUROUS LETTER TO THE
DEAN OF W——*

SIR,

I am told there is a book which lies in your study, in sheets, and all those who have seen it admire it should continue so long unbound. I think it is called Marshall's Epithalamiums, or some such name; but lest I should be mistaken in the title, I'll describe it to you as well as I can. It is a fine fair manuscript, writ with black shining ink, on the whitest and smoothest vellum that can be imagined; the strokes of the pen are so very nice and delicate, as discover it was directed by a masterly hand; and there is such a symmetry and proportion in all the parts of it, and the features (as I may term them) of each letter are so exact, as puts the reader many times to a stand in admiring the beauties of them. The book has an additional ornament which it did not want, the initial letters and all the margins are flourished with gold; but that which recommends it more is, that though it has been wrote about eighteen years, as I have been informed, yet it is not in the least sullied or stained, insomuch, that one would think it was never yet turned over by any man: and indeed there's the more reason to believe it, the first leaves of it being yet unopened, or untouched. The volume of itself does not appear to be of any great bulk, yet I have heard it valued at 3000l. It would indeed be a thousand pities, that so valuable a piece should ever be lost; and the surest way to prevent this is by increasing the copies of it; so that, if the author will give his consent, and you be so kind as to license it, I'll im-

mediately put it in the press. I have all tools necessary for the purpose, and a curious set of letters that never were used, but in printing of one book, and of this too there's not above half a dozen in the whole impression; so that you must imagine they are not the worse for wearing. For my part, I'll spare no cost nor pains to embellish and adorn the work with the most natural and lively figures; and I shall not despair to make this edition appear as beautiful in the eyes of all men, as the original is at present in mine, which, to tell you the truth, is so very charming and fine, that methinks I could read it both by day and by night with pleasure. If, therefore, you will do me the favour to let me have your company this evening, and bring this incomparable piece along with you, it will add much to the entertainment and satisfaction of every one, but particularly of him who, with great respect, is always,

Sir, your most humble

And faithful servant,

ELZEVR.

*From my printing-house, in Lye-
down, in the Low Countries.*

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,

Constancy is not for me;

So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Segrais was a great teller of stories and anecdotes, and his pleasant manner of telling them added a vivacity to the excellence and importance of the subjects. His memory was so comprehensive, that when once he began to narrate, he did not very soon end. A friend observed of this talent and practice, so well known in Segrais, that he only wanted winding up, and he would go for a fortnight.

It was once in contemplation at court, to appoint Segrais as tutor to one of the princes of the blood. Segrais, who was a studious man, and fond of retirement, declined the office, under the pretence of his deafness. You have no occasion, observed his friend, to listen to the prince, you are only to be speaker. Nay, replied Se-

* This letter was sent to the Dean of W——, who was also Vicar General of the diocese, by a widower (with six children) under the feigned name of Elzevir. The design was to invite him and his company to supper, especially Miss Elizabeth Marshall, a beautiful lady of eighteen years of age, and three thousand pounds fortune, who (the Dean's house being full) was then lodged in his study.

grais, I well know by experience that a court is a country where a man should have very good ears, as well as good eyes.

Mrs. C. Smith, who has distinguished herself by the publication of many romances of merit, has likewise evinced a fine talent for poetry. The following little poems are evincive of the assertion:

THE WHEAT EAR.

From that deep shelter'd solitude
Where in some quarry wild, and rude,
Your feather'd mother rear'd her brood
Why, Pilgrim, did you brave
The upland winds so bleak and keen
To seek these hills?—whose slopes between
Wide stretch'd in grey expanse is seen
The ocean's toiling wave?

Did instinct bid you linger here,
That broad and restless ocean near,
And wait, till with the waning year
Those northern gales arise,
Which, from the tall cliff's rugged side
Shall give your soft light plumes to glide
Across the channel's reflux tide
To seek more favouring skies?

Alas! and has not instinct said
That luxury's toils for you are laid,
And that, by groundless fears betray'd,
You ne'er, perhaps, may know
Those regions, where the embow'ring vine
Loves round the luscious fig to twine,
And mild the suns of winter shine,
And flowers perennial blow.

To take yon shepherd boys prepare
The hollow turf, the wiry snare,
Of those weak terrors well aware
That bid you vainly dread
The shadows floating o'er the downs,
Or murmuring gale, that round the stones
Of some old beacon as it moans
Scarce moves the thistle's head.

And if a cloud obscure the sun,
With faint and fluttering heart you run,
And to the pitfall you should shun
Resort in trembling haste.
While, on that dewy cloud so high
The lark, sweet minstrel of the sky
Sings in the morning's beamy eye
And bathes his spotted breast.

Ah! simple bird, resembling you
Are those, that with distorted view
Thro' life some selfish end pursue
With low inglorious aim.
They sink in blank oblivious night,
While minds superior dare the light,
And high on honour's glorious height
Aspire to endless fame.

AN EVENING WALK BY THE SEA SIDE.

'Tis pleasant to wander along on the sand,
Beneath the high cliff that is hollowed in
caves,

When the fisher has put off his boat from
the land,

And the prawn-catcher wades through the
short rippling waves.

While fast run before us the sandling and
plover,

Intent on the crabs and the sand ells to feed,
And here on a rock which the tide will soon
cover,

We'll find us a seat that is tapestried with
weed.

Bright gleam the white sails in the slant
rays of even,

And stud as with silver the broad level
main,

While glowing clouds float on the fair face
of heaven,

And the mirror-like water reflects them
again.

How various the shades of marine vegeta-
tion

Thrown here the rough flints and the peb-
bles among,

The feather'd conferva of deepest carnation,
The dark purple slake, and the olive sea-
thong.

While Flora herself unreluctantly mingles
Her garlands with those that the Nereids
have worn,

For the yellow horn'd poppy springs up on
the shingles,

And convolvulus rival the rays of the morn:
But now to retire from the rock we have
warning,

Already the water encircles our seat,
And slowly the tide of the evening return-
ing,

The moon-beams reflects in the waves at
our feet.

Ah! whether as now the mild summer-sea
flowing,

Scarce wrinkles the sands as it murmurs on
shore,

Or fierce wintry whirlwinds impetuously
blowing,

Bid high madd'ning surges resistlessly roar,
That Power which can put the wide waters
in motion,

Then bid the vast billows repose at his
word,

Fills the mind with deep reverence, while
earth, air, and ocean,

Alike of the universe speak him the Lord.

Maisuna was a daughter of the tribe
of Calab, and was married while very
young to the Caliph Mowiah. But this
exalted situation by no means suited
the disposition of Maisuna; and amidst

all the pomp and splendor of Damascus she languished for the simple pleasures of her native desert. These feelings gave birth to the following simple stanzas, which she took delight in singing, whenever she could find an opportunity to indulge her melancholy in private. She was overheard, however, one day, by Mowiah, who, as a punishment, ordered her to retire from court. Maisuna immediately obeyed, and taking her infant son, Yezid, with her, returned to Yeman.

The russet suit of camel's hair,
With spirits light and eye serene,
Is dearer to my bosom far
Than all the trappings of a queen.
The humble tent, and murmuring breeze
That whistles thro' its fluttering walls,
My unspiring fancy please
Better than towers and splendid halls.
The attendant colts that bounding fly
And frolic by the litter's side,
Are dearer in Maisuna's eye
Than gorgeous mules in all their pride.
The watch-dog's voice, that bays, whene'er
A stranger seeks his master's cot,
Sounds sweeter in Maisuna's ear
Than yonder trumpet's long drawn note.
The rustic youth, unspoil'd by art,
Son of my kindred, poor, but free,
Will ever to Maisuna's heart
Be dearer, pamp'ring fool, than thee.

The following is a whimsical passage from Moore's Journal of his stage coach adventures in Virginia. The simile in the close is beautiful and new:

And now to tell the gay variety
Of my stage society.
There was a quaker, who room for twenty
took,
Fious and big as a Polyglott Pentateuch!
There was his niece too, sitting, so fair, by,
Like a neat Testament kept to swear by,
What pity, blooming girl!
That lips so ready for a lover
Should not beneath their ruby casket cover
One tooth of pearl,*
But like a rose beside the church-yard
stone,
Be doom'd to blush o'er many a mouldering
bone.

* Polygnotus was the first painter, says Pliny, who shewed the teeth in his portraits. He would scarcely, I think, have been tempted to such an innovation in America.

THE BANKS OF BALIZE.

A BALLAD.

Written by a Lady residing near the River Balize, in the Bay of Honduras.

While songsters their rivers to praise do
combine,
Their Arno's, their Banna's their Tweed's
and their Dee's;
To the nymphs of Honduras the task shall
be mine,
To sing the more beautiful Banks of Ba-
lize.
See the nymphs and the swains in their
Dories are singing,
While echo the music resounds through
the trees;
Observe how the fishes around them arc
springing,
Their joy to express in the River Balize.
Here young Alligators are playfully sport-
ing;
Here Tigers so nimble, and droves of
Warrees;
All frisking like lambkins, and wantonly
courting,
Along the sweet banks of the River Ba-
lize.
No proud marble domes upon the rural
plains,
Nor mansions of grandeur the traveller
sees;
But marks what a charming simplicity reigns
In the wood-cutter's hut on the Banks of
Balize.
Let those who delight in fine fish and fresh
air,
Enjoy their own pleasures on Honduras'
quays;
More happy am I in attending the fair,
On the banks of the smooth flowing River
Balize.
Ye Aldermen, who on rich turtle would
feast,
Or would wish to indulge on our fam'd
Mannatees,
Leave the city awhile, then come hither,
and taste,
This delicate food on the Banks of Balize.
The songs of Musquitoes shall lull you to
sleep;
Songs sweet as the whisp'ring of winds
thro' the trees
While Doctors and Sandflies their vigils do
keep,
To suck your rich blood on the Banks of
Balize.

If an author will start from the crowd,
jump on the literary pedestal and put
himself in the attitude of Apollo, he
has no right to complain, if his propor-
tions are examined with rigour; if com-
parisons are drawn to his disadvantage,

or if, on being found glaringly defective, he is hooted down from a station, which he has so unnecessarily and injudiciously assumed.

Sonnet written immediately after reading professor Stewart's account of Dr. Robertson's daily visits, during his last illness at Grange House, to the fruit trees then in blossom; and of his contrasting their progress with the event which was to happen to himself before their maturity.

Ye lovely blossoms of the opening spring!

That paint the fruit trees with your blushing hues,

Fann'd by the genial South-wind's humid wing,

And foster'd by the evening's grateful dews,

Each morning sun your vernal health renews,

Each morning sun perceives my health decline;

Yours 'tis to bloom and round you sweets diffuse,

To droop, to wither, and to die is mine.

Nor spring, nor genial sun, nor fresh'ning gale,

With youthful strength can sickly age recruit,

And Death shall o'er this tottering frame prevail,

'Ere autumn shall mature your embryo fruit;

And when I us'd to view my orchard's pride,

Ah! then its fallen lord a grassy turf shall hide.

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

A COQUET.

MESSRS. PRINTERS,

Lounging one afternoon the last week in Cornhill, I had an opportunity of observing the manners of some of your Boston Belles, and overhearing such parts of their conversation, as, by the loudness of their tones and the side-glances of their eyes, they evidently intended should be heard by the passengers. Now, as I pass much of the year in the country, and am seldom long in town, my observation was keen and curious; and I cannot but confess that those young ladies, who make a daily promenade in Cornhill, convinced me, that, whatever modern pedants might say, the ladies of the present day were not materially different from those of former times. CONGREVE COR-

tainly had one of those Cornhill-ladies in his eye, when he wrote the following description, although, to answer his own ends, and avoid giving offence to the city ladies, he chose to bestow on a *Shepherdess* a character of which we know nothing in the country.

RUSTICUS.

Fair AMORET has gone astray,

Pursue and seek her, every lover;

I'll tell the signs by which you may

The wandering *Shepherdess* discover.

Coquet and coy, at once, her air,

Both studied, though both seem neglected;

Careless she is, with artful care,

Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,

Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;

For she'd persuade they wound by chance,

Though certain aim and art direct 'em.

She likes herself, yet others hates

For that which in herself she prizes:

And while she laughs at them, forgets

She is the thing that she despises.

In the hope of disarming censure by diffidence, and obviating the imputation of presumption, it has been a kind of established etiquette for a virgin Muse to bind up her blushes in an introductory bouquet, and present them to the reader as an offering of humility and conciliation. But the good sense of the present day has, in a great measure, exploded, as idle and impertinent, this species of literary affectation. Whatever a writer may profess, praise or profit will always be considered his real motive; and when he has once overcome his feelings so far as to venture upon the public stage, if his other merits are only in proportion to his modesty, he will find that he has over-rated his pretensions.

MODERN FASHION.

A lady of fashion, dressed in the present taste, is, literally speaking, *no-body*; and strange to tell, the full grown misses, naturally prone, as we might suppose, to *matrimony*, seem determined not to have *any body*. It is presumed, however, that this determination will not last long, and that, by next winter, at farthest, they will have *some-body*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

A Poem sacred to the memory of MADOC, prince of North Wales, who, in the eleventh century, flying from his country, with a few followers, is supposed by many to have first discovered and settled in America.

From Cambria's shores, by civil discord driv'n,

By all forsaken, save a few and heav'n,
O'er the wild waves he seeks a friendly land,
And hails, America, thy fertile strand.
Heav'n's! what a scene of grandeur meets his eyes!

Around he gazes, lost in mute surprise:
Here mountains lose their summits in the clouds,

A boundless forest nature's bosom shrouds;
Resembling ocean each bold stream appears,
And birds unknown salute his ravish'd ears.
"Is this the paradise by bards foretold,

"And may we here expect an age of gold?"
Madoc exclaims—"my friends possess this shore,

"Let genial hope your fainting minds restore."

Courage in every manly heart prevails,
And all, with one accord, salute New-Wales.
With gallant mien their leader treads the shore,

And urg'd by him, they all their God adore;
Their God, who led them o'er untravell'd seas,

And promises security and ease.
Soon on the shore the native bands appear,
And gaze with wonder, but devoid of fear.
To all his ready hand the chief extends,
And uses them as brethren and friends.

What tho' no words were understood, their eyes

Witnessed at once their kindness and surprise.

The ready dinner smokes upon the ground,
And in metheglin is refreshment found.
Toys charm the females and the infant race
To barb'rous beauty adding force and grace

Humanity! assist me, while I sing
The triumphs which from thee incessant spring.

Virtue, not av'rice, charm'd the gallant chief,
And thus from savages heav'n sent relief.
No gold he sought, by nature deep conceal'd;—

How happy had it never been reveal'd!
To industry were all his vows address'd,
Thus heav'n wak'd pity in each savage breast,

Who, taught the God of heaven to adore,
Bade cultivation glad the willing shore;
And soon, instructed in each useful art,
Gave to humanity the glowing heart.

Madoc! th' Iberian chief to thee must yield;—

He dy'd with human blood the ravag'd field,
But thou shalt justly boast unceasing fame;
Intent the cruel savage to reclaim,
Thou gav'st him, emulous in virtue's cause,
Reason, religion, liberty and laws.

Columbus! then, withdraw your haughty claim,

And bow with deference to great Madoc's name.

W. P.

EPIGRAMS.

NEVER COMPLAIN TO STRANGERS.

Curio, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,

Fat, clumsy, gouty, asthmatic and old,
Panting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,
And his sad story to a stranger told.

"Follow the thief," replied the stander-by;
"Ah, sir," said he, "these feet can run no more!"

"Alarm the neighbourhood with hue and cry,"

"Alas! I've roar'd, as long as lungs could roar."

"Then," quoth the stranger, "vain is all endeavour,

"Sans voice to call, sans vigour to pursue,
"And since your hat, of course, is gone forever,

"I'll e'en make bold to take your wig—a dieu."

When Charles, at once a monarch and a wit,

Some smooth soft flattery read, by Waller writ,

Waller, who erst to sing was not asham'd
That heaven in storms great Cromwell's soul had claim'd,

Turn'd to the bard, and with a smile, said he,
Your strains for *Noll* excel your strains for me.

The bard, his cheeks with conscious blushes red,

Thus to the king return'd and bow'd his head,

Poets, so heaven and all the nine decreed,
In fiction better than in truth succeed.

IF GREAT BE GOOD.

How great thy might let none by mischief know,

But what thou canst by acts of kindness show;

A power to hurt is no such noble thing,
The toad can poison and the serpent sting.

*Lines occasioned by the intended demolition of
Friar Bacon's Study, in Oxford.*

Friar, if with thy magic glasses
Running, thou see'st below what passes,
As when on earth thou didst descry
With them the wonders of the sky—
Look down on your devoted walls!
O save them ere thy study falls,
Or to thy votaries quick impart
The secret of thy mystic art;
Teach us, ere learning's quite forsaken,
To honour thee, and save our Bacon.

Says Richard to Tom, with a good deal of
heat,

My secret you've basely betray'd,
What I told you I never suppos'd you'd repeat,

And after the promise you made.

Friend Richard, quoth Thomas, you're sadly
astray,

The secret I told, it is true;—
But if its so precious you cannot but say
Three guardians are better than two.

By one decisive argument,
Giles gain'd his lovely Kate's consent,
To fix the bridal day:

Why in such haste, dear Giles, to wed?
I shall not change my mind, she said,
But then, says he, *I may*.

Galla, the seasons of each circling year
To thee, my love, their choicest offerings
bear:

Spring thy young cheek with blushing purple
dies,

And Summer lights her lustres in thine
eyes,

Autumn her apples in thy bosom throws,
And Winter clothes thee with her whitest
snows.

Hermit! who with contempt look'st down
Upon this lewd licentious town,
Descend and live with us unmov'd;
Your boasted force is yet unprov'd,
While in that cold sad mossy cell
Untempted, thus alone you dwell.
See Chloe smile and feel no wound,
Then we'll pronounce your virtue sound.

Fickle is vext at heart, he says, to see
His Lydia look on him so scurvily;
Thou art a most unconscionable man,—
Would'st have the wench look better than
she can?

TWO WORDS MAKE A BARGAIN.

You'd marry the marquis, fair lady, you say;
You're right; we've suspected it long,
But his lordship declines in a complaisant
way,
And, faith, *he's not much in the wrong*.

THE DEADLY DOCTOR,

With wig profound old Galen cries,
My patients ne'er complain;
I do believe thee, Ned replies,
Thou putt'st them out of pain.

ADVICE TO GRUMBLERS.

Our grumbling politicians cry
Old England's basis stands awry;—
Mind this, they say, mind that, mind
t'other;
Spare, spare, good people, your concern,
Let this *old England* serve your turn,
Till you can show us *such another*.

Phillis, you boast of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at those, who of their ills com-
plain:

That with a frequent fever Chloe burns,
And Stella's plumpness into dropsy turns,
O, Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their distempers seen.
But thou, for all thy seeming health, art ill
Beyond thy lover's hopes or Reynold's skill,
No medicines can thy disease assuage,
I tell thee, 'tis incurable, 'tis age.

I die with sadness, if the blushing fair
These eyes adore, reject her lover's prayer;
I die with transport, if her gentle ear
Is pleas'd her lover's soft complaint to hear.
How shall a wretch his fate contrive to shun,
Both by her rigour and her smiles undone?
Each way I look, I view my ruin sure,
Fall by the wound, or perish by the cure.

*On hearing of the marriage of a Fellow of
All Souls.*

Silvio, so strangely Love his mind controls,
Has, for one single body, left *All Souls*.

*To a Young Lady who spoke in praise of Li-
berty.*

Persuasions to freedom fall oddly from you,
If freedom we seek, fair Maria adieu.

A CLINCHER.

Nature abhors a vacuum, Bubo said—
Bubo, you're wrong—a vacuum's in your
head.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 4, 1806.

[No. 39.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 177.

—nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

MILTON.

MR. SAUNTER,

WITH all my fondness and admiration of the fair, I sometimes cannot refrain from a smile when I observe with what tenacity some of our young republicans assert their privileges, and contest the palm of superiority. That we are all created equal, is one of those specious *truisms* which seem to mean a great deal and yet contain nothing that can be disputed. It was first invented by some designing *patriot*, and has since been repeated from mouth to mouth, because it flatters the vanity of the weak, and consoles the mortification of the needy. The poor believe it will one day class them among those who are rich, and the rich are amused with the hope that they will arise to a superiority *which wealth cannot purchase*. That it is false in the extent which the words seem to imply, every day's experience sufficiently demonstrates. The designing *knave* who repeat it in their morning orisons, would make us believe that the man of education, whose mind is impressed with the soundest maxims essential to

the existence of government, and whose prudence has taught him the propriety and necessity of obedience, is *full as good a man*, as the stupid Jacobin, who has probably been dropped on a dunghill, whose god is Faction, whose very creed is insubordination, and whose notions of discipline are somewhat like those of Milton's devils. These men would make you believe, if you were so credulous, that he whose mind has been disciplined in the school of classical lore, whose taste has been refined by the example of Homer and the precepts of Aristotle, and whose soul is delicately alive to all the harmony of sounds, is *equal* to the rude rustic, who never conceived an idea beyond the perplexities of a harrowed field, and who never read a line beyond the sapient lessons of Dilworth, or the cunning maxims of Franklin. They would persuade you to place in the same rank the honest supporter of the interests of his country, and him who laughed at its *Lilliputian ties*; and the man whose patriotism did not shrink from individual dishonor, when his official integrity was most slanderously calumniated, and him who was willing to barter the best interests of his country for a mess of pottage. It was such a delusion that placed a *Lilliputian hero*, a collector of spiders and a gazer at *wooden mammoths*, a master of slaves and a bawler for the inestimable rights of liberty and equality, in the throne erected by the valour, and graced by the wisdom, of Washington.

B b

But my excursive imagination, heated by the reflection that such men should bear sway, and perhaps too, like Hotspur, *all smarting with my wounds*, has for a moment seduced me from my original design, and led me into a train of reflections, which I did not expect when the paper was first displayed before me. I had met with a passage which pleased me, and I took a pen to copy it for you: but I had no intention of wandering from one of the mighty masters of the lay, to laugh at the wild theory of an enthusiast, or to dilate on the inconsistency and hypocrisy of a flimsy philosopher. Let him solace himself in his Haram, or buy wild lands from his Indian brethren; and let his infatuated followers worship their Lama. Literature is degraded by such objects.

An expression in Milton, one of the first among uninspired poets, reminded me of the dispute which is so frequently and so zealously maintained on the equality of the sexes. The entire passage cannot be too often quoted.

He is describing the *excellent form and happy state* of our general ancestors, as they were first seen by Satan, when, like a modern Jacobin, he had journeyed to Paradise and confirmed himself in his evil intentions of vexing their peace and effecting their utter ruin.

— the Fiend
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all:
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine

The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd,) Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only and she for God in him:
His large fair front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders
broad:

She, as a veil down to her slender waist
Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd

As the Vine curls her tendrils, which implied

Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.*

Mr. Tyler, one of the most modest and judicious of Milton's commentators, remarks with what judgment and delicacy the poet here avoids entering into a circumstantial description of Eve's beauty. It was, no doubt, he says, a very tempting occasion of giving an indulgent loose to his fancy: since the most lavish imagination could not carry too high the charms of woman as she first came out of the hands of her heavenly Maker. But as a picture of this kind would have been too light and gay for the grave turn of Milton's plan, he has very artfully mentioned the charms of her person in general terms only, and directed the reader's attention more particularly to the beauties of her mind. It also evinces how much more highly he prized the mind than the outward form; and to such qualifications would I venture, with all humility, to direct the aspiring hope, and stimulate the untiring toil of my fair countrywomen.

Let them be assured that though to dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye, be most winning arts to ensnare the passions, yet they will not gratify the mind—they cannot bind the heart. Two young persons meet at that season of life when the imagination is roving and the heart is peculiarly alive to the softer emotions. They gaze on each other with mutual delight, and sensibility, *sweet sensibility* whispers to them that their pleasure will always last. Now all this is but the calenture of the brain—the mere wings of love without the body: it is not the arrow that has pierced, but it is the feathers that grazed; and the luxuriance of their feelings has magnified a passing touch into a wound by the bow-bearing god. The nipping winds of the winter of

* I will not make any apology for so long a quotation. The passage is so animated, and contains so exquisite a picture, that no reader will blame me for assigning it a place in the pages of the Port Folio.

their life speedily succeeds the buxom breezes of its spring, and, alas! *too feelingly remind them what they are.* The envious hand of Old Age furrows the dimpled cheek, and robs it of Nature's fair vermilion—the lustre of the eye is dimmed, and those lips which might once have suspended the eccentric flight of the bee, are pale and bloodless. Familiarity has robbed every charm of its novelty, and a short interchange of sentiments has exhausted the scanty coffers of their brains. Indifference quickly succeeds the warmest love, and mutual disgust is not afar off. That such is the career of too many of our matrimonial adventurers is too well known. I have not drawn a caricature—the picture is sketched from life. I am no misanthrope. I delight not in such lurid colourings of Nature's fairest work. The canvas has not been polluted by envy nor unrequited love, nor has hatred or malice furnished a single tint. I am far from being an audacious reviler of the sex. It is my best pleasure to cherish a sincere fondness and an undissembled respect for its loveliness and dignity. Milton has acknowledged that *love is not the lowest end of human life*, and I readily believe that this world, without the *sweet intercourse of looks and smiles*, would be but a wide waste indeed.

But whilst I admire, and praise, and defend, let me not be supposed so blind as to view all their virtues and their vices, their beauties and deformities through the same partial vista. The sickly mien of affectation, the folly of a weak mind, and the ungenial chill of prudery, a tainted imagination with many other frailties which female *flesh is heir to*, must be corrected before woman can be called perfect. Yet, with all these imperfections, how infinitely do they surpass us in virtue, friendship, constancy, fortitude, genuine good sense, and unaffected good nature!

Nor do I believe there are so many of the character I have described, as the arrogance of some and the impertinence of others would imagine. One, far above the rest, I have before me, lovely, meek and amiable, such as the

rest ought to be. Her manners are free without familiarity, dignified but not haughty, correct but not prudish. In her conversation she is sensible without pedantry; she can talk of dress with the gay and the frivolous, and converse on books with the studious. She has a tear for the tale of woe, without affecting what she does not feel, and when the melody of music steals upon her willing ear, she has a heart to feel and a taste to relish. But the task of portraying such perfection, though pleasing, is too arduous, and shall not be disgraced by an unworthy hand. It is above the powers of the humble prosaist, and the harmony and fancy of the poet are only adequate.

In almost every poetical work of established merit, such portraits may be found; and it will be perceived, that the artist never rises to such a height, and his genius never shines more resplendent, than when he borrows a gleam of inspiration from the rays of female charms. Such are the Eve of Milton, the Imogen of Shakspeare, the Belphæbe of Spencer, the Armida of Tasso, &c. &c.

Let women consult these. Let them lay aside their pride and affectation. Let them select a milliner for the mind, and hold the *mirror up to nature*. Let them do this, and all the severity of satire will be retorted. The spear of Ithuriel will touch lightly, and not display a single stain on the white robe of their purity.

SEADLEY.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE
DR. CARLYLE.

Dr. Alexander Carlyle was born about the year 1721, and was one of the most distinguished characters the last age has produced. He received his education at the universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Leyden. While he attended these celebrated schools of learning his elegant and manly accomplishments gained him admission into the most polished circles, at the same time that the superiority of his under-

standing, and the refinement of his taste, introduced him to the particular notice of men of science and literature. Having gone through the usual exercises prescribed by the church of Scotland, he was presented to the living of Inverness near Edinburgh, about the year 1747. In this situation he remained for the long period of fifty-eight years.

His talents as a preacher were of the highest order, and contributed much to introduce into the Scottish pulpit an elegance of manner and delicacy of taste, to which this part of the United Kingdom was formerly a stranger, but of which it has lately afforded some brilliant examples. In the General Assembly of the church of Scotland Dr. C. was long accustomed to take an active part, and he had the satisfaction to find that, to the boldness and vigour of the measures recommended by him, some of the wisest of his brethren imputed the restoration of tranquillity to the church, after it had long been disturbed by faction and dissention. He acted uniformly with Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, and other distinguished associates, with whom he lived also on the most intimate footing of private friendship. It was owing chiefly to his active exertions, that the church of Scotland, in consideration of their moderate incomes and of their living in official houses, were exempted from the severe pressure of the house and window tax. With this view he spent some time in London, and was introduced at court, where the elegance and dignity of his appearance and manner are said to have excited both surprise and admiration. He succeeded in his object, though it is remarkable that no clause to that purpose was introduced into the act; the ministers are even charged annually with the duty, but the collectors receive private instructions that no steps be taken to enforce payment. Public spirit was a conspicuous part of the character of Dr. Carlyle; the love of country seemed to be the most active principle of his heart, and the direction to which it was guided, at a period most threatening to the good of society, was productive of incal-

culable benefit to those to whom his influence extended.*

He was so fortunate in his early days as to form an acquaintance with all those celebrated men, whose names have added splendor to the literary history of the 18th century. Smollet, in his *Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, a work in which fact and fiction are curiously blended, mentions that he owed to Dr. Carlyle his introduction to the literary circles of Edinburgh. After mentioning a list of celebrated names, he adds, "their acquaintance I owe to the friendship of Dr. Carlyle, who wants nothing but inclination to figure with the rest upon paper."

Dr. C. was a particular friend of Mr. Home, so celebrated as the author of *Douglas*; and that tragedy, if we are not misinformed, was, previous to being represented, submitted to his revision. He exerted, as may be supposed, his utmost efforts to oppose that illiberal persecution which was raised against Mr. Home by the puritanical spirit, which, though by that time somewhat mitigated, was still far from being extinguished in this country. Dr. Carlyle rendered another essential service to literature in the discovery of Collins's "Ode on the superstition of the Highlands." The author on his death-bed had mentioned it to Dr. Johnson as the best of his poems, but it was not in his possession, and no search had been able to discover the copy. At last

* The popular orthodoxy of the day, which went to dispute the propriety of the Popish bill as it was called, in 1780, namely, the bill allowing liberty of worship to those in the communion of the church of Rome, called forth the abilities of many who have since been famous in the church of Scotland, and along with Dr. C. it also elicited the patriotism, the liberality, and the learning, as well as the piety of Dr. Robertson and Dr. Campbell, the former of whom was in actual danger from the persecution of the mob, at Edinburgh, for his supposed want of orthodoxy, and the latter had to exercise his strong powers of ratiocination in endeavouring to put to shame his congregation and co-presbyters in Aberdeen. We have to be thankful that their labours were at last successful in qualifying and directing the almost overflowing fanaticism of these times.

Dr. Carlyle found it accidentally among his papers, and presented it to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in the first volume of whose transactions it was published; and by the public in general, as well as by the author himself, it has always been numbered among the finest productions of that exquisite poet. It was indeed much to be regretted that Dr. Carlyle favoured the world with so little from his own pen, having published scarcely any thing except the report of the parish of Inverness, in Sir J. Sinclair's Statistical account of Scotland, and some detached sermons. It is understood however, that he has left behind him a large collection of valuable materials, the charge of publishing which he committed to a few of his most intimate friends with whose qualifications he was well satisfied. They no doubt will be happy to embrace the opportunity of doing justice to the memory of a friend whom they loved and revered, and whose loss will long be deplored by the country and the church.

Dr. Carlyle died at Inverness on the 25th of August 1805, in the 84th year of his age. Mrs. Carlyle, a woman of superior understanding and accomplishments, died two years before him. He had several children, and one daughter who had grown up, but he was so unfortunate as to lose them all long before the period of his own death. Since the death of Dr. Carlyle, Dr. Home and Dr. Ferguson only remain of that illustrious class of cotemporaries who adorned the last age of Scottish literature.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY NOTICE.

ROME, AUG. 4, 1806.

Mr. W. presents his respects to the Editor.—A friend has lately copied for him the enclosed. As opinions on scientific discussions properly belong to the public, he knows no better disposition of it than to ask of Mr. Dennie the favour of a place for it in his elegant repository.

Extract from the London Monthly Magazine, or British Register for June 1802. Page 54.

“Mr. Augustus B. Woodward has lately offered to the public ‘Conside-

rations on the substance of the Sun.’ This curious and interesting work is divided into seven parts. First, an historical review of the opinions of the ancients on the substance of the sun. Second, a concise but comprehensive statement and examination of the opinions of the moderns on the particular nature of the sun. Third, he offers his own hypothesis; that he might state it the more clearly he has found it necessary to invent a new term, or rather to employ an old one in a new sense—this is the word *electron*, which he has chosen to denote that peculiar matter in substance, which has been called electricity and the electric fluid; and his opinion is, that the substance of the sun is electron. Fourth, in the fourth division of his subject, the author offers an historical account of electric discoveries. Fifth, he then enumerates some of the most remarkable phenomena, in which electron, as a substance, is observed to be present. Sixth, having stated these facts, the author proceeds to the more immediate object of his undertaking, which is, to adduce those powerful considerations which lead him to conclude that the substance of the sun is electron; here the reasoning which he adopts is of the analogical kind, pointing out the similarity of appearance and effect between terrestrial and solar electricity; or, in other words, between electron, as it operates in our mundane system, and electron as it manifests itself in and about the body of the sun. This part of the work is managed with a great deal of ingenuity and force of mind. The seventh and last division contains suggestions as to the means necessary for subjecting this hypothesis to the test of direct experiment.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

EXTRACTS FROM CUMBERLAND'S MEMOIRS, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Speaking of his major O'Flaherty, in his West Indian, Cumberland says—“For my Irishman I had a scheme rather more complicated; I put him into the Austrian service, and exhibit-

ed him in the livery of a foreign master, to impress upon the audience the *melancholy and impolitic alternative*, to which his *religious disqualification* had reduced a gallant and a loyal subject of his natural king:—I gave him courage, for it belongs to his nation; I endowed him with honour, for it belongs to his profession; and I made him proud, jealous, susceptible, for such the exiled veteran will be, who lives by the earnings of his sword, and is not allowed to draw it in the service of that country which gave him birth, and which of course he was born to defend: for his phraseology I had the glossary ready at my hand; for his mistakes and trips, vulgarly called bulls, I did not know the Irishman of the stage then existing, whom I would wish to make my model: their gross absurdities, and unnatural contrarieties, have not a shade of character in them. When his imagination is warmed, and his ideas rush upon him in a cluster, 'tis then the Irishman will sometimes blunder; his fancy having supplied more words than his tongue can well dispose of, it will occasionally trip. But the imitation must be delicately connected; his meaning is clear, he conceives rightly, though in delivery he is confused; and the act, as I conceive it, of finding language for the Irishman on the stage consists not in making him foolish, vulgar, or absurd, but on the contrary, whilst you furnish him with expressions that excite laughter, you must graft them upon sentiments that deserve applause.

"It was the remark of Lord Lyttelton upon this comedy, when speaking of it to me one evening at Mrs. Montagu's, that, had it not been for the incident of O'Flaherty's hiding himself behind the scene, when he overhears the lawyer's soliloquy, he should have pronounced it a faultless composition. This flattery his lordship surely added against the conviction of his better judgment, merely as a sweetener to qualify his criticism, and, by doing so, convinced me that he suspected me of being less amenable to fair correction than I really am and ever have been. But be this as it may, a criticism from Lord Lyttelton must always be worth record-

ing, and this especially, as it not only applies to my comedy in particular, but in general to all.

" 'I consider *listening*' said he, 'as a recourse never to be allowed in any pure drama, nor ought any good author to make use of it.' This position being laid down by authority so high, and audibly delivered, drew the company assembled for conversation, and all were silent. 'It is, in fact,' he added, 'a violation of those rules, which original authorities have established for the construction of the comic drama.' After all due acknowledgments for the favour of his remark, I replied that if I had trespassed against any rule laid down by classical authority, in the case alluded to, I had done it inadvertently, for I really did not know where any such rule was to be found.

" 'What did Aristotle say? Were there no rules laid down by him for comedy?' None that I knew; Aristotle referred to the *Margites* and *Ilias Minor* as models, but that was no rule, and the models being lost, we had neither precept nor example to instruct us. 'Were there any precedents in the Greek or Roman drama, which could justify the measure.' To this I replied that no precedent could justify the measure in my opinion, which his lordship's better judgment had condemned; being possessed of that I should offend no more, but as my error was committed when I had no such advice to guide me, I did recollect that *Aristophanes* did not scruple to resort to listening and drawing conclusions from what was overheard when a man rambled and talked broken sentences in his bed asleep and dreaming; and as for the Roman stage, if any thing could apologise for the major's screen, I conceived there were screens in plenty upon that, which formed separate streets and entrances, which concealed the actors from each other, and gave occasion to a great deal of listening and over-hearing in their comedy.

" 'But this occurs,' said lord Lyttelton from the construction of the scene, 'not from the contrivance and intent of the character, as in your case; and when such an expedient is resorted to

by an officer like your major, it is dis-creditable and unbecoming of him as a 'man of honour.' This was decisive, and I made no longer any struggle. What my predecessors in the drama, who had been dealers in screens, closets, and key-holes for a century past, would have said to this doctrine of the noble critic, I don't pretend to guess: It would have made sad havoc with many of them and cut deep into their property; as for me, I had so weak a cause and so strong a majority against me, (for every lady in the room denounced listeners) that all I could do was to insert without loss of time a few words of palliation into the major's part, by making him say, upon resorting to his hiding place:—*I'll step behind this screen and listen: a good soldier must sometimes fight in ambush as well as in the open field.*

"I now leave this criticism to the consideration of those ingenious men, who may in future cultivate the stage; I could name one now living, who has made such happy use of his screen in a comedy of the very first merit, that if Aristotle himself had written a whole chapter professedly against *screens*, and Jerry Collier had edited it with notes and illustrations, I would not have placed Lady Teazle out of ear-shot to have saved their ears from the pillory: but if either of those worthies could have pointed out an expedient to have got Joseph Surface off the stage, pending that scene, with any reasonable conformity to nature, they would have done more good to the drama than either of them have done harm; and that is saying a great deal."

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For the Port Folio.

[Interesting conversation between Montmelton and his wife, extracted from the life of that charming author.]

"We often took solitary walks; and the end of these walks was usually that chestnut wood at Montmorency, which Rousseau has rendered famous.

"It is here," used I to say to my wife, "that he imagined that romance of Heloise, in which he has employed so much art and eloquence to give to vice the hue of honesty and the tint of virtue."

"My wife was partial to Rousseau; she felt infinitely grateful to him for having per-

suaded women to suckle their own children, and for having used his efforts to render the first age of life gentle and happy. 'We may pardon him something,' used she to say, 'he has taught us how to be mothers.'

"But I who had only seen in the conduct and writings of Rousseau a perpetual contrast of beautiful language and vile morality; I who had seen him announce himself for the apostle and the martyr of truth, and abuse it incessantly with adroit sophisms; deliver himself by calumny from the gratitude that oppressed him; choose, in his savage spleen, and in his sinister visions, the falsest colours to blacken his friends; defame those men of letters whom he had most reason to praise, in order to signalize himself alone, and efface them all; I made my wife feel, by the good itself that Rousseau had done, all the evil that he might have abstained from doing, if, instead of employing his heart to serve his passions, to colour his hatred, his revenge, his cruel ingratitude, to give specious appearances to his calumnies, he had worked on himself to subjugate his pride, his irascible temper, his dark distrust, his sad animosities, and to become again, what nature had made him, innocently seeing, equitable, sincere and good.

"My wife listened to me sorrowfully. One day she said to me; 'My love, I am sorry to hear you often speak ill of Rousseau. You will be accused of being excited against him by some personal enmity, and perhaps by a little envy.'

"—'As to personality in my aversion,' said I to her, 'that would be very unjust, for he has never offended me, nor has he done me any injury. It would be more possible that there should be envy in it, for I admire him enough in his writings to be envious of him; and I should accuse myself of being so, if I ever surprised myself in defaming him. But I experience on the contrary, in speaking to you of the maladies of his soul, that bitter sorrow which you feel in hearing me.'—'Why then,' replied she, 'in your writings, in your conversations, treat him with such severity? Why insist on his vices? Is there no impiety in disturbing the ashes of the dead?'

"—'Yes, the ashes of the dead,' said I to her, 'who left no dangerous example, whose memory is not pernicious to the living. But should sweetened poisons, in the writings of an eloquent sophist, and of a seducing corrupter, should the fatal impressions he has made by special calumnies, should all the contagion that a celebrated talent has left, be suffered to pass current under favour of the respect which we owe to the dead, and perpetuate itself from age to age? Most certainly I will oppose to it, either as preservatives or as counterpoises, all the means in my power; and were it only to clear the

memory of my friends from the spots with which he has sullied it, I will do no more than leave, if I can, to the proselytes and enthusiasts that are still left him, the choice of thinking that Rousseau was either mad or malicious. They will accuse me of being envious. But a crowd of illustrious men, to whom I have rendered the justest and the purest homage, will attest that in my writings envy has never obscured justice and truth. Whilst Rousseau was living, I spared him, because he had need of me, and I would not injure him. He is now no more: and I owe no indulgence to the reputation of a man who has indulged none, and who, in his memoirs has defamed the men that most loved him.

With respect to Heloise, my wife was sensible of the danger of its morality; and what I have said of it in my *Essai sur les Romains* needed no apology. But had I always so severely condemned the art which Rousseau had employed to render interesting the crime of St. Preux, the crime of Julie, the one seducing his pupil, the other abusing the good faith, the probity of Wolmar? No, I confess it; and my morality, in my new position, savoured of the influence that our personal interests have on our opinions and on our feelings.

In living in a world where public morals are corrupted, it is difficult not to contract at least some indulgence for certain fashionable vices. Opinion, example, the seductions of vanity, and above all the allurements of pleasure, impair in young hearts, the rectitude of genuine feeling: the light air and tone with which old libertines have the art of turning into jest the scruples of virtue, and, of converting into ridicule the rules of delicate integrity, imperceptibly destroy the serious importance that the young mind was wont to attach to them. Marriage, above all, had cured me of this softness of conscience.

What do I say? None but a husband, a father, can judge safely of those contagious vices that attack morals in their source, of those gentle and perfidious vices that bring on trouble, shame, hatred, desolation and despair into the bosom of families.

A bachelor insensible to those afflictions that are foreign to him, neither thinks of the tears he will cause, nor of the fury and revenge he will excite in a wounded heart. Wholly occupied, like the spider, in spreading his nets, and watching the instant for enveloping his prey, he either effaces from his moral code respect for the holy rights, or if they ever recur to his memory, he considers them as laws that are fallen into disuse. What so many others permit themselves to do, or applaud themselves for having done, appears to him, if not lawful, at least excusable. He thinks he may enjoy the license of the morals of the times.

But when he has put himself in the number of those whom the seductions of an adroit corrupter may render wretched for life; when he sees that the artifices, the flattering and enticing language of a young sop have only to surprise the innocence of a daughter, or the weakness of a wife, to ruin the peace of the most virtuous man, and his own, perhaps, one day; warned by his personal interest, he feels how essentially the honour, the faith, the sanctity of conjugal and domestic morals are to a father, to a husband, inviolable properties; and it is then that he sees, with a severe eye, all that is criminal and dishonorable in profligate manners, with whatever decoration eloquence may clothe it, and under whatever exterior of virtue and decorum an industrious writer may disguise it.

I therefore blame Rousseau, but, in blaming him, I grieve that splanetic passions, a somber pride, and a vain glory, should have spoiled a fund of such beautiful feeling.

For the Port Folio.

[From "Memoirs of Richard Cumberland" we extract the following ludicrous description of the person and manners of Soame Jenyns. In smiling at this portrait, we shall not at all abate the high respect we feel for the author of the dissertation on the internal evidences of the Christian religion.]

A disagreement about a name or a date will mar the best story that ever was put together. Sir Joshua Reynolds luckily could not hear an interrupter of this sort; Johnson would not hear, or if he heard him would not heed him! Soame Jenyns heard him, heeded him, set him right, and took up his tale, where he had left it, without any diminution of its humour, adding only a few more twists to his snuff-box, a few more taps upon the lid of it, with a preparatory grunt or two, the invariable forerunners of the amenity that was at the heels of them. He was the man who bore his part in all societies with the most even temper and undisturbed hilarity of all the good companions whom I ever knew. He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself to do your party honor in all the colors of the jay; his lace, indeed, had long since lost its lustre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut, since the days when gentlemen wore embroidered figured velvets with short sleeves, boot cuffs, and buckram skirts; as nature had cast him in the exact mould of an ill-made pair of stiff stays, he followed her close in the fashion of his coat; that it was doubted if he did not wear them: because he had a protuberant wen just under his pole, he wore a wig, that did not cover above half his head. His eyes were protruded like the eyes of the lobster, who wears

them at the end of his feelers, and yet there was room between one of these and his nose for another wen that added nothing to his beauty; yet I heard this good man very innocently remark, when Gibbon published his history, that he wondered any body so ugly could write a book.

Such was the exterior of a man, who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into; his pleasantries were of a sort peculiar to himself; it harmonized with every thing; it was like the bread to our dinner; you did not perhaps make it the whole or principal part of your meal, but it was an admirable and wholesome auxiliary to your other viands. Soame Jenyns told you no long stories, engrossed not much of your attention, and was not angry with those that did; his thoughts were original, and were apt to have a very whimsical affinity to the paradox in them: he wrote verses upon dancing, and prose upon the origin of evil, yet he was a very indifferent metaphysician and a worse dancer; ill-nature and personality, with the single exception of his lines upon Johnson, I never heard fall from his lips; those lines I have forgotten, though I believe I was the first person to whom he recited them? they were very bad, but he had been told that Johnson ridiculed his metaphysics, and some of us had just then been making extemporary epigrams upon each other: though his wit was harmless, yet the general cast of it was ironical; there was a terseness in his repartees, that had a play of words as well as of thought, as when speaking of the difference between laying out money upon land, or purchasing into the funds, he said, "One was principal without interest, and the other interest without principal." Certain it is he had a brevity of expression, that never hung upon the ear, and you felt the point in the very moment that he made the push. It was rather to be lamented that his lady, Mrs. Jenyns, had so great a respect for his good sayings, and so imperfect a recollection of them, for though she always prefaced her recitals of them with—as *Mr. Jenyns says*—it was not always what Mr. Jenyns said, and never, I am apt to think, as Mr. Jenyns said; but she was an excellent old lady, and twirled her fan with as much mechanical address as her ingenious husband twirled his snuff-box.

For the Port Folio.

FROM THE BOSTON CENTINEL.

MR. RUSSEL,

The charge of deism or infidelity has not unfrequently been made against some of the first statesmen, philosophers, and generals, of the United States:—Among others, the late Dr. Franklin has not escaped the charge. —I do not recollect to have seen in his works,

any opinion of his on the subject of religion; But in perusing the life of the late Rev. Dr. Stiles, President of Yale College, I find, that in January, 1790, the Rev. Doctor, in a letter to Dr. Franklin requesting his portrait for the College, thus ingeniously expressed his desire on the subject:—

"You know, sir, I am a Christian; and would to heaven all others were as I am, except my imperfections. As much as I know of Dr. Franklin, I have not an idea of his religious sentiments. I wish to know the opinion of my venerable friend concerning *Jesus of Nazareth*.—He will not impute this to impertinence or improper curiosity in one, who for many years has continued to love, estimate, and reverence his abilities and literary character with an ardour of affection.—If I have said too much, let the request be blotted out, and be no more."

The Doctor, in reply to President Stiles, under date of March 9, 1790, makes this reply:—

"I do not take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavour, in a few words, to gratify it. As to *Jesus of Nazareth*, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw; or is likely to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes; and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his Divinity."

This letter was written about a month before the Doctor died, April 17, 1790.

Now whether this is not a defence of Christianity, or savours of infidelity, your readers can judge, as well as

EUSEBIUS.

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mr. Jones's nephew, of the Old Bailey, being daily apprised (since his arrival from abroad) of the many fraudulent and evasive ways practised by a man in the environs of Fleet-street, who writes himself Jones, which is an open imposition, having no right thereto, but only calculated to delude the unwary: therefore Mr. Jones's nephew, finding it absolutely necessary, at the request of his friends, and in justice to the public, hereby declares, upon his honour, that there is not any one of the name of Jones existing in the profession, the person alluded to and meant for such, that has given so much universal satisfaction, being Williams, a

C c

native of Radnorshire, South Wales, nephew to Mr. Jones, the second, the last, and the only one of the profession that ever was, or will be, in the family.

WILLIAMS, Jones's nephew.

White Bull, No. 25, Fleet-Lane, near the Old Bailey, Aug. 9, 1774.

N. B. Any one presuming to personate him for the future will be prosecuted; likewise, shall the man persist in his obstinate opinion, he will find his real name and occupation inserted.

A gentleman, lately returned from Chester, has sent us the following curious advertisement, which, for its very great singularity, we think may prove entertaining to our readers.

Peter Story, farrier, takes this method to acquaint the public, that, provided he is encouraged by any number of supportable gentlemen, &c. so far as one hundred guineas, that he designs to publish a small Book, which will be a most elegant instructor for farriery, &c. as undoubtedly, according to his deserving character, may prove very beneficial, and worth some millions of pounds to the inhabitants of Great-Britain in general, and the city of Chester in particular, where he now intends to settle.

He infallibly cures the following distempers, viz. ulcers upon any part of the human body, excepting the vocal part; Itch, without the least danger, &c. the prick of a thorn, wild warts upon horses, &c. the pole evil, quiterbone, fistula, broken bone, glanders, bloody spaven, ringbone, misbleeding in the neck, lameness in the hoofs, &c. ulcers inside and outside, guildding and nicking in a very safe way of recovery, that all the hair of the tails will be secured; destroying of rats very punctually described, the bite of a mad dog, and manging: all the above cures may be done, if not inside, between the expense of one farthing and six-pence. N. B. That, if any of his directions may be judged by any sufficient majority to be defraudable, he'll suffer being gibbeted alive.

N. B. That the said Peter Story was brought up to the abovementioned farriery from his youth: he lived three years as a foreman with the most noted Mr. Dick Bevin, late of the Bridge-street, Chester, deceased, who has been for series of years a chief farrier, under the command of seven regiments of horse; at length he grew fat and gouty, so that he was disabled from his profession, and in the meanwhile, the said Peter Story, owing to a great practice, improved himself incomparable, and now being his own master these twenty-five years ago, he has studied upon several articles of his own invention, which in general proves most effectual. Any gentleman, &c. that shall favour him with their custom, shall be most humbly acknowledged by their most devoted humble servant, Peter Story, at Glascoed, near St. George, upon the great turnpike-road from London to Holyhead.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Let no pious ear be offended, says Johnson, if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please. The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem; and he who has the happy power of arguing in verse, will not lose it because his subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and grandeur of Nature, the flowers of the Spring, and the harvests of Autumn, the vicissitudes of the Tide, and the revolutions of the Sky, and praise the Maker for his works in lines which no reader shall lay aside. The subject of disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety; that of the description is not God, but the works of God. Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer. The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression. Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful

to the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those which repel the imagination: but religion must be shewn as it is; suppression and addition equally corrupt it; and such as it is, it is known already. From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always attains, the enlargement of his comprehension and elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved. The employments of pious meditation are Faith, Thanksgiving, Repentance, and Supplication. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, the most joyful of holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being without passions, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets: Supplication of man to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy. Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that verse can do is to help the memory and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere.

AN ADMONITION, BY ANN SEWARD.

Florio, the wild, the frolic, and the loud,
Of curb impatient, and of outrage proud;
Skill'd on the turf, familiar with the stews,
Whose lawless senses not a vice refuse,
But young and frolic, amorous and gay,
Deigns at thy feet the nuptial wreath to lay,
Admir'd Rosilda!—ah, in time beware,
Trust not thy peace to this resplendent snare,
Nor from that man of errors hope to prove
The faith and tenderness of wedded love,
Thy fond attentions, thy unswerving truth,
Thy beauties given, in such a morn of youth
As fairly promises their rising away
A brighter noon, and long enduring day;
While each auxiliar elegance combines,
The wit that lightens, and the sense that
shines:

These rare endowments—ah! they all are
vain,

Habitual vices form a stronger chain.

Inur'd to change, change only can impart
Exhaustless transport to the sensual heart;
Blow not the bubble hope, that peerless
charms

May bind the plighted wanderer to thy arms,
When soft attractions in a novel face,
The wanton glance, the gay voluptuous
grace,

Venal or libertine, his faith invade,
Who asks nor Virtue's nor Religion's aid;
As soon expect on yonder grassy height,
The new fallen drifts of April's winter'd
night

Lasting should prove, as when, on Jura's
side,

Their pure expanse may summer beams de-
ride;

Lo! on our humbler mountains dawns the
day,

And the warm South-wind meets him on his
way,

Wide o'er their fleecy tops the sun shall
glow,

And where is then their dissoluble snow?

GREEN MOUNTAIN.

Whose head is that, with verdant trees,
Which bid defiance to the breeze,
Where man sees heaven itself, with ease?
Green Mountain's.

When tempests howl and north winds blow,
And little riv'lets cease to flow,
Whose head is powder'd white, with snow?
Green Mountain's.

And when, on zephyr's downy wing,
Comes forth the joy-restoring Spring,
Whose feather'd songsters sweetly sing?
Green Mountain's.

And when the joyful Spring's begun,
Whose snow is melted by the Sun,
From which the flowing streamlets run?
Green Mountain's.

And when the Summer's smiles are seen,
And Sol mounts up the sky serene,
Whose top is clad in gayest green?
Green Mountain's.

When Autumn's fruits our fields adorn,
Whose labourers snatch the sheaves of corn,
To fill up CERES' silver horn?
Green Mountain's.

When BRITONS did our land assail,
Our brethern snatch'd and put to jail,
Whose son, in rage, bit off a nail?
Green Mountain's.

Whose were those brave and warlike sons,
Who at the field of Bennington,
The vict'ry of the battle won?
Green Mountain's.

* It is said, that Col. Ethan Allen, while
confined by the British, in a fit of rage, one day,
bit off a BOARD NAIL.

In the following song, the landman, not less than the mariner, will find those tender images which find their way directly to the heart.

Sweet is the ship that under sail
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
Sweet, oh, sweet 's the flowing can;
Sweet to poise the labouring oar
That tugs us to our native shore,
When the boatswain pipes the barge to man,
Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze,
But oh! much sweeter than all these
Is Jack's delight, his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
To shew of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man.
The needle time may rust, a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can:
My love in worth shall higher rise,
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And every creature from me ran:
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen;
None hail'd me, woman, child, or man.
But though false friendship's sails were
furl'd,

Though cut adrift from all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart,
By manners love to shew the man;
To sail through life by honour's breeze,
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

Fair lady, though low is our cot in the vale,
Thy person is safe and secure,
Nor fear the proud lord will its sanction in-
vade,

The robber will not harm the poor:
Here truth and simplicity go hand in hand,
While health still our pleasures increase,
And tho' we can boast not of riches or land,
Our cot is the cottage of peace.

Fair lady, then rest in our cot in the vale,
Where innocence holds its retreat,
Where the sweet little chorister carols his
tale,

And the woodbine secures you from heat;
Though mansions of power surrounded by
wealth,

The pride of the great may increase,
The humble thatch'd roof is the dwelling of
health,

And our cot is the cottage of peace.

The following sarcastic simile we derive from those wits who wrote for the Anti-Jacobin.

Thus, happy France! in thy regenerate land,
Where taste with rapine saunters hand in
hand;

Where, nurs'd in seats of innocence and
bliss,

Reform greets Terror with fraternal kiss;
Where mild Philosophy first taught to scan
The *wrongs* of Providence, and *rights* of
man;

Where Memory broods o'er Freedom's ear-
lier scene,

The *lantern* bright and brighter *guillotine*—
Three *gentle* swains evolve their longing
arms,

And woo the young *Republic's* virgin charms:
And though proud *Barras* with the fair suc-
ceed,

Though not in vain the *attorney* Rewbell
plead,

Oft doth the impartial nymph their love
forego,

To clasp thy crooked shoulders, blest Le
Peaux.

Dr. Darwin, who has the happy art of illustrating from the most familiar circumstances in real life the abstract theories of philosophy, gives us the following picturesque instance of the use of varying motives to prolong exertion:

A little boy, who was tired of walking, begged of his papa to carry him.—“Here,” says his father, “ride on my gold-headed cane.” The pleased child, putting it between his legs galloped away with delight.

Alexander the Great, also, one day saw a poor man carrying upon his shoulders a very heavy load of silver for the royal camp: the man tottered under his burden and was ready to give up the point from fatigue.—“Hold on my friend, the rest of the way, and carry it to your *own* tent, for it is *yours*,” said Alexander.

What is the soil or climate, ex-claims the impassioned BUNKE, where experience has not uniformly proved that the voluntary flow of heaped-up plenty, bursting from its rich luxu-riance, has ever run with a more copious stream of revenue than could be squeezed from the dry husks of oppressed indigence, by the straining of all the political machinery in the world.

A BALLAD, BY ANN SEWARD.

I wake and weep when wintry winds
Are howling loud upon the lea,
And louder gales my fancy finds
For William on the foaming sea;
But, calming soon the pictur'd storm,
Sweet hopes into my bosom creep,
And tell me summer breezes warm
Shall waft him safely o'er the deep.

Four years on India's sultry coast
Has War's rude voice my love detain'd,
While here, to every pleasure lost,
His Anna's languid form remain'd,
And o'er the steep rock still to lean,
Still eager watch each gliding sail,
That languid form is duly seen
At ruddy morn and evening pale.

But ah! no handkerchief I mark,
Stream from the deck in crimson dye!
Dear signal! wanting *thee*, the bark
Is hail'd by many a mournful sigh;
Its shouts discordant seem to me
That echo from the stony pier,
Since William's face I cannot see,
Since William's voice I cannot hear.

On the Clamours of the Bellowers for Liberty.

They who for freedom idly rave,
And set no bounds to what they crave,

But still for freedom bawl;
Ne'er think that liberty's excess
Borders on wild licentiousness,

And would but more enthrall.
Distracted Gallia's lengthen'd sighs,
Have shown what real ills may rise

From speculative good,
And prove—by reason unconfin'd
Each anarchy passion of the mind

Begets a monstrous brood.
So from the pregnant womb of Nile
The Ethiop hopes his arid soil

With liquid wealth may flow;
But if too far it leaves his shores,
The unresisted deluge pours
Fecundity of woe.

The tuneful lark awakens day,
And carols sweet his lively note,
The wanton lambs wild gambols play,
And chanticler extends his throat;
Fond expectation hails the youth,
Who's lov'd me long, and loves me still,
To hear him plight his vows of truth,
While clink, clink, sounds the merry mill.
He vows a ring he has long bespoke,
And I to wed him ne'er denied;
Oh dear, how men and maids will joke,
When I become his happy bride;
With envy half the maids will die,
For Harry half the men excels,
Well pleas'd we'll soon together hie
Where ding dong sound the merry bells.

The celebrated Richardson relates the following anecdote of his "boyish days," while he was a mere country lad, and before he became an apprentice to a printer:

"As a bashful and not forward boy, I was an early favorite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighborhood.—Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, to borrow me to read to them; and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

"I was not more than thirteen, when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having an high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, as correct, for answers to their lover's letters; nor did any of them ever know that I was the secretary of the others. I have been desired to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider, or repulser, was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser dreading to be taken at her word, directing this word, or that expression to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervor and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction—I cannot tell you what to write; but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly! All her fear was only that she should incur slight for her kindness."

SUNG BY INCLEDON.

When Vulcan forg'd the bolts of Jove
In Etna's roaring glow,
Neptune petition'd he might prove
Their use and power below;
But finding in the boundless deep
Such thunders would but idly sleep,
He with them arm'd Britannia's hand
To guard from foes her native land.
Long may she hold the awful right;
And when, thro' circling flame,
She darts her vengeance in the fight,
May Justice guide her aim.
While, if assail'd in future wars,
Her soldiers brave and gallant tars
Shall launch her fires from every hand
On every foe to Britain's land.

THE WHEEL-BARROW.

With a big bottle nose, and an acre of chin,
His whole physiognomy frightful as sin;
With a huge frizzled wig, and triangular hat,
And a snuff-besmeared handkerchief tied
over that.

Doctor Bos, riding out on his fierce rosinante,
(In hair very rich, but of flesh very scant)
Was a little alarm'd, through a zeal for his
bones,

Seeing Hodge cross the road with a barrow
of stones,

Mip! friend! roar'd the Doctor, with no lit-
tle force,

Prithee set down your barrow, 'twill frighten
my horse!

Hodge as quickly replied as an Erskine or
Garrow,

You're a damn'd deal more likely to frighten
my barrow.

We know not the author of the fol-
lowing ballad, but think it a perform-
ance sufficiently elegant to rescue the
name of any Poet from oblivion. The
fourth stanza is very terse, and the
two last are very shining.

O Fortune! how strangely thy gifts are
awarded,

How much to thy shame thy caprice is re-
corded;

As the wise, great, and good of thy pow'r's
seldom 'scape any,

Witness brave Belisarius, who begg'd for
a halfpenny.

Date obolum Belisario, &c.

He, whose fame from his valour and victo-
ries arose, sir,

Of his country the shield, and the scourge
of her foes, sir,

By his poor faithful dog, blind and aged was
led, sir,

With one foot in the grave, thus to beg his
bread, sir.

Date, &c.

When a young Roman Knight, in the street
passing by, sir,

The veteran survey'd with a heart-rending
sigh, sir,

And a purse in his helmet he dropp'd with
a tear, sir,

While the soldier's sad tale thus attracted
his ear, sir.

Date, &c.

"I have fought, I have bled, I have con-
quer'd for Rome, sir,

I have crown'd her with laurels, which for
ages will bloom, sir,

I've enrich'd her with wealth, swell'd her
pride and power, sir,

I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my
dower, sir.

Date, &c.

Yet blood I ne'er wantonly wasted at ran-
dom,

Losing thousands their lives with a nil des-
perandum,

But each conquest I gain'd I made friend
and foe know,

That my soul's only aim was pro publico
bono.

Date, &c.

I no colonies lost by attempts to enslave
them;

I of Roman's free rights ne'er strove to be-
reave them;

Nor to bow down their necks to the yoke for
my pleasure,

Have an empire dismember'd, or squander'd
its treasure.

Date, &c.

Nor yet for my friends, for my kindred, or
self, sir,

Has my glory been stain'd by the base view
of pelf, sir,

For such sordid designs I've so far been from
carving,

Old and blind, I've no choice but begging or
starving.

Date, &c.

Now if soldier, or statesman of what age or
nation,

He hereafter may be should hear this rela-
tion,

And of eye-sight bereft, should, like me,
grope his way, sir,

The bright sun beams of virtue will turn
night to day, sir,

Date, &c.

So I to distress and to darkness inur'd, sir,
In this vile crust of clay when no longer in-
mur'd, sir,

At Death's welcome call, my bright course
shall begin, sir,

And enjoy endless day from the sun-shine
within, sir.

Date, &c.

An orthodox wit speaking of a stanza
in Gray's far-famed Elegy, introduces
the ensuing remark:

These lines are the most majestic in
the Elegy, but they contain an appeal
to feelings, which none but those who
are so happy as to have been bred up in
a veneration for the solemn forms and
service of a national church can expect
to possess. The palate of a sectary, ac-
customed to the reception of slender
food, will nauseate the full meal set be-
fore him in these lines:

Where through the long drawn isle and
fretted vault,

The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following Elegy on the ruins of an old Church, is respectfully offered for insertion in the Port Folio.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

J. M. Q—t—n.

AN ELEGY

ON THE RUINS OF AN OLD CHURCH.

Say, where does pure religion love to dwell,
In lordly domes, or in the moss-grown cell?
Are pray'rs more fervent here than at the pole,
Or, what is virtue, but a grateful soul?
While Ev'ning's paly robe o'er shades the sky,
And fainter rays illumine th' ærial die;
While nought is heard but sighs along the woods,
And echoing murmurs of the distant floods;
To yonder vale my Genius shall we stray,
(Fancy invites, and twilight points the way),
Roam thro' the shades, enjoy the pleasing gloom,
Where Sleep reclines o'er dark Oblivion's tomb:
Sleep and Oblivion, sisters, heav'nly pair!
'Tis yours to lull, to soften ev'ry care!
Your sable forms, immers'd in Lethe's stream,
Shade all our woes, and spread a milder beam.
The swain forgets the labours of the day,
And slumbers calm, the peaceful hour away,
Ev'n lovers now forbear to sigh—to weep,
Night soothes their griefs and seals their eyes in sleep.
Behold! thro' yonder copse what ruins rise,
Hoary with age, and pointing to the skies!
The simple roof, the walls with moss o'er-grown,
The graves all sunk, and rude th' inscriptive stone!
The tott'ring fence decay'd, save where the yew
And shady cypress hide it from the view!
The rill that tinkles o'er its pebbly bed,
And serves to soothe the slumbers of the dead!
These scenes, shewn by the moon's reflected ray,
Ev'n these seem to bespeak a happier day!
Say, shall I dare to break their hallow'd rest,
Tread the lone path, or the cold dust molest?

The Muse invites, and Contemplation calls,
I love these dreary scenes, and haunted walls.

Hark! how the Genii whistle in the wind,
Load the low gale, and tune the raptur'd mind!

Pensive the fleeting shadows flit around,
Responsive ailes emit a solemn sound!

In this lone nook, within that little space,
Lies ev'ry virtue, join'd to ev'ry grace!
Hard fate! tho' bright Leander's happy bride,

She liv'd a virgin, and a virgin died!
That night when joyful friends at length design'd

To join those hands which love before had join'd,

That dismal night, Heav'n call'd the fated maid,

And sad Cleora sunk a lifeless shade!

Hark! quiv'ring notes salute my list'ning ear,
I see the genius* of the fane appear!

Pale are her faded looks, her count'nance wan,

Her eyes seem to bespeak disgust of man!

Around in order glide th' ærial band
(Rul'd by her nod, and govern'd by her wand),

High o'er the mould'ring walls they slowly rise,

And seem th' ascending cloud to mortal eyes!

As some small mourner of the feather'd throng,

Plaintive her note, and slow her cheerless song,

Her plumage dull, and loose its sparkling hue,

Thus seems the goddess, rising to the view!

* Attend! she sadly says, (I hear her well),

* Attend! ye ghosts! and share my last farewell!

* With you, alas! forever could I stay,

* But Fate forbids it—and I must obey.

* O happy vale! O lov'd, retir'd abode!

* Adorn'd by saints, and visited by God!

* When first these walls the peaceful tribes explor'd,

* With awe they view'd, and with respect ador'd!

* Unstain'd by vice, its priest, unknown to art,

* Inspir'd alone, to touch the feeling heart!

* To worship here a grateful concourse came,

* Its noblest honour, and its highest fame.

* But ah!—these happy scenes, forever fled,

* Are now, alas! a visionary shade!

* Religion.

'To yonder dome,* Fate warms me to re-
 pair,
 'To hear the sigh, and aid the faithful
 pray'r;
 'With sad regret, believe me, I remove;
 'These walls, tho' mould'ring, I shall ever
 love;
 'All silent, sacred, lonely they appear,
 'Save when frequented by the hallow'd
 bier;
 'Wond'ring the swain the sinking pile sur-
 veys,
 'Then drops a tear, and talks of better days!
 'Mid kindred dust inters the breathless
 frame,
 'Then slowly hies to fields from whence he
 came.
 'Death's herald† now forgets to call those
 home,
 'Be't yours, ye ghosts, to guard them to the
 tomb.
 'Let aged matrons meet a kindred shade,
 'Hail the cold corpse, and mix it with the
 dead.
 'Ye virgins, be it your peculiar care,
 'To guide, protect, attend the spotless fair.
 'May no rude fool profane your calm abode,
 'I leave the rest to fortune, and to God.'
 She said, and slowly with her train with-
 drew,
 Etherial glories beaming in the view.
 The ghosts pour forth a mildly plaintive
 song,
 Grief flows from ev'ry eye—from ev'ry
 tongue!
 Tell me, ye sacred shades, (ye know it all)
 Has Heav'n, or man decreed your final
 fall?
 'Man, man,' at once the neighb'ring groves
 reply,
 'Inconstant man has thrown th' eventful
 die;
 'To yon bleak eminence transferr'd the
 whole,
 'Devotion, faith, and purity of soul.
 'Intent to rase, he seiz'd whate'er he could,
 'Save what were fix'd—the monument and
 shroud.'

Oft now when midnight shades obscure
 the sky,
 Pale fleeting forms precede th' affrighted
 eye;
 Long mournful groans assail the trav'ler's
 ear,
 And sighs, and shrieks attend the fun'ral
 bier,

* The new church. † The bell.

Oft too the injur'd maid pursues the swain,
 Haunts all his steps, and asks her hear
 again.

These walls, tho' sunk, the swain shal
 still revere,
 These tombs, tho' mould'ring, shall be eve
 dear;
 To each succeeding race, the sire shall tell
 What once they were, and what revers
 befel!

EPIGRAMS.

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

As fiddlers and archers who cunningly know
 The way to procure themselves merit,
 Will always provide them two strings to
 their bow,

And manage their business with spirit.
 So likewise the provident maiden should do,
 Who would make the best use of her
 beauty:

If her mark she would hit, or her lesson
 play through,

Two lovers must still be her duty.

Thus arm'd against chance, and secure of
 supply,

Thus far our revenge we may carry:

One spark, for our sport, we may jilt and
 set by,

And t'other, poor soul! we may marry.

THE DANGEROUS FAIR.

If Lucy but wear it, a *feather's* a charm;
 Ah! who can be safe, when a *feather* can
 harm?

Fly youth, from this beauty, whoever thou
 art;

And warn'd by the *feather*, beware of the
 dart.

To a beautiful Lady calumniated.

Banish, my Lydia, these sad thoughts;

Why sit'st thou musing so?

To hear the ugly rail at faults,

They would but cannot do?

For, let the guilt be what it will,

So small account they bear,

That none yet thought it worth their while,

On such to be severe.

With far more reason you may pine

That you are made so fair;

For had you but less glorious been

Of faults you would not hear.

So the great light, which shines from far,

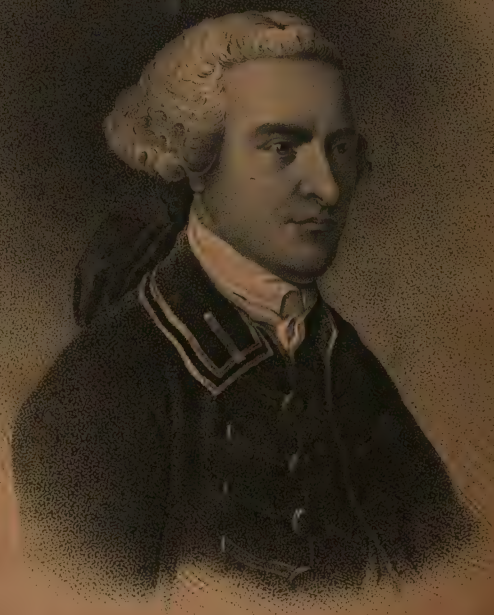
Has had its spots set down,

While many a little dim-eyed star

Has not been tax'd with one.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
 in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.



JOHN HANCOCK.

Engraved by W. B. T. from a Painting by Copley.

THE PORT FOLIO.

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 11, 1806.

[No. 40.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 178.

MR. SAUNTER,

NOTHING is more frequently the subject of unsatisfactory discussion than the comparative intellectual excellence of the sexes. Many have attempted the adjustment of this delicate question, but have afforded little satisfaction either to male or female, and particularly to the latter. I therefore am induced to renew the attempt, more especially as I feel a far greater interest in the sex which has most frequently deemed itself aggrieved: and justice, in my opinion, when condescended to an innate inferiority.

Our religion points out no distinction between the souls of men and women, and I believe their intellectual powers exactly equal and similar, save the effects of constitution and habit. For this opinion I think that attention to the effects of these causes on men separately considered, will afford a sufficient basis. The fat and the meagre, the large and the little man, the giant and the dwarf, he who is robust of frame and the invalid, have all characters, distinctively marked, and often as dissimilar as male and female. The fat man is phlegmatic and good humoured: the meagre man is choleric, sarcastic; the large man is

contemplative, the little man vivacious, he of delicate frame is irascible and irritable, but gives vent to his humour rather in ironical satire, and cutting wit, than in moroseness or choler. Is the person of the giant unwieldy, his wits are mostly so. Is the stature of the dwarf abortive, so are his intellects. The invalid, by the contraction of his powers, and the sphere of their exertion, confers on every thing within his reach a proportionate importance. The length and breadth of his chamber, comparatively with his locomotive power, become latitude and longitude; in the calculation of which he looks big with thought and contemplation, dwindling to a second childhood. To all this it may be added, that the period of the incapacity of old age is less determined by early mental disparity than diversity of constitution.

The frame of the woman being exquisitely delicate, her perceptions and sensibility are equally so; thus, while she is less capable of sustaining or resisting impressions, she is vastly more liable to receive them, experiencing their greatest force and irritative power: but the comparatively coarse organization of the man, while it receives impressions more slowly and with less irritative keenness, so is it less easily actuated to the lively penetration and ready wit of the woman; and for the same reason the equilibrium of his senses, being less liable to disturbance, his judgment is more correct. It appears to me, that in women the difference

D d

rence of exterior is accompanied by a diversity of character even to a greater extent than in men; both because it is too much made the standard of their value, and because the greater delicacy of their organization renders them much more rapid in the discovery of neglect or admiration, and much more susceptible of their influence. Hence it results, that there is a mutual reaction between the soul and body, which mutually injures or improves them. This is the cause of a difference between the sexes, but of no disparity. It is true that greatness is more rarely attained by women than by men; but this only results from the infrequency of their attempts to gain it, and from the almost insurmountable opposition they meet with, in the opinion of the world, which is not altogether unfounded. For, to an elevated female, delicacy and tenderness are certainly indispensable, and yet, of all the great passions which agitate the soul, love is the only one which is consistent with these virtues. Vanity, pride, ambition, and the love of glory, all silence the more gentle impulses of sentiment which would distract them from their onward course, while Love mutually cherishes and is cherished by them. Hence it is the only passion to which a woman can yield herself without derogating from the peculiar virtues of her sex, and incurring a consequent degradation in the eyes of the world, which can scarcely be compensated by the eclat of the most brilliant exploits. Probably, in the bosom of a refined female, love is the most celestial sentiment of which human nature is susceptible; but it tends not to intellectual improvement. It exercises and refines the heart, but not the head. It is the impulse of vanity and pride, and still more of ambition and the love of glory, which urge us to the laborious task of mental cultivation. But opinion, which is the very ladder by which men under the influence of these passions strive to climb to the desired eminence, can be of but dubious service to a female whose attempt to ascend it must necessarily cause it to totter, as she thereby indicates the abdication of the peculiar vir-

tues of her sex. It is obvious that in this essay materialism is thrown out of the question. Consistently then with what has been said, we may imagine souls of equal excellence to vary in the degree and nature of their temporal virtue and greatness, according to casual diversity in regard to birth, person, health, education, wealth, and sex: the last being productive of a difference, as has already been stated, but of no disparity, and though not allied with mental inequality, yet attended on the one side by a greater facility for virtue, on the other side for greatness.

ANALYTICS.

For the Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS:

Mr. West's grand Historical Picture of the Death of LORD NELSON.

This celebrated Artist, who has so long maintained the first rank in his profession, and whose historical paintings have not only contributed to form the modern English school, but to establish an æra in the art through the principal academies of Europe, has at length completed the picture, for which, in justice to his well-earned reputation and the eminence which he holds in the art, he stood pledged to the public, and his profession.—The pencil which immortalise Wolfe, and British valour, on the heights of Abraham, could not be expected to do otherwise than commemorate the death of a NELSON, and the most splendid victory which has ever been recorded in the annals of the British navy.

It is a just praise to the nation that we have men amongst us, to whom may safely be confided all the immortality which the arts can bestow upon the splendid actions of our heroes and defenders.—A certain French General is said to have lamented, that he lived in an age so barren of literature, that he could not expect even a decent epitaph on his tombstone as a compensation for all the laurels he had earned. In the present times there needs no such subject of regret. Poetry perhaps may fail, but the pencil can still perform its task.

The present picture represents the

death of Lord NELSON in the memorable victory obtained over the fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar. As this picture will not appear in any exhibition, a description of it may not be unacceptable to the lovers of the art, and the public in general.

The subject of the picture being heroic, the artist has considered it under the head of the Epic. He has thus kept the attention constantly fixed upon the Hero, and made every thing subsidiary to him. The dying NELSON is exhibited lying upon the quarter-deck of the ship surrounded by his officers. By this group he first acts upon and excites the feelings of the spectators. Here is his Hero, and, in the language of poetry, his story. The wounded and the dead form the episodes of the piece, and the whole raises a noble climax up to the dying Admiral.

The point of time is the Death of the Hero, and the Victory united.

Lord NELSON lies, with his head falling back, on the breast, and in the arms of his Chaplain. His face and eyes are elevated to heaven. His countenance expresses a most resigned and noble piety, a dignity, and a consciousness of having done his duty to his king and country. In the countenance of NELSON the painter has shewn his powers of exhibiting the most difficult and composite passions with the most natural and tempered correctness. In NELSON there is nothing of affectation; every thing is as simple as was the character of the man; there is a kind of serene and saint-like heroism, the comfort and composure of a dying martyr. This head can never be too much admired; it would be inestimable if considered only as a portrait of the man; for we do not hesitate to pronounce it the best we ever saw.

The position of Lord NELSON on the quarter-deck occupies the middle of the picture; he extends his left hand to Captain HARDY, who affectionately presses it to his bosom, whilst he announces, from a paper, the victory over the enemy, and the number of ships taken. The Surgeon and his Mates are rendering their assistance, whilst an intrepid sailor spreads the Spanish flag at

the feet of the dying Admiral, and an officer enters at the same time with the French flag under his arm, but starts back, with marked emotion, upon beholding the situation of his Commander.

The Picture, generally, may be said to consist of two distinct groups. The figures on the left form a group of officers attendant on his Lordship; their countenances express a grave and decent sorrow, and are admirably contrasted with the group on the right, which consists of sailors flushed with the sounds of victory, but checked by one of the Surgeons, who beholds the approach of death in the countenance of NELSON.

Between these figures, all of which are powerfully portrayed and contrasted, are groups of Sailors carrying the wounded to the cockpit, and others rendering their best tokens of regard to the dead.

One of these smaller groups we can never too much commend; we mean that of the affectionate demeanour of a faithful servant over the dead body of his master, Captain ADAIR.

At the poop of the ship are stationed the Marines and their wounded Officers; the Signal Lieutenant, with his Midshipman, and the Master of the ship, with his Navigating Seamen. Under the poop are men stationed at a gun, close to which a Lieutenant is killed.

In the retiring parts of the picture, and the perspective, are seen all the rage and fury of a sea fight,—ships on fire, others sinking, or blowing up; of some the masts are falling; others are nearly buried in their own ruins.

Here every thing is terrible and awful; here is sublimity in the fulness of its horrors.—The groups in this picture are composed of nearly 80 figures, and more than 50 of them are portraits of men and officers actually engaged in battle.

Such is this picture;—of which, independent of its excellence as a work of art, we may truly say, that the circumstances which produced its perfection can never occur again. It is impossible again to collect, in the painting-rooms of the artist, those various groups of men whose portraits are upon the canvass,

and whose individual likenesses were necessary for the fidelity of a composition which aspires to be considered as a work of historical record—a work of truth; and not of fancy.

We shall not enter into a minute criticism; it will be sufficient to say that Mr. West, in this picture, has excelled every thing he has hitherto done.

[*Bell's W. Messenger.*]

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

It is some time since I intended sending you the following notice of Dr. Hill, late Professor of Humanity* in the University of Edinburgh. The avocations of a laborious employment prevented me from forwarding the article at the period I first designed. I mention this because it seems now out of date, the Doctor having died in December last.

The following remarks, it is proper to premise, are not of a Biographical nature. With the *life* of this eminent scholar I am but little acquainted. Having, however, attended his class the usual period, I know something of his *erudition, talents, and wit.*

There are certainly very few scholars of the age so deeply versed in the Latin tongue as was Dr. Hill. His analyses of words and sentences in the course of teaching were always luminous, and often brilliant. By conveying to the minds of his pupils the precise radical meaning of the words under consideration, he gave them correct and satisfactory ideas of their relative power. Owing to his perfect knowledge of the relative signification of the component words, his translation of terms and phrases was often happy. The phrase *inter cultrum et saxum*, in allusion to the devoted animal, he rendered by the Scotch proverb, *between the deil an' the deep sea*. In the *Vita Agricola* of Tacitus, where the historian is speaking of the affection that subsisted between the emperor and his wife, he uses the

expression, *in vitæ de anteprehendo*; this the professor rendered, in the language of St. Paul; *in honour preferring one another*. In his *Synonyma* of the Latin language† he discovers an acumen, and profundity of research, which qualified him in a very superior degree for so learned a work, and evinces that he was a scholar of both uncommon erudition and singular genius.

But the Doctor was not less remarkable for his *wit* than his learning. He was naturally of an irascible temper, and he has been known, "even in the rage and whirlwind of his passion," to be insensibly witty. The late Principal Robertson remarking to him one day, that he had caused a door to be struck out of an inner wall, which would greatly facilitate the passage of the Professors to and from their classrooms. "Yes," says Hill, "it is *professedly* for the Professors, but *principally* for the Principal." Mr. Dalzel, the Professor of Greek, used to spell his name with an *i* (Dalziel); but, conceiving it to be clumsy, asked his colleague if he should not leave out the superfluous letter. "By all means," said Hill, "if thine *i* offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee." Being in company once, when a gentleman, a stranger to the Doctor, whose name was Burns, made some reflections on the Professor's character, he remarked to the master of the house, "it is very natural for *burns* to run down *hills*." It was his custom when a student came hastily into the class-room, and forgot to shut the door after him, to call out, *claude ostrum*. A boy one day neglecting the door, his condiscipulus, not waiting till the Doctor would speak, says, in a voice loud enough to reach his ear, *claude ostrum: claude ostrum*, returns the Professor smartly.

Though the Latin was the language he taught, yet, convinced of the truth of Horace's remark, *Græcis dedit ore rotundo muna loqui*, he was no less an admirer of the Greek, and perhaps equally

* *Professor Literarum Humanarum.*

† The Edinburgh Reviewers criticise this performance with quite as much severity, I think, as judgment.

master of it. He was particularly fond of Demosthenes, and used to say, it was well worth while to study the language merely for the purpose of understanding his orations. His favourite Roman author was Tacitus, whom he considered at once an elegant writer and a profound historian. The Doctor's lectures on Roman antiquities were admired both for the very extensive acquaintance with the subject which they evinced, and the terse and nervous style in which they were written: their publication, I conceive, would be a valuable acquisition to the republic of letters. P.

For the Port Folio.

[In the new edition of the works of that stupendous medical genius, Dr. John Brown, we find the following curious directions from him to a hypochondriac patient.]

"I know not a more powerful remote cause of melancholy than Young's Night Thoughts. In this book a gloom is thrown upon all nature, that is not cleared off by any consolations of grace, which the author could offer in compensation. The perusal of judiciously and elegantly written history, as Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Stewart's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland, and of the Reign of Mary, together with the reading of light and elegant belles lettres style, as Marmontel's *Contes Moraux*, &c. might afford intellectual pleasure and amusement to our patient.

"The order of his management through the day may be the following:—

"For breakfast toast and rich soup made on a slow fire. A walk before breakfast and a good deal after it, a glass of wine in the forenoon from time to time. Good broth or soup to dinner, with meat of any kind he likes, but always the most nourishing. Several glasses of port or punch to be taken after dinner, till some enlivening effect is perceived from them; and a dram after every thing heavy. An hour and a half after dinner another walk. Be-

tween tea-time and supper a game with cheerful company at cards, or any other play, never too long protracted. A little light reading; jocosely humorous company; avoiding that of popular Presbyterian ministers, and their admirers, and all hypocrites and thieves of every description. The conversation of the intelligent, the learned, wise, and sprightly, would prove balm of Gilead to his afflicted and drooping spirits. Pedants, fops, beaux and puppies would, if introduced to his presence, occasion an hurtful detestation. Lastly, the company of amiable, handsome and delightful young women, and an enlivening glass."

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have already named the qualities and pretensions on account of which I think the Author of the Pursuits of Literature entitled to the esteem and applause of every good and every wise man: I am not blind to his incessant *personal anxiety*; and, after reflection, I have not found myself authorised to deny, that this personal anxiety is a species of *vanity*; a species, however, which, if it have much of the weakness, has not all the other vices of the genus. I shall proceed no further, without offering what, though it be no recommendation of the thing, is, as it appears to me, an unstrained apology for the writer in whom, in this instance, it is discovered.

My apology is a brief one: I rest it on the situation of the author, as the publisher of an anonymous production; a situation which I believe to be of a nature strongly to tempt him to egotism. Writers, who say any thing of themselves, or their work, are commonly egotists. Most prefaces, in which these topics are introduced, are egotistical. But, in proportion as a man feels himself perfectly alone; in proportion as he thinks every curtain drawn between him and the world, he forgoes all restraint, devotes himself to his own person, and removes the bridle from his tongue. Circumstances de-

ceive him; he feels that freedom which belongs to him whom no one hears or sees. When, on the contrary, an author is to show his name, which is as it were his person, along with his book, he comes, more or less, beneath the public eye; he is circumspect; he is reserved; he dreads the laugh; his pride bids him beware of censure. The action of the human faculties is influenced, mechanically, by these particulars. I shall say no more, I merely desire to suggest, in behalf of the individual, that, in the situation of an anonymous writer, a man, without being remarkably vain, may betray a remarkable portion of vanity. He may be a *very vain* author, without being a *very vain* man.

Mr. Oldschool, there are features in the Pursuits of Literature (all of the most honourable character) which cannot escape a single reader. Every one discerns (even without the reiterated comments of the author) the purity of the principles, the independence of the spirit, and, what the author has *not* said, a certain magnanimity, which were brought to the execution of that work. On the talents, zeal, and uprightness of the author, I have before insisted; and it may have seemed tautological, to add the name of *liberality*: but *uprightness*, as applied to an author, may be understood merely of *intention* or *theory*; whereas, liberality is uprightness in practice.

Now, than the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, what other writer, what partisan, what zealous partisan, has spoken with more temperance, with more liberality of those, whose principles, opinions, or conduct, he detested? Is there a single instance in which, however decided his censure, he betrays the *acrimony* of censure?—In this respect, in spite of all that has been said, I do not hesitate to call the Pursuits of Literature a model for satirical writing. The persons who are ridiculed, reproved, or condemned, are touched only in their conduct: the author is no where their personal enemy; he uses no invective; he never impeaches the heart; nor, though he charge them with the misuse of their

understanding, does he ever insinuate their want of it. In a word, we did not need the data which he has thought proper to give, to pronounce him a gentleman: he never thinks with the vulgar.

Which, of all the antagonists of Rousseau, has spoken of him with so much *humanity*, along with derision?—I shall transcribe both his poetry and his prose, as they stand, at the commencement of the fourth dialogue:

But chief, Equality's vain priest, Rousseau,
A sage in sorrow nurs'd, and gaunt with woe,

By persecution train'd, and Popish zeal,
Ripe with his wrongs, to frame the dire appeal,

What time *his work* THE CITIZEN began,
And gave to France the social savage, Man.

'Rousseau (I speak of him *only* as a political writer) by the unjustifiable, arbitrary and cruel proceedings against him, and his writings, and his person, in France (where he was a stranger, and to whose tribunals he was not amenable) was stimulated to pursue his researches into the origin and expedience of *such* government, and *such* oppression (which, otherwise, he probably never would have discussed), till he reasoned himself into the desperate doctrine of political equality, and gave to the world his fatal present, *The Social Contract*.'

Of the *Social Contract* he speaks in terms sufficiently to the purpose; but, for its author, how much tenderness; how many topics of defence, what philosophical penetration into the causes of error!—He was a *sage*, nursed in sorrow, and gaunt with woe, trained by persecution, and ripe with his wrongs,—to do what? to frame the dire APPEAL:—as if his book had been wrung from him, in the bitterness of his heart;—an APPEAL from his oppressors. He was stimulated by unjustifiable, arbitrary, and cruel proceedings against him, to pursue his researches into the origin and expedience of *such* government, and of *such* oppression, which otherwise he probably never would have discussed, till he reasoned himself into the most desperate doctrine.

Again, in his critiques on the Political Justice, and the Enquirer of Mr.

Godwin, how much liberality is there not evinced? Are we nauseated with coarse invective? Never. The ridicule invited by the Enquirer, receives the vehicle of playful and gentlemanly humour. The more important character of the Political Justice calls for a different rod; but, does he call names? Never. Still, he is a gentleman: he speaks as a gentleman to the man; as an apostle, to the doctrine; and who does not see the energy imparted by this demeanour?—‘I can allow Mr. Godwin, and other speculative writers on government, to be ingenious. I can laugh at their metaphysics, and even be amused with their pantomime fancies, *as such*. But, when I know that their theories are designed to be brought into action, and when they tell us, that they hate violence, bloodshed, revolution, and misery, and that truth and happiness are their objects, I open my eyes to see, and my ears to hear; and, having honestly exerted both faculties, I declare, from private conviction, and from public experience, that I oppose the admission of their doctrines, whether recommended by Thomas Paine or William Godwin.’

Lastly, on the question of liberality, a quality which I attribute in a high degree to this writer, and which is enough to secure him a great character, let us hear him on the name of *philosophy*, that name on which the meaner disciples of his school imagine, in our day, to be the legitimate butt of every thing that low-minded folly can invent or echo:—‘Great and venerable is the name of the true philosophy. The word may be disgraced for a season; but the *love of wisdom* must always command respect.’ *Dialogue III, final note.*

Mr. Oldschool, governed by the principle avowed by the author himself, ‘I defend no faults in any man’s works’—I have not suffered my general partiality to lead me into an entire contradiction of those who charge him with vanity, with *insufferable vanity*; but I flatter myself that the impression which my observations are calculated to make, is, that the *vanity*, though it may be

real, is not quite so gross or so universal, as to be insufferable. I think that I have so far succeeded in the task of vindication, as to reduce the number of sustainable charges. To be believed to be the sole author of the book, is a point which the writer has certainly much at heart; and, as this point is of no importance in a public view, we cannot but attribute the anxiety betrayed concerning it, to private, personal, and egotistical feelings; feelings which we can readily pardon; but then, to offer pardon is to impeach: feelings, in short, which we do not so much think it weakness to entertain, as to betray.

Admitting this charge, which surely is not capital, what remains? I think that there must be an acquittal upon all the rest. The author’s consciousness of the excellence or greatness of his design I should be sorry to say I have defended; for it can need defence from no man: I have given it my applause. His contempt of the strength of his adversaries is what every champion who feels, may express. His remarks on his own situation in life are real illustrations of his work: it is valuable to know, that we are not listening to the spleen or prejudices of any professional man, of any profession whatever; and the author’s declaration assists us in discovering the fact. As to the concluding sentence of the paragraph to which I am now alluding (*Introductory Letter*), it has been printed by his critics with an emphatic word, calculated to support the charge of vanity in regard to the work; but the emphasis is forced, and not only forced, but false:—‘But if my laurel, which I have *now* planted, should thicken round the temple of my retirement, the pillars will support it. The materials are solid, and the ground is firm.’ The true emphasis is this:—‘But, if my laurel which I have *now planted*, should *thicken* round the temple of my retirement, the pillars will *support* it.’ &c. And where is the dreadful, the *insufferable vanity* of this? What is the meaning of the allegory? The author has previously said, ‘Privacy is my lot.’—He says, I am a private unknown man; I am now adventuring a

candidate into the world, now *planting* a laurel; it may drag my name from obscurity; it may *thicken* round the temple of my retirement: but I have the satisfaction to know, that my character has nothing to fear from notoriety; the pillars will support it, the materials are solid, and the ground is firm:—I am a private, unknown man; but, become known when I will, I shall never be found to be but an honorable one. Is this vanity? Is this a vain, an empty, a trivial motive of exultation? Is it not possible for a man to risk the illustration of a dishonored name? and may not an unknown man be allowed to indulge no vanity, but an honest pride (which God grant we may none of us ever want!) in making this declaration? or may he not so far endeavour to prepossess the world in his behalf?—Unknown, I am open to the assault of every prejudice: I tell you, that, if *known*, I should not be despised.—He says, I have now *planted* a laurel; but the critic supposes him to say, I have *now* planted a laurel. He means, I have now *planted* a laurel, which may or may not thrive; but, if it should, I shall not blush to be found under it.—He dares kindle a light; for he is not afraid that we should see his face.—As to the rest, here, as elsewhere, he might have delivered himself with less ambiguity.

To the charge of vanity, as it respects his poetical talents, I confess, that I am *vain* enough to think that I have given a satisfactory reply; and thus I am free to return to my position, that the vanity of being allowed to be the *sole* author of the book is the unremovable stain. It was chiefly to lessen the *insufferableness* of this, by setting by its side some *memoranda* of the transcendent merits of the work, that I thought I could usefully write; and this task I shall now bring to an end by transcribing the conclusion of the preface to the first dialogue, in which will be seen the sentiments, not of vanity, but of the best principle of action:—

‘We may (for we can) all of us contribute to the assistance, and the comfort, and the good of others, and to the stability of social happiness. The

‘sword, the voice, and the pen must be resolutely and decisively called into action for defence, for counsel, for admonition, and for censure. Satirical writing I must submit to the imputation of ill-nature, though I see no necessary connection between them. In my opinion, satire has nothing to do with good-nature or with ill-nature. Its office respects the public good alone, and the interests of the community. It is frequently designed to *supply the laws* in all cases which are beyond their jurisdiction. From such courts it appeals to perhaps a still higher tribunal, that of public opinion, character and reputation.

‘Such are my ideas; yet I am sure I have nothing of the wild American in my composition; I never wished to destroy any man, either to inherit his wit or plunder him of his understanding. But, I will bow to no Cypriote of Alexandria, to no executive director of a modern republic, to no lordly president of factious councils, of democratic delegates, or of societies in open defiance of established authority in regulated empires. There is darkness mixed with fire, and volumes of smoke are rolling from the mouth of the cavern. I love no atheist, French bishops, nor unfrocked gnomes in England. We must all assist in our various capacities, and feel and act as public men. In times like these, we may assume a virtue, a character, a courage, and a firmness not originally *our own*. I protest, I have no private animosity in my nature; but I come forth (boldly enough I confess, but as I ought to do) in behalf of my country, her literature, her laws, her religion, and her government. Nor would I publish this poem, *but from a full conviction of its tendency to promote the public welfare*, in its degree and according to its subject, when it is (if ever it should be) studied and considered with impartiality.’

The words underlined in this passage as well as in that first above quoted, are printed by the author, in the Italic character.

METROSCOS.

MEMOIRS OF CUMBERLAND.

[This interesting work, which has lately appeared in America, will not fail of being read and admired, by every man of science and taste. It is replete with events that come home to the feelings, and engage, with the warmth and ardour of friendship, those social and endearing affections, which God has infused into our nature, for the wisest and most benevolent purposes. Mr. Cumberland, in tracing the various actions of his own life, and delineating the outlines of those, with whom he had communion and fellowship, during a long course of literary and political labours, has uniformly evinced the character of a scholar, a poet, a statesman, and a christian.—It is impossible to read this work, without profit and instruction; or to close a sentence of it without feeling an emotion of esteem for its distinguished author.—We shall resort frequently to the subject, and doubt not our selections will be highly approved of.]

EXTRACTS.

“At the close of the year 1804, whilst I am still in possession of my faculties, though full of years, I sit down to give a history of my life and writings. I do not undertake the task lightly and without deliberation, for I have weighed the difficulties, and am prepared to meet them. I have lived so long in this world, mixed so generally with mankind, and written so voluminously and so variously, that I trust my motives cannot be greatly misunderstood, if with strict attention to truth, and in simplicity of style, I pursue my narrative, saying nothing more of the immediate object of these memoirs, than in honour and conscience I am warranted to say.”

Speaking of Dr. Richard Bentley, his maternal grandfather, Mr. Cumberland remarks: “He recommended it as a very essential duty in parents to be particularly attentive to the first dawns of reason in their children; and his own practice was the best illustration of his doctrine; for he was the most patient hearer and most favourable interpreter of first attempts at argument and meaning that I ever knew. When I was rallied by my mother, for roundly asserting that I *never slept*, I remember full well his calling on me to account for it; and when I explained it by saying I never knew myself to be asleep, and therefore supposed I never slept at

all, he gave me credit for my defence, and said to my mother, ‘Leave your boy in possession of his opinion; he has as clear a conception of sleep, and at least as comfortable an one, as the philosophers who puzzle their brains about it, and do not rest so well.’”

Speaking of the same character, he observes: “When the *Spectators* were in publication I have heard my mother say he took great delight in hearing them read to him, and was particularly amused with the character of Sir Roger de Coverley; that he took his literary deacease most seriously to heart. She also told me, that, when in conversation with him on the subject of his works, she found occasion to lament that he had bestowed so great a portion of his time and talents upon criticism, instead of employing them upon original composition, he acknowledged the justice of her regret with extreme sensibility, and remained for a considerable time thoughtful, and seemingly embarrassed by the nature of her remark; at last, recollecting himself, he said, “Child, I am sensible I have not always turned my talents to the proper use for which I should presume they were given to me:—yet I have done something for the honor of my God, and the edification of my fellow creatures:—but the wit and genius of those old heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads was to get upon their shoulders.”

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The language of true feeling partakes of the same strain in every mouth. Opening Cowper's letters to-day, I was impressed with the strong resemblance the poet's seventy-fourth Familiar Epistle bears to one in the Sorrows of Werter: ‘When my father died,’ says Cowper, ‘I was young, too young to have reflected much. He was rector of Berkhamstead, and there I was born. There was neither see, nor gate I was sent for

F c

‘from London to attend him in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived. Then, and not till then, I felt, for the first time, that I and my native place were disunited forever.’

I am always thrown into violent fits and starts when I see Goethe’s exalted work in the hands of a female merely gregarious.

‘What book, miss,—permit me—are you reading?’

‘The Sorrows of Werter, sir.’

‘You admire it, miss Wilhelmina?’

‘Oh! a lovely style, sir.’

‘That is—hem.’

‘The style is very *handsome*, sir.’

‘You have read the whole of it?’

‘Oh! through and through, sir.’

‘What scene, miss, particularly interested you?’

‘Oh, sir! where Charlotte is cutting bread and butter for the children.’

P. S. I was going to make a comparison; but, comparisons, as Mrs. Slip-slop says, are *odorous*.

I am, &c.

X. Y.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,

Constancy is not for me;

So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Addison’s satire is always accompanied with a smile. The following paragraphs are proofs:

“About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up and put on my magical ring; and with a thought transported myself into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated beauty, though she is of that species of women which we call a slattern. Her head-dress and one of her shoes lay upon a chair, her petticoat in one corner of the room, and her girdle, that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her cloaths together, to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bedside; when, to my great surprise, after a little muttering, she cried out, ‘What do you do? let my petticoat alone.’ I was

startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who, to use Shakspeare’s expression are ‘so loose of thought’ that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination. I now left the apartment of this female rake.”

“The first person that passed by me was a lady that had a particular shyness in the cast of her eyes, and a more than ordinary reservedness in all the parts of her behaviour. She seemed to look upon man as an obscene creature, with a certain scorn and fear of him. In the height of her airs, I touched her gently with my wand, when, to my unspeakable surprise, she fell upon her back and kicked up her heels in such a manner, as made me blush in my sleep. As I was hasting away from this undisguised prude, I saw a lady in earnest discourse with another, and overheard her say with some vehemence, ‘never tell me of him, for I am resolved to die a virgin.’ I had a curiosity to try her; but as soon as I laid my wand upon her head, she immediately fell in labour. My eyes were diverted from her by a man and his wife, who walked near me hand in hand, after a very loving manner! I gave each of them a gentle tap, and the next instant saw the woman in breeches and the man with a fan in his hand.”

Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing. It is in fact no other than beautiful nature, without affectation or extraneous ornament. In statuary, it is the Venus of Medicis; in architecture, the Pantheon.

Once, alas! a heart I had

Gay as May-day morning,

Till, by chance I met a lad,

That day was sorrow’s dawning.

The lad he play’d a lover’s part,

And seem’d so blithe and merry,

That soon I lost my simple heart,

To Pat of Londonderry.

He vow’d my hopes he’d never blight,

But, ne’er his promise keeping,

Tho’ oft he swore my eyes were bright.

He dimm’d those eyes by weeping;

And now he fills that heart with pain

He found so blithe and merry,

Ah, could I get my heart again,

From Pat of Londonderry!

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK,

Well authenticated, but not generally known.

It may be recollected, that the avenue, leading to the boxes of old Drury, was through Vinegar Yard. In this passage an old Spider, better known, perhaps, by the name of a Procuress, had spread her web, alias, opened a bagnio, and obtained a plentiful living by preying on those who unfortunately or imprudently fell into her clutches. Those who are not unacquainted with *Haddocks* will understand the *loose fish* I allude to, who beset her doors, and accosted with smiles or insults every one that passed. It happened that a noble lord, in his way to the Theatre, with his two daughters under his arm, was grossly attacked by this band of 'flaming ministers.' He immediately went behind the scenes, and insisted on seeing Mr. Garrick, to whom he represented his case, and so roused the vengeance of the little manager, that he instantly, full of wrath, betook himself to this unholy Sybil,

'Twin child with Cacus; Vulcan was their sire;
Foul offspring both of healthless fumes and fire.'

Finding her at the mouth of her cavern, he quickly gave vent to his rage in the most buskined strain, and concluded by swearing that he would have her ousted. To this assault she was not backward in reply, but soon convinced him that she was much more powerful in abusive eloquence than Roscius, though he had recourse in his speech to Milton's 'hell born bitch,' and other phrases of similar celebrity, whilst she depended on her own natural resources. Those to whom this oratory is not new have no need of my reporting any of it; and those to whom it is a perfect mystery, boast a 'state more gracious,' and are the more happy for their ignorance. None of this rhapsody, however, although teeming with blasphemy and abuse, had any effect on Garrick, and he would have remained unmoved, had she not terminated in the following manner, which so excited the laughter of the collected mob, and disconcerted 'the soul of Richard,' that, without another word to say, he hastily

took shelter in the Theatre. Putting her arms a-kimbo, and letting down each side of her mouth with wonderful expression of contempt, she exclaimed: 'You whipper snapper; you oust me? You be d—d! My house is as good as yours; aye, and better too. I can come into yours whenever I like, and see the best you can do for a *shilling*; but damme, if you, or any body else, shall come into mine for less than a *fifteen-penny* negus!'

A WESTERLY BREEZE.

The late Mr. Hall, author of the *Crazy Tales*, was with all his wit and humour often oppressed with very unpleasant hypochondriac affections. In one of these fits, at Skelton Castle, in Yorkshire, he kept his chamber, talked of death and the east winds in synonymous terms, and could not be persuaded by his friends to mount his horse and dissipate his blue devils by air and exercise. Mr. Sterne, who was at this time one of his visitants, finding that no reason could prevail against the fancies of his friend, bribed an active boy to scale the turrets of the castle, turn the weather-cock due west, and fasten it with a chord to that point. Mr. Hall arose from his bed as usual, oppressed and unhappy, when casting his eyes through a bow window to the turret, and seeing the wind due west, he immediately joined his company at breakfast, ordered his horse to be saddled, and enlivened the morning's ride with his facetious humour—execrating easterly winds, and launching forth in praise of western breezes. This continued for three or four days, till, unfortunately, the chord breaking which fastened the weather-cock, it turned at once to the easterly position, and Mr. Hall retreated to his chamber, without having the least suspicion of the trick which his cousin Shandy had played upon him.

THE THEATRE.—Another disturbance happened last night at Covent Garden Theatre, in consequence of the absence of Cooke, who was to have performed *Peregrine*, in the Comedy of *John Bull*, but who did not attend and could not be found.—Kemble came forward, and

made a liberal excuse for Cooke, conceiving that some untoward accident had detained him. At length, after a scene of turbulence and confusion, Brunton was suffered to read the part, and the Comedy went off tolerably well. We have a respect for the talents of Cooke, and understand that, except in moments of *revoltry*, he conducts himself very properly in private life; but his frequent acts of negligence in professional duty deserve severe reprobation, and are calculated wholly to exhaust the patient toleration of the public.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.

In the reign of Queen Ann, in 1704, several freemen of the borough of Aylesburgh had been refused the liberty of voting at an election for a member of Parliament, though they proved their qualifications as such. The law in this case imposes a fine on the returning officer of 1000*l.* for every offence. On this principle they applied to Lord Chief Justice Holt, who desired the officer to be arrested. The house of commons, alarmed at this step, passed an order in the house to make it penal for either judge, counsel or attorney, to assist at the trial; however, the Lord Chief Justice, and several lawyers, were hardy enough to oppose this order, and brought it to the court of King's bench. The house, highly irritated at this contempt of their order, sent a sergeant at arms for the Judge to appear before them; but that resolute defender of the laws bade him, with a voice of authority, begone; on which they sent a second message by their speaker, attended by as many members as espoused the measure. After the Speaker had delivered the message, his Lordship replied to him in the following remarkable words: "Go back to your chair, Mr. Speaker, within these five minutes, or you may depend on it I will send you to Newgate: you speak of your authority, but I tell you I sit here as an interpreter of the laws, and a distributor of justice; and were the whole house of commons in your belly, I would not stir one step." The Speaker was prudent enough to retire, and the house were equally prudent to let the affair drop.

ODE TO MEDITATION.

Oh! guide me to some moonlight glade,
To rural ways, or silent shade,
Where silver streams o'er beds of amber
flow;
To hear the merry bells, or shepherd's lute,
That cheer the sylvan scene when all is
mute,
Averting off the secret powers of woe.
Attend me, as the setting day
The western hills with varied light illumers,
And, on the battlements of ruin near,
The lonely redbreast sings a farewell
lay,
For then I love to pace the grass-worn
way
Through church-yard dim, and midst the
mould'ring tombs
To drop the sacred tribute of a tear.
But when the funeral hymn is heard to swell
Along the twilight pathway on the gale,
Then meet me in some sainted pile,
Where gloomy horror seems to smile,
And glim'ring tapers cast a feeble light
Upon the sculptur'd mansions of the dead;
Dark seat of silent Melancholy.
Or if I seek yon gloomy spreading yew,
When death-birds pierce with shrieks the
ear of night,
To weep beside misfortune's cold death-
bed,
O'ergrown with deadly weeds of sable
hue,
Teach me to feel the sorrows that I mourn
Of those departed; let the breath of
Folly
Taint not the mind with thoughts un-
holy,
But, as with inspiration fraught, its powers
display,
Whilst Friendship bends to kiss the hallow'd
clay.
Sublimely when the bosom of the ocean
swells,
And billows onward roll with hideous roar,
Lashing with idle rage th' impending steep,
Then let me feel the impulse of thy power,
In sea-worn cliffs, or hollow winding
dells,
That echo the wild howlings of the deep,
And the loud groan of misery,
The sea-bird's scream, and lover's frantic
cry—
As sinks the shatter'd bark deep in the
foaming tide.

Mountains forcibly strike the imagination, and excite our curiosity. There is not, perhaps, any thing in all nature that impresses an unaccustomed spectator with such ideas of awful solemnity as these immense piles of Nature's erecting, that seem to mock the minuteness of human magnificence.

The following witty poem makes a very conspicuous and brilliant figure in one of the most elegant of the English Poetical Miscellanies.

EUPHROSINE,

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

Says Venus one day to her vagabond son,
Where so fast, you sly rogue, with those
darts do you run?
What unfortunate maid have you destin'd to
die
By the grace of a limb, or the glance of an
eye?
Is woman your aim?—Prithee tell me the
truth,
Or hast thou resolv'd that some innocent
youth
Should burn by the torch that you wave in
your hand?
Though small be its flame, 'tis a terrible
brand.
The undutiful boy to his mother replies,
What boots it to you by my arrow who dies?
Or whom by my torch I've resolv'd to de-
stroy,
An unfortunate maid or an innocent boy,
But since, like your son, you are curious to
know,
I'll tell you the business that takes me be-
low:
A poet there lives in a place where a tree
Overshadows the door, and his death I de-
cease.
Not alone I feign with my tears and my
tricks;
And I swear, by the flood of implacable styx,
I'll roast him alive for my pastime to-mor-
row,
For wo is my joy, and my pleasure is sor-
row.
Tormentor of maids and destroyer of men,
(Resumes the gay queen, as she questions
again),
With your joys and your woes will you ne-
ver have done?
And when did the poet offend you, my son?
Should song and the muses refine with their
fire
The soul of the bard and their raptures in-
spire,
Must he die for your sport? and has mis-
chief decreed
On Feeling's own altar its victim should
bleed?
Ah, spare him! but when were you
known to hear reason,
Though frequent your visits, they're never
in season,
Yet mind me for once—I'm in search of a
dove
That one of my Graces purloin'd from a Love.
I miss'd it this morn'; and it certainly flew
To the regions below with that hussey Miss
Eu,

If the thief and the theft to my arms you
restore,
A kiss shall be yours, or perhaps something
more.
Her grief he regards with a laugh, and ah
hah!
'Tis little you know of the matter, mamma,
Rejoin'd the young rogue. Don't you know
it was I
Sent *Phrosy* to earth with your dove from
the sky,
Sweet *Phrosy*, whose taste and whose ele-
gance stole
From Virtue her grace—the mild grace of
the soul,
Nor grieve, dear mamma, that the fugitive Eu
Gives *one* grace to earth while the skies
have their *two*;
Your dove she conceals in the heaven of her
breast,
And that mansion of peace he mistakes for
his nest;
To ***** they flew: I directed them there,
And all that behold shall adore and despair.
The poet shall pray, but his prayer shall be
vain,
He never knew pleasure who never knew
pain,
To-morrow he dies! and I'll sharpen his
thorn
With the sting of disdain and the anvil of
scorn,
In *****'s lov'd person strike home to his
heart,
And Euphrosyne's self shall determine the
dart.

Among a company of honest Pats in the purlieu of St. Giles's, it was proposed by the host to make a gift of a couple of fowls to him that off hand should write six lines of his own composing. Several of the merry crew attempted unsuccessfully to gain the prize. At length the *wittiest* among them thus ended the contest:—

“ Good friends if I'm to make a *po'm*,
Excuse me if I just step *home*;
Two lines already!—be not *cru'l*,
Consider honies, I'm a *fool*.
There's four lines! now I'll gain the *fowls*,
With which I soon shall fill my *bowl's*.”

LORD ERSKINE is the first Statesman who is known to have danced, during his possession of the Great Seal, since the days of Elizabeth, when there was a Lord Keeper, who, like him, united gaiety of manners with great talents and integrity.—Gray alludes to this in these lines,

“ My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The Seals and Maces danc'd before him.”

The style of Hosea, above all the other prophets, is vehement and impassioned; it is poetical in the very highest degree. In maxim solemn, sententious, brief: in persuasion pathetic; in reproof severe; in its allusions always beautiful and striking, often sublime; rich in its images; bold in hyperbole; artificial though perspicuous in its allegory: possessing, in short, according to the variety of the matter, all the characters by which poetry in any language is distinguished from prose. — The close of his prophecies much resembles those moral sentences with which the Greek tragedies are usually closed by the chorus. But, for the weightiness of the matter, and the simplicity, brevity and solemnity of easy unaffected diction, it is not to be equalled by any thing the attic Muse, in her soberest mood, ever produced.

The great end of prudence, says Dr. Johnson, is to give cheerfulness to those hours, which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all the effect when they become familiar. *To be happy at home* is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

One day, the prince of ——— had taken with him in his carriage a very great talker, who, by his continued loquacity, had set the prince asleep. The orator, impatient of any inattention, pulled the prince frequently by the sleeve. "My good friend," replied the prince, "either let me rest, or do not talk me to sleep."

For the Port Folio.

OBITUARY.

On the 1st ultimo, Society was deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, and her friends of an invaluable blessing; by the sudden death of Mrs. ANNA RANDOLPH CRAIK, the truly amiable consort of the honorable William Craik, late one of the members for the State of Virginia in the House of Representatives of the United States. She was the daughter of William Fitzhugh, Esquire, of Alexandria.

This lady had accompanied her husband to Bath, for the benefit of his health; soon after their arrival there, she was attacked by symptoms of Nervous Fever, which induced them to endeavour to return, but by the time she reached Martinsburgh, the disease had advanced in so rapid and alarming a manner, that they could proceed no further, and there, in the course of a few days, in defiance of every possible exertion of medical skill, the irresistible mandate of Death summoned her to give an account of her Stewardship. She left this world in the 24th year of her age. "What *pathos* in the date!"

Inshrined in as delicate and beautiful a form as ever graced the female character, she possessed a mind enriched by general information, and polished by every polite accomplishment, together with a disposition mild, animated, and affectionate, and a heart glowing with the purest and most active impulses of benevolence.

This singular assemblage of virtues and of excellences was dignified and refined by a confirmed attachment to the Christian religion, and the most exemplary observance of all the rites and ceremonies of the Protestant Episcopal church, of which she was a member.

Her deportment in domestic life was such as excited the admiration and affection of all who enjoyed the privilege of her acquaintance. Thus,

"Early, bright, transient, chaste, like morning dew,
"She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heav'n."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

Lines occasioned by attending the Examination of the Students in St. Mary's College, Baltimore.

Ye happy youths, who tread, with willing
feet,
The path to Learning's venerable seat;
Where Truth's fair form in classic shades
is found,
And Science breathes her inspiration round;
Oh say, while Youth yet folds you in her
arms,
And Hope yet flatters with delusive charms,
While Joy attends companion of your way,
And no dark cloud obscures your infant day,
How sweet to range the Academic bow'r,
And cull with eager hand each classic
flow'r:
To dwell with rapture on each mighty name
That shines resplendent on the roll of fame,
And catch a spark of that celestial fire
That rous'd the hero, or that wak'd the lyre!
How sweet to dwell on Homer's glowing
line,
Homer the great High Priest of all the Nine:
And hear the letter'd prince of Roman song
Pour the rich tide of melody along:
With festive Horace—sprightliest son of
mirth,
Whom attic doves instructed at his birth,
Press the rich clusters of the teeming vine,
And pledge, in lyric draughts, the tuneful
Nine:
Or list the Teian bard, whose sportive soul
Glows in his verse and sparkles in his bowl,
Thrill all the madd'ning raptures of his lyre,
While melting spirits wanton on the wire:
Or, if the mind in sorrow love to share,
And seek another's load of grief to bear;
Then pensive pour o'er Curtius' flow'ry page,
And mourn th' effects of Macedonian rage,
Sigh for Darius from his empire hurl'd,
A splendid ruin to instruct the world.
Not to the ancients only are confin'd
The various pleasures of the student's mind.
'Tis his with fancy's eye to range each
clime,
And e'en arrest the 'feather'd feet of Time,'
To pierce wherever truth or science shone,
And make the labours of the world his own.
Hence, tho' to one small spot of earth con-
fin'd,
We view the daring ardour of his mind
Look thro' all nature with a single glance,
Shew what depends on fate, and what on
chance,
With Newton trace the comet on its way,
Or count each beam of light that gilds the day,
Delighted mark the varied planets' roll,
And own the wise concordance of the
whole;

With Locke and Reid unfold the inward
man,

And each fine-spring of human action scan,
The secret chambers of the mind explore,
And feast the soul with metaphysic lore.

These are the sweets that crown your
rising hours,
That strew your infant path of life with
flowers,

That in yon hallow'd walls delight to dwell
And lure her votaries to learning's cell;
For you the world yet spreads no wily snare,
For peace and angel innocence are there.

Oh! may ye learn, beneath his* fostering
hand,

To whom is lent the promise of our land,
Whose liberal soul, enlighten'd and refin'd,
Delights in all the good of all mankind,
Delights to form to truth the infant breast,
And blessing others is himself most blest;
Oh, may ye learn t' improve the precious
hour

Which heav'n indulgent places in your
pow'r;

To wake each noble impulse of the soul,
Restrain each passion under just control,
To own the finer feelings of the heart
And bid the sigh at others' sorrows start,
To view misfortune with a pang sincere,
And give to misery pity's tenderest tear.
Oh, cherish, in your commerce with man-
kind,

The dear instinctive sympathies of mind;
And ever be with this great truth impress'd,
'Tis virtue beams the sunshine of the breast.
But most of all Religion's sacred pow'r,
Cheers pilgrim man thro' life's sad varying
hour.

To her in awful reverence we bend;
The atheist's terror—but the Christian's
friend.

Hail! meek Religion, 'tis to thee we owe
Each source of bliss, each antidote of woe;
'Tis thine, when clouds life's transient day
deform,

To lift the sinking soul above the storm;
To beam the smile serene, the transport
even,

And grant a foretaste of the bliss of heav'n.

And thou,† to whom in gratitude belong
The heart's warm tribute and the muse's
song,

Who led'st my infant steps to learning's
shrine,

And taught'st me to revere her form divine.

* The Rev. William Dubourg, President
of the College.

† The writer of these lines was formerly
a pupil of Mr. Dubourg's.

Taught't me, when journeying thro' life's
turbid ways,
Where sorrows thicken, and where hope
decays,
Where those desert us whom we held most
dear,
And nought is left for misery but a tear,
To raise, like Anaxagoras, my eyes,
And place my hopes of bliss beyond the
skies,
To seek, resign'd, Religion's fair abode,
And rest my hopes and sorrows with my
God.
Oh! may'st thou long, to us and science
dear,
Defer thy flight to heav'n and linger here;
Still linger here, a blessing to mankind,
And perfect what thy mighty soul design'd.
And when at length, thy course of virtue run,
We mark the lustre of thy setting sun;
When the last hour shall come, when we
must part,
(Oh, fatal truth, that rends the poet's heart)
May no rude pangs thy parting soul annoy,
But dreams of bliss thy latest hour employ;
Beam comfort round, and cheer thee to the
last,
May soothing recollection of the past,
While joyful angels point thy trackless way
To blissful regions of eternal day.

B——.

Baltimore, August 31st, 1805.

EPIGRAMS.

When quacks as quacks may, by good luck,
to be sure,
Blunder out at haphazard a desperate cure,
In the prints of the day with due pomp and
parade,
Case, patient, and doctor are amply dis-
play'd:
All this is quite just; and no mortal can
blame it,
If they save a man's life, they've a right to
proclaim it,
But there's reason to think they might save
more lives still,
Did they publish a list of the numbers they
kill.

You tell us, doctor, 'tis a sin to *steal*!
We to your practice from your text appeal;
You *steal* a sermon, *steal* a nap; and pray
From dull companions don't you *steal* away.

Who in his cups will only fight, is like
The clock that must be *oil'd* well, ere it *strike*.

THE THIRSTY AUTHOR.

You often pity honest Ned,
Condemn'd, you say, to write for *bread*,
His liberal soul, till *Dobson* pays,
Still doom'd to fast or chew the bays.
Yet, by that jovial, ruddy look,
Not gain'd by poring o'er his book,
That clammy ale his table spilt on,
That tankard, cover'd with a Milton;
By all these tokens, Ned, I fear,
Writes not so much for *bread*, as *beer*!

ISSUE JOINED.

Aye! honesty's a jewel, Richard cried,
That shines the clearer still the more 'tis
try'd:
True Dick, quoth Jeremy, yourself may
show it,
Your honesty's so clear—we all see *through* it.

The gamester broke down by a run of ill-
fate,
Turns author and politic-monger for pay,
From a cheat on the cards becomes quack
in the state,
And shuffles in print as he shuffled at
play,
The same inspiration both characters catch,
For the gamester's Old Nick is the scrib-
bler's Old Scratch.

Old Gulo, one day, gravely shaking his
head,
To his comrades a lecture of temperance
read:
In all eating and drinking proportion pursue;
That's my method, said he, and indeed he
said true,
For, wherever good wine—and good venison
be found,
He would drink ye three bottles, and eat ye
three pound.

When a bard o'er his pipe a dull ditty com-
poses,
And critics unmerciful turn up their noses,
With anonymous praises the papers he
stuffs,
And the offspring of whiffs is the parent of
puffs.

Bet, if kind heaven would grant to me
A leash of beauties, such as thee,
I'd give the devil, at one word,
Two; if he'd take away the third.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO.

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 18, 1806.

[No. 41.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 179.

MR. SAUNTER,

TILL of late the world was presumed to consist of four elements, fire, air, earth and water; but, as the term element is strictly applicable to matter only which is in its simplest state, the more correct observation of modern chemists obliges us to admit upwards of ten times the number of elements acknowledged by our forefathers. According to the modern chemical definition, every substance is of this class which is not *proved* or *presumed to be compound*, by analysis or analogy. Nevertheless the number of these primitive substances is extremely limited, which enters into animal or vegetable organization, notwithstanding that this is so various in its properties. These however are determined by the presence and proportion of several substances very susceptible of distinction, which, though compounds of the primitive elements cannot be resolved into them without destroying characteristic traits resulting not from any peculiarity in the nature of their constituent parts, but from something occult, and peculiar in their arrangement, or some mysterious quality adherent to the compound. The discovery of these primitive compounds; their habitudes and

affinities, or preferences for each other, constitutes the separate departments of vegetable and animal chemistry; where, in the definition of an element is not what we cannot decompose but what we dare not decompose, lest we destroy that occult and peculiar arrangement, whereby the mysterious hand of nature endows it with active agency in vegetable and animal organization.

This careful and delicate physical analysis is probably exceeded in its good effects by a similar caution and delicacy in our moral analyses: whereby, if we refine away every result into its sensible sources, we shall destroy the beauty and merit of many a moral sentiment and virtuous sensation; and reduce the totality of human impulses to one common physical origin. Now, however the prosecution of analysis to such extremes, either in the moral or physical world, may gratify the insatiate curiosity of the philosopher who considers less the beauty of that which he destroys than the novelty of what he discovers; to the man of feeling and fancy it cannot be pleasing to behold the inspiring face of nature disfigured into charcoal earths and noisome gas, or the theory of the most exalted sentiments of the soul degraded into a doctrine of mechanical impulses. When the physical or moral annalist has advanced thus far, let him for a moment avert his eyes from that which he pursues, to what he has left; let him survey his destructive progress, consider what there was, and what remains; and

F f

then reflect, whether an unintelligible something has not permeated his most impervious apparatus, or eluded his most rigid scrutiny; and answer, whether the omnipotent hand, which has endowed each integral element with a quality so inexplicable as that of elective attraction, may not have intitled their compounds to properties equally distinctive and inexplicable, but whose accession or departure is elusive of all human scrutiny.

ANALYTICUS.

For the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM ITALY,

Being the Commencement of a Series.

Florence, January 31, 1806.

You see me at last on the classic banks of the Arno. A country which combines so many motives of interest will of course excite your curiosity, and it shall be the purpose of this letter to gratify it.

The winds were so unfavourable that I was obliged to give up my project of passing from Genoa to Leghorn by water, and to make the circuit of the gulf over the mountains. In this way, after passing through Pisa, I reached Leghorn. Here I remained but a very little time. Leghorn is perhaps the least interesting town of Italy; without the charms which the remains of antiquity inspire, and with but one solitary imperfect monument of the arts, its only attraction for a traveller would be its society. Yet the society of Leghorn, like that of all small and particularly commercial towns, where every man's pecuniary speculations directly oppose those of his neighbour, is divided into as many circles as there are counting houses, and as many enemies as there are circles. The arrival of a ship is like the apple of Paris, which is to be divided among claimants who resemble the fair claimants of antiquity only in the bitterness of their opposition. It is in short a town merely commercial. Scandal and intrigue are the employment of the women, the price of sugar and the risks of insurance are the interesting researches of the men. I

found myself however treated with very great politeness, and had it been my object to eat dinners or play cards, I should have passed some time very agreeably. I had other objects in view, and therefore very soon set out for this place. The ride from Leghorn has nothing remarkable, and except the general appearance of ease, which in some degree distinguishes the people of Tuscany, and the beauty of a portion of the road along the Arno, there is nothing to excite curiosity or pleasure. The distance is about twenty leagues, and makes about one day's pleasant journey.

Since my arrival here, I have been occupied in seeing the place and the people, and have found the means of amusement and information. Florence however is no longer the asylum of arts, or the emporium of European commerce. The wealth which had rewarded the industry of the first merchants naturally tended to corrupt their children; the discovery of America, whilst it quickened, gave a new direction to trade, and the ruin of Pisa, and the rising spirit of England and Holland gradually enfeebled a commerce which, till then, had been almost exclusive. These causes have conspired to ruin the political importance of Florence. But it is still very interesting. The early merchants, unlike those of our days, employed their superfluous wealth in the erection of palaces, which descend to their posterity, and the patronage of letters which are immortal. Their vanity has therefore been subservient to their patriotism, and, whilst they gratified their pride, they provided their country with the means of attraction long after the bloom of youth and the glare of riches had passed.

Even the most inattentive stranger will be struck by the position of Florence, which has procured it the name of the Beautiful, the general neatness and regularity of its streets, and the magnificence of many of its buildings. I do not however, I confess, admire much the architecture, although it has been praised. I think that, with the exception of one or two fronts designed by Michel Angelo, the houses have a

sombre, and sometimes even a heavy appearance. Those considered the handsomest are the Palace Pitti (the residence of the sovereign) and the Palaces of the princes Strozzi and Corsini. The first is very extensive, and possesses the remains of a fine collection of paintings and a handsome garden. The others are built in the Tuscan style, which though strong and durable is much too rustic. Of the four bridges which connect the two sides of the river, that called the Trinity, built by Cosmo I, is the most admired. There are some handsome squares or *piazas*, among which that of the Old Palace is most worthy of notice, as it is adorned by more beautiful statues than perhaps any public square in Europe. In a small square directly before my lodging is the fine Doric column of granite sent from Rome by Pius IV, to Cosmo I, the height of which is such, that since the statue of Justice has been placed on the top, the Florentines have made a proverb that "Justice is so high that no one can reach it." There are no public walks in the city. The *Cassino*, along the Arno at some distance from the gates, belongs to the Queen, and is the most fashionable place of resort.

The round of churches, with pretty pavements and pretty cieling, I had neither courage enough to make, nor therefore knowledge enough to describe; but the places of worship are often the depositories of the arts. I therefore could not dispense with seeing many of them.

But these exterior ornaments, or the mechanical structure, inspire little pleasure when compared with the interest which the family of Medici and the history of literature has thrown around Florence. No man can look, without feelings of respect, on the Riccardi palace which the early Medici adorned by their talents, nor on the old palace, where their successors reigned by the reflected light of their virtues. The works of these great men present themselves at every part of the city, their establishments even amidst all the refinement of modern times still excite our admiration, and the vestal flame of

letters which they kindled, though quivering, still enlightens their country.

For the Port Folio.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.—LONDON,

MAY 11.

The King v. S. Stephens & Agnew.

The Attorney General, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Garrow and Mr. Abbot, shewed cause against the Rule obtained by Mr. Dallas, for arresting the judgment in the cause. The two defendants were convicted of extortion in taking a lakh of rupces from an East-India Rajah, which, by our laws, is declared to be extortion. The information against them stated, that being persons in office under the East-India Company, from the 26th of September, *until* the 29th of November, during the time they so continued in office, to wit, on the 29th of November, did take the bribe in question. Mr. Dallas obtained a rule to show cause on the ground, that *until* the 29th of November, excluded that day; and that taking the bribe on the 29th, which was the day after their office was stated on record to cease, did not bring them within the word of the act. In shewing cause against this rule the learned Gentleman cited a great variety of instances, where the word *until* was meant to exclude the day specified, and alluded to the word *to*, which Mr. Dallas had argued to be synonymous. The Attorney General asked Mr. Dallas if he had invited him to dinner, whether he would argue that the dinner itself was meant to be excluded, and that he was to go away when dinner was served up?—He then cited a variety of cases on civil contracts, where the word *until* was allowed to include the day named, such being the apparent intention of the parties on the face of their deed;—he applied this to the record before the court, which he argued sufficiently shewed that it was intended to include the 29th of November, in the term of the holding of the defendants.—Mr. Erskine in his argument elucidated the point by another quotation, to prove that the word *until*

included the day named : he cited a poetical line :

" *As chaste as ice until the marriage day.*"

Mr. Dallas, in reply, insisted that the words *unto* and *until* were synonymous, the one applying to space, the other to time, and cited a case to shew it had been decided that *unto* a place meant to exclude the place itself. With respect to the illustrations of his learned friends, he thought they made against them. He would answer to the learned Attorney General's case by another. Supposing he had done himself the honour to invite the Attorney General to dinner with him, and knowing as he did the great value of time, he said that he need not come *until* dinner. Notwithstanding all the good temper of the learned Gentleman, he believed that he would think it a bad joke, if he were not to send for him *until* dinner was over, and then justify it by the learned Gentleman's own arguments, that *until* dinner, meant to include dinner, and that his invitation consequently was not until it was over. But his learned friend, Mr. Erskine, had been more unfortunate still in his quotation of,

" *Chaste as ice until the marriage day.*"

There was no fraction of a day in law, and therefore if *until* was inclusive, the lady must be chaste the whole marriage day, which he feared any lady would hardly think to be justified by exposition of the word *until*; and some thirty years ago his learned friend would have argued differently on this subject. Mr. D. then proceeded to adduce a great many legal authorities to support his opinion, and denied that any argument could be drawn against him from those cases which related merely to matter of contract, inasmuch as they were inapplicable to matter of criminal charge.

The Court said they must take time to consider of the case.

For the Port Folio:

REVIEW

OF CARR'S "NORTHERN SUMMER."

Whoever addresses the public, must treat it, if not with caresses, at least with

deference. This is always, and justly expected. Nor, has a candidate for literary reputation any reason to complain, that those who are to give their suffrages should presume to judge of his qualifications. Confident of a seat in the Temple of Fame, the author of this work has given himself little trouble to conciliate the respect, or merit the candour of his readers. He has presented himself at the bar of public opinion, in a state so unprepared, and objectionable, that it cannot fail to wound our pride, if not provoke our anger. We are at a loss to imagine where he could expect to find ignorance to be instructed, or dulness to be delighted, by a very considerable portion of his narrative. As it is not hard to deal out general censure, let us descend to particulars.

The opening paragraph of the first chapter, after stating the author's motives for travelling, acquaints us with certain characteristics of the "favourite little Town" of Totness, which are common to almost all villages, and concludes with a trite anecdote, awkwardly introduced. Surviving the agonies of *hacking* up, Mr. Carr describes the state of England at the period of his departure, apparently, for no other purpose than to inform us that he commanded a volunteer company, which practice had rendered him so exceedingly expert in military discipline, as to escape the "scrutinizing eye of militia-men, and the titter of nursery-maids." He then excuses himself for travelling at that juncture. Surely, it was not necessary for a man to apologise for leaving his country at a time, when, according to his own account, his presence was not wanted. We are not told that the king had issued a *ne exeat regnum*. There was not much risk of being prosecuted to outlawry.

Mr. Carr could not quit Harwich without visiting the church-yard, which, unluckily for the poor school-master and sexton, adjoined the inn. At these he points some antiquated ridicule: game so often hunted, it had been more honourable to consider "a theme unworthy of his sword."

A view of the blockaders off the Texel gives rise to some philosophical

reflections, and affords an opportunity to introduce a quotation from a celebrated wit. From Helogoland he derives the important information that, while some men "snatch the sinking mariner, and the sad remains of his floating fortune from the deep, others prefer plunder to the preservation of life, and have been known even to destroy it for a ring or a bauble."

Always vigilant to notice whatever might interest, Mr. Carr's attention is soon arrested by an owl, who dies, with a quaint imprecation of mercy from one of the sailors. It was his good fortune, while in Denmark, to see a foreign quack doctor, in a splendid *vis-à-vis*, from England, drawn by "two noble greys." His astonishment at this spectacle was exceeded only by the superior astonishment of the inhabitants of Copenhagen.

In the cellar once occupied by the unhappy Brandt, the author met with a soldier and his son, prisoners. The reader would be as well satisfied if he had never seen them. There is in their history neither novelty to invite curiosity, nor virtue to excite commiseration.

As ignorance and vulgarity are the growth of every country, we are not surprised to hear that a man should be found in Denmark, who "picked his teeth with a fork, and believed smoking to be fashionable among the fair of Great-Britain." Among other wonderful things, Mr. Carr witnessed the intoxication of a little fat Musselman. It is no new trait in the character of man to feel a propensity to indulge in what he is prohibited to use.

Nor is the wit of the "facetious little water" very pungent, or obvious. Before leaving Copenhagen, he tells us, that he had the honour to be introduced to the Bavarian Minister, by ———, a leather-breeches maker. This was "subject of laughter for a twelvemonth." Passing through Sweden with some haste, he, and his companion, were taken for a couple of couriers. This was really very curious, and is particularly worthy of remark. When setting out for Stockholm, he had provided himself with some roasted mutton, cooked

after "his own fashion." Hear the doleful sequel. "But lo! and behold! in the morning the casket had been rifled by some vile dog, and only an indented wreck remained." This scene was truly tragical. *Quis temperet a lacrymis?* How worthy a subject for the chaste spirit of Vernet! This discovery, though momentous, was destined to be the precursor of one still more interesting. On entering Stockholm, an examination of his trunk informed, that his *avant courier* had borne off his nankeen breeches, some shirts, and handkerchiefs, together with a golden locket of his servant. Several things, however, contributed to persuade him to bear with calmness and resignation his accumulated disasters. They had the happy effect of plunging him into a pleasing humour of philosophising, during which, among other suggestions of a mind intensely bent, he profoundly observes, that an individual case of theft does not affix the imputation of felony on a whole nation. The intelligence that an English merchant a few days before had lost on the very same spot 130*l.* perfectly reconciled him to his fate.

The writer says, "he saw the bed on which Gustavus III lay, from the time he was brought wounded to the palace, until he died." A vast increase truly to his stock of knowledge. Was there ever traveller so fortunate?

He was "particularly struck" with the cloaths Charles XII wore, when he was killed at the siege of Frederickshall, and "very proudly put them on." It is not easy to discover either humour or merit in one man's dressing in another's cloaths. At Danmora he saw a mine, which he gravely assures us he went down, and came up again; and then proceeds—"Mark the force of habit! Two elderly miners descended on the rim of a bucket, holding by a cord, one singing, the other taking snuff." 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange.

It is satisfactory to the inquisitive to hear, that Mr. Carr has ascertained, beyond a doubt, that professor Aftzelius could not speak the French or English tongue without committing blunders. Those who have yet to learn that a man

may not perfectly understand a foreign language, will find their account in attending to this passage.

It was an object with the author of the Northern Summer, when embarking on an expedition, to set off in good humour; and his lot was singularly felicitous in meeting with events to produce this effect. It may be said, indeed, it was no difficult undertaking to please him. On the eve of bidding adieu to Stockholm, he was highly entertained in seeing "a little dog defile the walls of the royal castle." Those who were not spectators of this trick, can see in it neither decency nor mirth. We are indebted to the writer of these travels, for the singular fact, that a people who have not combs, employ their fingers in disentangling their hair. Of this he relates a marvellous instance.

At Mjølboasted he was attacked and surrounded by a host of beetles and flies. Surprising three of these enemies at a distance from the main body (no great compliment to his spirit), he suddenly falls upon them, breaks their ranks, and, after a terrible encounter, puts them totally to the rout. The bulletin, 'tis true, does not state that there was much bloodshed: and therein he resembles a famous Corsican general. We may, however, note this diversity, that the hero of Marengo took a great many prisoners, which our hero has the candour to acknowledge he found impracticable. This engagement brings to his mind, that he once saw an ideot similarly employed. That catching flies is a very foolish occupation, was already sufficiently credible, without the story of the ideot.

He gives us a tale, of what he calls, "an eccentric genius," who attempted to teach his horse to live without eating. This silly anecdote is to be found in any book of jests.

At a Russian dinner he found out the secret, that it is not flattery to remind a lady of her age. This has been long known of the sex. He likewise assures us, that a friend of his frequently saw the vessel that first sailed on the Neva. Let it be admitted. Was it any great exploit?

At a parade, on a Sunday, at Peters-

burg, a singular adventure befel him. A thief had nigh carried off his pocket-book. Had he purloined a volume of such anecdotes as this, any jury in the republic of letters would have acquitted him. He allows the Russians not to be naturally thievish; and no one doubted but there might be a single case of larceny in the dominions of the Emperor of all the Russias.

He visited Dr. Guthrie, and relates that this gentleman, by his great philosophical knowledge, has found out (and all, it would appear, without the aid of witchcraft), that closed windows exclude the sun; that flies cannot penetrate through gauze; and that ice has the amazing quality of cooling an atmosphere of a higher temperature than itself.

Mr. Carr sometimes suffers his mind to be affected, in a degree, to common apprehensions, utterly disproportionate to the operating cause. Thus, when he learns that in Russia "the postillions ride on the wrong side, and the husbands sleep on the wrong side," astonishment almost bereaves him of his senses. 'Tis said in the Rambler, that surprise is the effect of ignorance. In the eighteenth chapter, we have an account of an affray between a Russian, a Pole, and a German, related with a minuteness that could not have been more circumstantial, if the writer had been sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is a dull story, dully told. What a shame to fill a book with such ineffable nonsense. Nearly a page is occupied in telling us that, at the first inn he arrived at, after leaving Petersburg, he met a drunkard who kissed him, and paid his supper and club. What claim this can have to a place in a volume of travels, is not easy to be solved; unless, perhaps, to acquaint those who should in future travel the road, that they might calculate on the same civility from this votary of Bacchus.

In the twentieth chapter we have what is called "a curious fragment" of a dispute between two professors' ladies. This *curious fragment* boasts the merit of obscenity without humour.

In going to Berlin, the carriage over-

set; and the driver broke his pipe. It is matter of wonder and regret, that we have no verses on this event. An important defect in the "Northern Summer" is the want of uniformity of style. It is ludicrous to see in the same page, an imitation of the pomp of Johnson, and the familiarity of Addison. It is also, sometimes, indistinct and confused, from an injudicious combination in the same period, of various and discordant matter. Thus are intermingled in one sentence; the Swedish Consul, baron Silverhjelm, "the enlightened and amiable representative of a brave and generous nation," a circular letter of credit, and bills from Ransom, Morland, and Co.; twenty thousand volunteers; the author's mother; and the barrier arch of the watch-tower at Harwich. From the description of it, this last, at least, might have claimed a sentence by itself. There is a frequent use in the Northern Summer, of words and phrases proscribed in compositions, of any degree of dignity. Thus, we have "a plentiful lack—a bridge painted with a vengeance—all the doctors beaten by the Russians hollow—he liked the good humoured fellow prodigiously—he took a peep at the North in her summer garb." These expressions are disdained even in the conversation of polished society.

Mr. Carr has lent his countenance to the currency of certain phrases, which the Old School has repeatedly pronounced counterfeit. For example: he talks of *ponderous allies—glorious rivers—the energies* of the troops of the Crown Prince—*deteriorating* the interests of Europe. The title of *proselytism*, and *inconvenienced*, to adoption in the great family of the English language, can never be traced. His poetic quotations are, beyond all measure, long and numerous. I shall not undertake to say whether this has arisen from vanity to display his erudition, or avarice to swell his publication.

This production has too much of "I, Me, and Mine." We have the garrulous vanity of Boswell, without the sense of Johnson to alleviate it. There is evidently also, an affectation of wit, which is often unmeaning, sometimes

offensive, and never successful. Thus: "a bribe convinced a custom-house officer, that a trunk contained, from its mere physiognomy, nothing contra-band. Let him not be blamed; for his penetration was admirably correct."—Again, "his little Swede presented a strong disposition to renounce a circle for a square."

The recurrence of "the little Swede," is so frequent and disgusting, that the reader seriously regrets it was not broken to pieces in the first trip. The multiplied description of houses is useless and distressing. Nor is the narrative enlivened by a sufficient variety of interesting incidents. Interspersed in this performance, are some poetic effusions, which serve only to convince us, that the verse is worse than the prose. Whoever reads the Northern Summer with attention, cannot ascribe these observations to a fastidious criticism.

But while we point out the deficiencies of Mr. Carr, it is but justice to say, that the world is indebted to him for many facts he has communicated. It is readily granted, that some of the circumstances he relates, are told with sprightliness of manner, and elegance of language. Could he learn to seize the important, and reject the frivolous, he might write to please and to instruct. As his judgment has yet to make considerable advances to maturity, he should submit his writings to the correction of his friends. He is infected with the *cacoethes scribendi et amor operis sui*: but they may be the conceit and ambition of youth, and are not incurable. He appears more deficient in taste than in knowledge. J. S.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Before I take my leave of that part of the *Observations** which relates to the hot springs, I must select an account of what they further contain of the moss already mentioned. From

* See No. 33, of the Port Folio.

the expression with which the passage quoted in my last commences,—‘the green substance discoverable at the bottom of the hot *springs*,’—it is natural to infer that it is discoverable in all the springs, and, in consequence, that it is discoverable, together with the shellfish that inhabits it, in the spring No. 2, of which the temperature is stated to be 154 degrees of Fahrenheit. But this essential particular of its history is rendered somewhat doubtful by the terms employed in its description in another place, and from which it would appear to be confined to the spring No. 3, of which the temperature does not exceed 131 degrees.—No. 3 is a small basin, in which there is a considerable quantity of green matter, having much the appearance of a vegetable body, but detached from the bottom, yet connected with it by something like a stem, which rests in calcareous matter. The body of one of these pseudo plants was from four to five inches in diameter, the bottom a smooth film of some tenacity, and the upper surface divided into ascending fibres of one-half or three-fourths of an inch long, resembling the gills of a fish, in transverse rows. A little further on was another small muddy basin, in which the water was warm to the finger: in it was a vermes, about half an inch long, moving with a serpentine or vernicular motion.’—p. 107.

The water of the hot springs deposits a calcareous and perhaps siliceous sediment, the progress of which, from stone to vegetable mould is interesting:—‘The hot water is continually depositing calcareous and perhaps some siliceous matter, forming new rocks, always augmenting, and projecting their promontories over the running waters of the creek. Whenever this calcareous crust is seen spreading over the bank and margin of the creek, there, most certainly, the hot water will be found, either running over the surface or through some channel, perhaps below the new rock, or dripping from the edges of the over-hanging precipice. The progress of nature, in the formation of this new rock is curious, and worthy the attention of the geologist.

When the hot water issues from the fountain, it frequently spreads over a superficies of some extent; so far as it reaches, on either hand, there is a deposition of, or growth, of green matter. Several laminæ will be found lying over each other, and immediately under, and in contact with the inferior lamina, which is not thicker than paper, is found a whitish substance resembling a coagulum when viewed with a microscope, this last is also found to consist of several; sometimes a good number of laminæ, of which that next the green is finest and thinnest, being the last formed; those below increasing in thickness and tenacity until the last terminates in a soft earthy matter, which reposes in the more solid rock. Each lamina of the coagulum is penetrated in all its parts by calcareous grains, extremely minute, and divided in the more recent web, but larger, and occupying the whole of the inferior laminæ. The under stratum is continually consolidating, and adding bulk and height to the rock. When this acquires such an elevation as to stop the passage of the water, it finds another course over the rock, hill, or margin of the creek, forming in turn, accumulations of matter over the whole of the adjacent space. When the water has formed itself a new channel, the green matter, which sometimes acquires a thickness of half an inch, is speedily converted into a rich vegetable earth, and becomes the food of plants. The surface of the calcareous rock also decomposes, and forms the thickest black mould, intimately mixed with a considerable portion of soil: plants and trees vegetate luxuriantly upon it.’—p. 110.

The course of nature is exemplified in another example:—‘Some difficult places are met with in the Red River, below Nakitosh, after which it is good for one hundred and fifty leagues (probably computed leagues of the country, about two miles each); there the voyager meets with a very serious obstacle, in the commencement of the *Raft*, as it is called; that is, a natural covering which conceals the whole river for an extent of seventeen leagues, continually

augmenting by the drift-wood brought down by every considerable fresh. This covering, which, for a considerable time was only drift-wood, now supports a vegetation of every thing abounding in the neighbouring forest, not excepting trees of a considerable size; and the river may be frequently passed without any knowledge of its existence. It is said, that the annual inundation is opening for itself a new passage, through the low grounds near the hills; but it must be long before Nature, unaided, will excavate a passage sufficient for the waters of the Red River.'—p. 118.

We have heard of showers of dust and stones. A phenomenon of this kind is mentioned at page 122:—'It appears that, in the neighbourhood of the hot springs, but higher up, among the mountains, and upon the Little Missouri, during the summer season, explosions are very frequently heard, proceeding from under ground; and not rarely a curious phenomenon is seen, which is termed the blowing of the mountains; it is confined elastic gas, driving before it a great quantity of earth and mineral matter. During the winter season, explosions or blowing of the mountains entirely cease, whence we may conclude that the cause is comparatively superficial, being brought into action by the increased heat of the more direct rays of the summer sun.'

Another natural curiosity seen 'at the place called the Mines, on the Little Missouri.'—'There is a smoke which ascends perpetually from a particular place, and the vapour is sometimes insupportable.' The river, or a branch of it, passes over a bed of mineral, which, from the description given, is, no doubt, martial pyrites.'—p. 121.—'It is said that the stream of the Little Missouri, some distance from its mouth, flows over a bright splendid bed of mineral, of a yellowish white colour, most probably martial pyrites.'—p. 98.

The French word *prairie* is in great danger of being permanently received into the 'American language;' and this so much the more unfortunately as it is employed with the greatest looseness of meaning. When we hear of a *prai-*

rie, we expect a meadow, and are only surprised that the English vocabulary is not sufficient for those who pretend to speak English; but, in reality, a *prairie* is made to signify any open parcel of country; it is the champaign, as opposed to woodland and mountains; it is equally applied to meadows, plains, and downs.—I have great pleasure in extracting a passage where an explanation of this kind is given, and which includes other valuable remarks:—'By the expression plains, or *prairies*, in this place, is not to be understood a dead flat, resembling certain Savannas, whose soil is stiff and impenetrable, often under water, and bearing only a coarse grass resembling reeds: very different are the western *prairies*, which expression signifies only a country without timber. These prairies are neither flat nor hilly, but undulating into gently-swelling lawns, and expanding into spacious vallies, in the center of which is always found a little timber growing on the banks of the brooks and rivulets of the finest waters. The whole of these *prairies* are represented to be composed of the richest and most fertile soil; the most luxuriant and succulent herbage covers the surface of the earth, interspersed with millions of flowers, and flowering shrubs of the most ornamental kinds. Those who have viewed only a skirt of these *prairies* speak of them with enthusiasm, as if it were only there that nature were to be found truly perfect; they declare that, the fertility and beauty of the rising grounds, the extreme richness of the vales, the coolness and excellent quality of the water found in every valley, inspire the soul with sensations not to be felt in any other quarter of the globe. This paradise is now very thinly inhabited by a few tribes of savages, and by immense herds of wild cattle (bison), which people these countries. The cattle perform regular migrations, according to the seasons, from south to north, and from the plains to the mountains; and, in due time, taught by their instincts, take a retrograde direction. These tribes move in the rear of the herds, and pick up stragglers and such as lag behind, which they kill with the

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bow and arrow for their subsistence. The country is not subjected to those sudden deluges of rain which, in most hot countries, and even in the Mississippi territory, tear up and sweep away, with irresistible fury, the crop and soil together: on the contrary, rain is said to become more rare, in proportion as the great chain of mountains is approached; and it would seem that within the sphere of attraction of those elevated ridges, little or no rain falls on the adjoining plains. This relation is the more credible, as, in that respect, our new country may resemble other flat or comparatively low countries similarly situated; such as the country lying between the Andes and the Western Pacific: the plains are supplied with nightly dews, so extremely abundant as to have the effect of refreshing showers of rain; and the spacious vallies, which are extremely level, may, with facility, be watered by the rills and brooks which are never absent from such situations. Such is the description of the better known country lying to the south of the Red River, from Nacogdoche towards St. Anthonies, in the province of Texas: the richest crops are said to be produced there without rain.'—p. 116.

The region thus described lies 'along the eastern base of the great chain, or dividing ridge, commonly known by the name of the Sandhills, which separate the waters of the Mississippi from those which fall into the Pacific Ocean,' extending 'beyond the Red River to the south, and beyond the Missouri, or at least some of its branches, to the north.' I beg leave to ask, whether the dryness in the atmosphere in the neighbourhood of the mountains be not in some degree an indication of metals contained in them? Metals attract moisture. Another cause may be discovered in the openness of the country to the eastward. When a country lies between hills, its atmosphere is kept in a state of humidity, the clouds hanging between the attracting bodies on each side. I must not pass over, as deserving of no particular remark, the very curious account given by these travellers of the tenants of the soil:—'This

paradise is now very *thinly* inhabited by a few tribes of savages, and by the immense herds of wild cattle which people these countries.' If we are to take the words as they stand, then there is no other way of reconciling the *thinness* of the inhabitants with the *immense* herds of cattle, than that of supposing that, notwithstanding their immenseness, they are lost in this still more immense 'wilderness of sweets.' If the immense herds of cattle are not to be reckoned among those who 'people these countries,' then it is a pity that the writer should have so reckoned them; but if that writer imagines that *people* and *inhabit* are synonymous terms, on this head he is grievously mistaken. Wild cattle *inhabit*, but do not *people* a country, though, among jocular persons, it may be thought that some countries are peopled with *wild cattle* enough. Poets, indeed, talk of a swarm of bees as a *people*, and of a flock of birds as a *people*; but they do this metaphorically, and for the sake of raising the object. It must lead to the wreck of all common sense, if statistical reporters lay their hands upon the figures of poetry. To be serious, however, this *populousness*, or, as some gentlemen would call it, *popularity*, in *wild cattle*, is corroborated by the testimony of Dr. Sibley: 'The accounts given by Mr. Brevell, Mr. Grappe, and all the other hunters with whom I have conversed, of the immense droves of animals that, at the beginning of winter, descend from the mountains down southwardly, into the timbered country, is almost incredible. They say, the buffalo and bear particularly, are in droves of many thousands together, that blacken the whole surface of the earth, and continue passing without intermission for weeks together, so that the whole surface is, for many miles in breadth, trodden like a large road.'

I had designed to add some further remarks; but other avocations have detached my mind from the inquiry; and I now allow myself no other alternative than that of making this communication as it is, or not at all.

METOCOS.

For the Port Folio.

ARISTOTLE'S ODE TO VIRTUE.

O Virtue, arduous to the mortal race, the best pursuit of life; for thy form, O virgin, even to die, and to suffer unceasing toils is accounted envied fate in Greece; such immortal fruit dost thou infuse into the mind; better than gold and pearls, or soothing sleep. And on thy account Hercules descended from Jove, and the sons of Leda suffered much, shewing forth thy power by their actions. And for thy sake Achilles and Ajax descended to the realms of Pluto. For the sake of thy lovely form the prince of Attarnea was deprived of the light of the sun. Therefore the bard shall celebrate him for his actions—the immortal Muses, the daughters of Mnemos, shall celebrate him for his actions, who celebrates the power of Jove, who presides over hospitality and the rewards of stable friendship.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

To the justice of the following tribute to Goldsmith, says the Editor of the Farmers' Museum, we cordially bear testimony. It is extracted from the Monthly Anthology, and written by some one who must have entered into the spirit of the bard to have given him so accurate and just a character. The author is not disgraced by such an eulogist. Those who have received equal pleasure from the perusal of his writings, and are unable to express it in words so appropriate and pure; may say with the rich-burgher who, at a meeting where the celebrated Burke was speaking on some favorite measure, wishing to deliver to the spectators similar ideas, but wanting the ability to use them, he cried out, in counting-house language, "I cry ditto to Mr. Burke, I cry ditto to Mr. Burke."

GOLDSMITH.

Who shall be compared to Goldsmith? His verse is softer to the ear than the pearl of the sea to the nerve of vision. When I am tired with other reading, its influence is gentle, like the silent approaches of rain in the drought of summer. It flows as the village brook

which gives a pleasant sound, and makes the fields green and fruitful. I read him with more pleasure than Pope, for I believe he has more exquisite sentiment; more of pure morals; and more of that nature, which bursts out in Thomson, which finds a ready entrance to every heart, that is not corrupted by folly, or rendered callous by a city life. He has written little poetry, yet that little is like beads, strung in holy rosaries, or the continuous vibrations of the harp at midnight. All is musical and material in Goldsmith's verses. If you take away any thing, you injure the whole; for the little palace in fairy-land was made of precious stones, and the dwarf-jewel in the corner was as necessary as the queen-diamond shining in the centre. Goldsmith's histories are not excellent. They were written for booksellers or bread, and therefore composed in a hurry, without reflection or labour of research. His "Vicar of Wakefield" is well known, and his "Citizen of the World" I read with more delight than the "Persian Letters" of Montesquieu. I am afraid his volume of Essays is little read; but they contain a full harvest of sense, in a style simple and easy, without Swift's nudity of figure, and without Hawkesworth's ornamental decoration.

LORD HALIFAX AND POPE.

When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the Iliad, says Pope, that lord desired the pleasure of hearing them read at his own house. Addison, Congreve, and Garth were there at the reading. In four or five places, lord Halifax stopped me very civilly, and with a speech each time, much of the same kind, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider a little at your leisure. I'm sure you can give it a better turn." I returned from lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor, that my lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been

thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; and said, I had not been acquainted with lord Halifax enough to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking those places over and over when I got home. All you need do (says he) is to leave them just as they are; call on lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them as altered. I have known him longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event. I followed his advice; waited on lord Halifax some time after; said, I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first: and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, "*Aye, now they are perfectly right: nothing can be better.*"

A ruby-nosed devotee of Bacchus, when reproved for the heinous sin of drunkenness, justified himself by quoting from Goldsmith, "*that virtue consists not in NEVER FALLING, but in RISING every time we FALL.*"

The following excellent Parody on Gray's Ode, may possibly bring to the recollection of some of your readers some scenes which they have witnessed. It is extracted from an elegant little work, called "The Fashionable World Displayed."
A. B.

ODE ON THE SPRING, BY A MAN OF FASHION.

Lo! where the party-giving dames,
Fair Fashion's train appear:
Disclose the long expected games,
And wake the modish year:
The opera-warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the actor's note,
The dear-bought harmony of Spring;
While, beaming pleasures as they fly,
Bright flambeaus through the murky sky
Their welcome fragrance fling.

II.

Where'er the rout's full myriads close
The staircase and the door,
Where'er thick files of belles and beaux
Perspire through every pore:

Beside some faro-table's brink,
With me the Muse shall stand and think,
(Hemm'd sweetly in by squeeze of state)
How vast the comfort of the crowd,
How condescending are the proud,
How happy are the great!

III.

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
The drays and hacks repose;
But hark, how through the vacant air
The rattling clamour glows!
The wanton Miss and rakish Blade,
Eager to join the masquerade,
Through streets and squares pursue their fun;

Home in the dusk some bashful skim;
Some ling'ring late, their motly trim
Exhibit to the sun.

IV.

To Dissipation's playful eye,
Such is the life of man;
And they that halt, and they that fly,
Should have no other plan;
Alike the busy and the gay
Should sport all night till break of day,
In Fashion's varying colours drest;
Till seiz'd for debt through rude mischance,
Or chill'd by age, they leave the dance,
In jail or dust—to rest.

V.

Methinks I hear in accents low,
Some sober quizz reply,
Poor child of Folly! what art thou?
A Bond Street butterfly!
Thy choice nor Health nor Nature greets,
No taste hast thou of vernal sweets,
Enslav'd by noise, and dress, and play:
Ere thou art to the country flown,
The sun will scorch, the spring be gone;
Then leave the town in May.

The following curious article, which we have ventured to take out of the Farmers' Museum, will arrest the gaze of all who love the quaint style:

The Happy Man, Or True Gentleman.

The Happy Man was born in the parish of Repentance unto Life; he was educated at the school of Obedience, and lives now in Perseverance; he works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the country of Christian Contentment, and many times does jobs at Self-Denial, he wears the plain garment of humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to Court, called the Robe of Christ's Righteousness; he often walks in the valley of Self-Abasement, and climbs Spiritual-mindedness; he breakfasts every morning upon Spiritual Prayer;

and sups every night upon the same; he has meals to eat the world knows nothing of, and his drink is the Sincere Milk of the Word.—Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies. Happy is he who has Gospel Submission in his will, due Order in his affections, Sound Peace in his conscience, Sanctifying Grace in his soul, real Divinity in his breast, true Humility in his heart, the Redeemer's Yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a Crown of Glory over his head. Happy is the life of such an one. In order to attain which, pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, work abundantly, live holy, die daily, watch your hearts, guide your senses, redeem your time, love Christ, and long for glory.

The True Gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man: Virtue is his business, Study his recreation, Contentedness his rest, and Happiness his reward. God is his Father, the Church is his Mother, the Saints are his Brethren, all that need him his Friends; Heaven is his Inheritance, Religion his Mistress, Legality and Justice are his Ladies of Honour, Devotion his Chaplain, Chastity his Chamberlain, Sobriety his Butler, Temperance his Cook, Hospitality his House-keeper, Providence his Steward, Charity his Treasurer, Piety is Mistress of his House, Discretion his porter to let him out and in as is most fit. Thus the whole Family are made up of Virtues, and he is Master of the Family.—He is necessitated to take the World in his way to Heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two words, he is a Man and a Christian to the end.

TO —————, 1801.

BY MR. MOORE.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to fancy's power,
When her soft magic fills the mind
With friends and joys we've left behind,
And joys return and friends are near,
And all are welcom'd with a tear!
In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
To be remember'd oft and well
By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
By passion led, by youth beguill'd,

Can proudly still aspire to know
The feeling soul's divinest glow!
If thus to live in every part
Of a lone weary wanderer's heart;
If thus to be its sole employ
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy;
Believe it, MARY! oh! believe
A tongue that never can deceive,
When passion doth not first betray
And tinge the thought upon its way!
In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be,
For ever, to remember thee!
And, though that heart be dead to mine,
Since love is life, and wakes not thine,
I'll take thy image, as the form
Of something I should long to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is lovely still!
I'll take it wheresoe'er I stray,
The bright, cold burthen of my way!
To keep the semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
And love shall lend his sweetest care,
With memory to embalm it there!

The following is from the pen of Moore, and need only be read to be admired.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that croud the shore;
Then thou easily may'st count
Of my loves the vast amount!
I've been loving all my days,
Many nymphs in many ways,
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife—
I've been doting all my life.
Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
Goddesses of grove and mountains,
Fair and sable, great and small,
Yes—I vow I've lov'd them all!
Every passion soon was over,
I was but the moment's lover;
Oh! I'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practis'd all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, golden smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart forever.

In a letter to Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson employs in a playful manner certain antitheses which cannot fail to amuse the reader:—

“The inequalities of human life have always employed the meditation of deep thinkers, and I cannot forbear to reflect on the difference between your condition and my own. You live upon mock turtle and stewed rumps of beef; I dined yesterday upon crumpets. You

sit with parish officers, caressing and caressed, the idol of the table and the wonder of the day. I pine in the solitude of sickness, not bad enough to be pitied; and not well enough to be endured. You sleep away the night, and laugh or scold away the day. I cough and grumble, and grumble and cough. Last night was tedious, and to-day makes no promises of ease. However, I have put on my shoe, and hope that Gout is gone."

Advice to general Cope upon his drinking the Bath-waters for the gout, and at the same time falling in love with the girl who dipped the water.

See gentle Cope, with love and gout oppressed,

Alternate torments ranking in his breast;
Tries at a cure, but tampers still in vain,
What eases one augments the other's pain!
The charming girl, who strives to lend relief,
Instead of comfort, heightens all his grief,
He drinks for health, then sighs for love and cries

Health 's in her hand, destruction in her eyes.
She gives us water, but each look, alas!

The wicked girl, electrifies the glass.
To ease the gout we swallow draughts of love,

And then, like Etna, burn in fires above:
Sip not, dear knight, the daughter's liquid fire,

But take the healing beverage from her sire,
'Twill ease your gout; for love no cure is known,

The god of physic could not cure his own.

The "Flaxen-headed Ploughboy" has been lately parodied in the following manner:—

A flaxen-headed milk-maid

As simple as may be,

And next a pretty dairy-maid

I chaunted o'er the lea:

But now a saucy chambermaid,

I've got a better place,

I'll dress my head with ribbons fine,

Set off my handsome face:

When housekeeper promoted

I'll snip a butcher's bill,

My lady's pockets empty,

My own I mean to fill;

And lolling in my chariot

A lady great I'll be,

You'll forget the little milk-maid

That chaunted o'er the lea.

I'll try to get a husband,

No matter for the pelf,

So I can have a title,

Why then I'll please myself:

Her ladyship I long to be;

A lord or knight I crave,

If he is rich in honours,

No matter if a knave:

I hope to be a peeress,

And see a birth-day ball,

With footmen drest so gaily,

My carriage for to call:

When lolling in my chariot

A lady great I'll be,

You'll forget the little milk-maid

That chaunted o'er the lea.

I'll send my lord to India,

His pockets for to fill,

So he does get their treasure,

The nabobs he may kill;

With gold and diamonds laden,

When he returns again,

For honours and for riches,

I'll be foremost in the train:

A Knight of Bath or Garter,

I'll purchase him, I vow,

And then forget those merry days.

When milking of the cow:

'So lolling in my chariot,

A lady great I'll be,

You'll forget the little milk-maid

That chaunted o'er the lea.

THE SAILOR'S DIRGE.

Sew up the hammock, Death has laid

Poor Jack in Honor's bed;

Heave out a sigh, and lower away,

Our gallant messmate's dead.

A right trim-hearted lad he was,

A seaman-stout and bold;

He lov'd his friend—he lov'd his girl,

But now his heart is cold.

So long as French and Spaniards fought,

No lion was more brave;

But when they cry'd for quarter, none

Than Jack more free to save.

When overboard and struggling hard

For life's dear sake was I,

Though wild the waves, and loud the wind,

Jack heard my piteous cry.

He ask'd no leave of paltry fear,

He swam and took me out;

Now Jack must sink, and I may swim,

So fortune wheels about.

Farewel, poor Jack—in vain for thee,

The ocean billows roar;

Farewel, poor Jack, with honor won,

Thou now hast reach'd the shore.

A BLIND MAN'S IDEA OF LIGHT.

M. Rohault wished to communicate the idea of light to a blind pupil; after a long and elaborate discourse, when he hoped he had in some measure succeeded, he was asked this question by the blind man, "Is not light made of the same materials as sugar?"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

Written on the banks of Schuylkill, on the
east side near the Falls.

I.

On thy banks I sit delighted;
View thy beauties native wild!
By the rocky seat invited,
And the evening zephyr mild:

II.

Rudest rocks are pending o'er me,
Tufted o'er with tangled wood,
(Thro' a vista seen) before me
Shine thy moon-reflected flood.

III.

Sounds of falling streams diffusing
Calmness o'er th' impassion'd mind,
Fav'ring wild romantic musing
Float upon the passing wind.

IV.

Hail, romantic wild retreat!
Imaginations fav'rite seat!
Here thro' Fancy's magic glass
I see before me phantoms pass;
Fairies here by moonlight meet,
And round their queen,
Over the green
Lightly move their airy feet.

V.

On yon hanging craggy steep,
Shading chasms dark and deep,
Fancy paints (in plain attire)
A hermit's form, whose melting lyre
Warbles in sweetest lays,
As he with holy fire
Which Dæmons might admire
Chaunts to his Maker's praise;
Silence softens every strain,
And echoing rocks at every pause
Repeat the solemn sounds again.

VI.

But hark!—what other sounds intrude?
What rapid light gleams thro' the wood?
Whence takes the scene a gloomier shade?
Why is the hermit's anthem staid?
'Tis distant thunder murmuring lowly,—
'Tis distant light'ning faintly gleams,—
Whilst gloomy clouds advancing slowly,
Hide Diana's silv'ry beams.

VII.

Now more near the light'nings fly—
Gloomier grows the starry sky:—
The thunder sends a sharper sound—
Darkness spreads her veil around.

VIII.

From their sport the Fairies haste,
From the cliff the hermit moves,
Thro' the rustling trees, the blast
The nearness of the tempest proves;
Fancy withdraws her glass, each airy form
Flies at the sounding presage of the storm.

Z.

EPIGRAMS.

*The following is a beautiful Translation from
the Greek.*

As in this bath Love wash'd the Cyprian
dame,
His torch the water ting'd with subtle
flame;
And while his busy hand his mother laves
Ambrosial dews enrich the silver waves,
And all the undulating bason fill,
Such dews as her celestial limbs distil.
Hence how delicious float those rapid
streams!
What rosy odours! what nectarean streams!
So pure the water and so soft the air,
It seems as if the goddess still were there.

EPIGRAM FROM AUSONIUS.

Infelix Dido nulli bene nupta marito
Hoc pereunte, fugis; hoc fugiente peris.

IMITATED.

Poor Dido! still in either husband crost,
Whose death thy flight, or flight thy death
has cost.

The following translation is less terse:—

Unhappy, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second marriage state;
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,
The other caus'd thy death by flying.

*The following Epigram is neat, though not
very pointed.*

ON A WOODY ISLAND.

Hic Cytherea tuo poterās cum Marte jacere,
Vulcanus prohibetur aquis, Sol pellitur um-
bris.

IMITATED.

Here with her Mars may Venus safely dwell,
Vulcan the waves, and Sol the shades repel.

Charm'd with the empty sound of pompous
words,
Carlo vouchsafes to dine with none but
lords;
While rank and title all his thoughts employ,
For these he barter's every social joy:
For these, what you and I sincerely hate,
He lives in form, and after starves in state.
Carlo! enjoy thy peer, content to be
Rather a slave to him than friend to me;
Go, sell thy substance, to retain thy show,
May you seem happy, whilst I'm really so.

*On the Female mode of wearing Watches in
the Bosom.*

Among our fashionable bands,
No wonder now if TIME should linger;
Allow'd to place his two rude HANDS
Where others dare not lay a FINGER.

The following is a very literal version from the Greek.

You ask an epigram, and on yourself;
My Wit is out of joint,
But you can laugh so glibly, so at nothing,
'Twill do without a point.

BOTH AGREED.

You're a fool, mutters Harry; says Thomas,
that's true,
So must every one be, that expects sense
from you.

THE SAD ALTERNATIVE.

In heat of youth, poor Tom engag'd a wife,
Whose tongue, he found, might prove a
scourge for life;
Perplex'd, he still put off the evil day,
Grew sick at length, and just expiring lay,
To which sad crisis having brought the mat-
ter—
To wed or die—Tom wisely chose the latter.

Tell me not Chloe once did bless
Another mortal's arms;
That cannot make my passion less,
Nor mitigate her charms.
Shall I refuse to quench my thirst,
Depending life to save,
Because some doughty shepherd first
Has kiss'd the smiling wave?
No, no—methinks 'tis truly great,
And suits a noble blood,
To have in love as well as state,
A taster to our food.

A CURE FOR A-BLEEDING HEART.

When, Chloe, I confess my pain,
In gentle words you pity shew,
But gentle words are all in vain,
Such gales my flame but higher blow.
Ah! Chloe, would you cure the smart
Your conquering eyes have keenly made,
Yourself upon my bleeding heart,
Yourself, fair Chloe, must be laid.
Thus for the viper's sting we know
No surer remedy is found,
Than to apply the torturing foe,
And squeeze his venom on the wound.

ILL-TIMED RAILLERY.

Dan's evil genius in a trice
Had stript him of his coin at dice;
Chloe, observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face,
By G— says Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card.

TO CLARISSA.

Why like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
Can the poor pride of giving pain
Repay the joys that wait the kind?
I curse my fond enduring heart,
Which, scorn'd, presumes not to be free,
Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
To hate myself, and burn for thee.

PENELOPE.

The gentle Pen, with looks demure,
Awhile was thought a virgin pure;
But Pen, as ancient poets say,
Undid by night the work of day.

JEALOUSLY REASONED WITH.

Lovely shines thy wedded fair,
Gentle as the yielding air;
Cheering as the solar beam,
Soothing as the fountain stream.
Why then, jealous husband, rail!
All may breathe the ambient gale,
Bask in heaven's diffusive ray,
Drink the streams that pass away:
All may share unlesseing joy;
Why then jealous, peevish boy?

True, I confess it yester morn;
I've been in love this week or two;
Yet, cruel maid, forbear your scorn;
For take my word—'tis not with you.

EPITAPHIS.

On a Young Woman accidentally drowned.
Near to the river Ouse, in York's fair city,
Unto this pretty maid Death shew'd no pity;
As soon as she'd her pail of water fill'd
Came sudden Death and life like water
spill'd.

In Grantham Church-Yard.
John Palfryman which lieth here
Was aged twenty-four year,
And near this place his mother lies,
Also his father when he dies.

ON A COBLER.

Death at a Cobler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the mending hand;
At last came surly Death, and in foul weather
Ript the old sole from off the upper-leather:
Death, by a trick of art, then laid him fast,
His awl he called for, but Death brought his
last.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO.

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 25, 1806.

[No. 42.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 180.

MR. SAUNTER,

FEW considerations tend more to establish the claims of women to intellectual equality with those whom strength has constituted their judges, than that of the fact so well known, that in every age the rank assigned them has been commensurate with the advance towards the civilized state. For as one of the principal and most obvious effects of civilization, when contrasted with barbarism, is to give superiority to those who possess mental, over those who possess corporal powers, it would be uncandid not to consider the disparity of the rank assigned to women in these different stages of society, as resulting in great measure from the disproportion of their intellects and strength: nor in this light has the denial of their claims to innate equality of intellectual power, any other effect with me, than that of evincing the absence of refinement in those with whom it originates. I say originates, because it may take place where it never would have originated, nor have been tolerated, were it not handed down in common with many other prejudices, from a barbarous ancestry. The habits both of thought and action, generated in the infancy of society, weigh heavily on it

even after the causes of their origin have ceased to exist; for the mass of the world receive a large portion of their opinions by inheritance, and, unless under the impulse of passion, unwillingly submit them to change, since they can only judge of consequences by experience. Hence the mothers of the human race emerge but slowly from a degradation to which nothing could have subjected them originally, but a selfish barbarity. As the consequences of this degradation, I consider the denial of their innate intellectual equality, and their exclusion from the benefits of an extensive education. Both in the present, and in my last essay, I have combated the injustice of the first of these effects. I shall now say something against the propriety of the last.

Many have a prejudice against learning in women, from a crude observation on a few female pedants who attract notice by noise; when superior acquirements remain neglected, because concealed; though adorned by feminine diffidence and delicacy.

"I do not like your learned ladies." This shallow and illiberal, though current exclamation, has infinite weight. Indeed it ought to weigh with many who employ it, since they would certainly fall into contempt with their female companions, were the education of these but a little more extended. But, if there be any foundation for this horror of learning, in that more amiable portion of our species whose delicate susceptibility renders them more obe-

H h

dient to every impulse, it is because they are rendered, by superior acquirements, the objects of admiration, criticism and scrutiny on the one side, and of envy, fear and jealousy on the other, which tend to produce vanity, a selfish irritability, and a spirit of resentment. Besides which, it must be admitted that learning, not from any peculiar tendency, but from a common influence, with every other source of singularity, may be injurious, by rendering a female too much the focus of public attention, which must always either wound or diminish feminine delicacy. But the sole way to lessen these only injurious concomitants of learning in women, is to diffuse it more universally. It would then no longer be the object of pointed admiration, envy, jealousy or fear; and of course, no longer be productive of a vanity destructive of diffidence, nor of a resentment or irritability injurious to benevolence, while, ceasing to be singular it would cease to attract a scrutiny tending to infringe on the inviolability of female character.

So far as it may be in their power, it is without doubt the duty of every parent to provide for the physical wants, and mental improvement, of those of whose existence they are the cause. Of these duties the first is by far the most pressing, until health and comfort are ensured: but this so far provided for, the last becomes the most imperious. Now of these offices which is the most easily deputed? In regard either to expense or efficiency, it is not more easy to procure one who can perform the office of a domestic than of a preceptor? If the latter be the most noble occupation, should it not be held by the mother? nay, would not its most minute duties be fulfilled by her in every instance, with superior delight, interest and application, and in many cases with superior ability to any one to whom circumstances or situation would permit it to be deputed. Certainly if there be an early presumable cause of inequality between men, it must be founded on the mental disparity of those to whom they are indebted for their birth and earliest impressions;

and, if there be an advantage in a constant intercourse with a mind highly cultivated and replete with information, who possesses this advantage in such perfection as he who finds such a mind in the mother of his children, in the conjugal partner of his fortunes? But, if it be admitted that woman is the most natural and most affectionate instructor of the child, and associate of the man; shall not the finger of scorn be raised against those who would condemn her to comparative ignorance? How is this consistent with the preservation of filial respect, so necessary to happiness in the mother, so favourable to virtue in the son. How is this sentiment staggered, when the schoolboy first detects the insufficiency of the being in whose supremacy he has hitherto reposed the most implicit confidence. From the defect of her knowledge in one point, will not her insufficiency in others be inferred? No longer comprehending the objects of his attention, she can no longer efficiently condemn or applaud: for censure or approbation, founded in ignorance, can neither stimulate nor encourage. His mind directed to objects she cannot reach, she daily feels herself less and less a companion to him: yet, this she must wish, that her son may be a companion to the learned; and they both, sooner or later, make the mortifying discovery that their minds, however kindred by nature, are completely dis severed by the wide diversity of the objects which occupy them. Here is a grand cause of the decay of filial respect. This sentiment, which is felt during childhood in its full force, in every stage of society, from a sense of inferiority or dependence, can, from a decrease of the sense of these ties only, sustain diminution. An advance towards maturity must, in every case, be attended by a decreasing sense of dependence on those whose care during infancy was so indispensable; but the period or degree of the decrease, in the other tie, depends very much on the state of civilization.

In those barbarous times, when men were unacquainted with the means of perpetuating their ideas, length of life

and extent of information were almost inseparably associated; and that respect, which is in every state of society attached to extensive information, were at these early periods the attribute of age. Hence the superior years of the parent were associated with the idea of superior wisdom. But when, through the medium of literature, the experience not of a life, but of ages; not of an individual, but of nations; condensed into a few volumes, may become the property even of a juvenile student: and when the accumulated observation of the longest life will scarcely balance the want of the humblest education, age frequently associated with comparative ignorance no longer commands the respect it had received as the repository of knowledge. Thus the only invariable source of parental superiority is annihilated: and of that veneration to which its temporary existence during childhood had given birth, nothing can continue but traces more or less durable, according to the qualities of the heart on which they were impressed. I conceive that instances rarely occur, where parents retain their superiority, that they cease to be the objects of respect. The consequence of each individual so much depends on that of the authors of his existence, that, in addition to habit and the affections of the heart, pride and vanity lead him to uphold them in his estimation: but, between a mind elevated by an extensive education, and strengthened by daily exercise in the paths of science and literature, and one wholly employed in the humblest duties of the housewife, there is a self-evident disparity, which, though it may not lessen the affections of the heart, must be destructive of the veneration of the mind. It may be objected, that a superiority so great and self-evident is rarely attained; but I answer, that every boy is put into the path which leads to the attainment of it, unless he be denied the benefit of a liberal education: and I ask, where are the parents who do not ardently desire that their daughter's son may reach this eminence: and if so, wherefore is the education lessened on her, so incompatible with these wishes, as to

doom her to inferiority with her offspring.

ANALYTICUS.

For the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM ITALY,

Being the Continuation of a Series.

Florence, January 31, 1806.

The most celebrated institution of Florence is its Gallery of the Fine Arts, which, begun under Ferdinand II, and increased by his successors, now offers a collection scarcely inferior to any other in Europe. The dry enumeration of its riches would convey little information; but amidst the quantity of rare and valuable articles which compose it, I shall distinguish the most interesting. Two long and beautiful galleries are devoted to statuary. They are filled with valuable antiques, among which the series of Roman emperors is particularly worthy of attention. In an adjoining room is placed the famous groupe of Niobe. The members of this interesting family have been collected after a long separation, but, in spite of research and criticism, it would appear that all the children are not really those of Niobe. It is certainly a noble effort of sculpture: the figures, however, by being placed regularly round a room acquire a degree of coldness which might be avoided if they were thrown into some confusion, the more so as some of the attitudes become insignificant on account of the detached state in which the statues now are. For instance, one of the daughters is represented as weeping, with her eyes towards the ground, as if contemplating the death of her brother, whilst the brother is in another part of the room. This groupe has been the subject of much examination. For myself, judging from my feelings, my only guide on these occasions, I do not think this performance so wonderful as many represent it, though Guido is said to have studied it with great attention, and Winkelman, as usual, lavishes upon it his stream of eulogium.

In a room filled with Etruscan monuments and inscriptions is seen the ce-

lebrated masque of the Fawn, executed by Michael Angelo at the age of fifteen, and which introduced him to the patronage of Lorenzo. Under it is another of the great works of this wonderful master: I allude to the unfinished bust of Brutus, which, even now, is worthy of the subject and the artist. The character seems bursting through the marble, whose rudeness cannot conceal the masterly expression of the passions.

Two rooms are occupied by the portraits of the painters of all nations and ages, from Angelo to the artists of the day. This is a singular and interesting collection, for, besides the variety of costume and character it presents, it gratifies one of our most lively wishes, that of knowing what sort of a looking man was he whose works we admire. A more useful collection is however to be seen: a series of paintings arranged chronologically and indicating the progress of the art from the twilight of the eleventh to the meridian of the fifteenth century. Here can be traced the gradual improvements which approaching refinement has suggested, and we can follow Vasari through the gilded and misshapen figures without perspective or foreshortening, with which the art began, to the correct design, the elegant proportions, and the harmonious colouring which announces its maturity. The paintings of the different schools are arranged together so as to offer great advantages in discriminating their several characters. The Venetian collection is the richest, and possesses some fine pieces of Paul Veronese, Tintoret, and Titian. The Hermaphrodite of Florence, so called to distinguish it from that of the Borghese Palace, occupies a room by itself. It is difficult to decide between these two celebrated statues without seeing them together. A fine collection of ancient medals, and another of cameos, precious stones and vases, complete the circle of this great depository of the arts. The most admired works of the museum have however been selected and placed in a circular room called the Tribune, which unites some of the masterpieces of ancient and modern

workmanship. The little figure of Apollo, called the *Apolline*; the two wrestlers, the dancing faun, and the figure which is known by the name of the spy, or the knife-grinder, are the chief works of sculpture. The vacant pedestal on which stood the Venus of Medicis attracts more attention by her absence than perhaps her presence would have caused. She was carried off by the French, and is now at Paris.

The Tribune is particularly rich in paintings. A piece by Perrugino is less interesting from its merits than because its author was the master of Raphael, three of whose works next engage attention. They are remarkable, as they are said to shew the progress of this painter, the first being done whilst he was under the influence of his master's taste, and the other two after he had formed, and matured his own.

A female Bacchanal by Annibal Carracci, two pictures by Bartolemeo della Porta, two by Corregio, two of André del Sarto, and one of Guido, are among the most admired. There is also a picture of the Virgin, ascribed with confidence to Michael Angelo. It seems doubtful if this artist ever painted in this style, and surely if this picture has really a title to his name, it does him no honour, for it seems much inferior to several others in the collection. What pleased me the most, among the paintings of the Tribune, were the two Venuses of Titian. Of these two beautiful paintings, that said to have been his mistress is infinitely more agreeable than the one supposed to have been his wife; and there certainly needs no other reason for the superiority. The former is the most charming picture I have ever seen, and after making every allowance for the seductions of the subject: even the most rigid criticism has found much to admire in the manner in which it is treated.

This gallery is the only one that is public, that is to say, in the hands of the government. But all the others are open to strangers, who can visit without difficulty the collections of the palaces Pitti, Riccardi, &c. where there is

much to see and to admire. An establishment of a different kind is that of the museum formed by Leopold. This prince possessed the spirit, though he did not inherit the blood, of the Medici. His labours to improve the political position of his country do him infinite honour; and his attachment to science and the arts has embellished his character. The museum possesses the richest anatomical preparations of Italy, perhaps of Europe, a rich mineralogical collection and a considerable number of objects of natural history. The exertions of Leopold also established an academy for the promotion of the arts, which possesses some paintings of merit.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 6.

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM I.—BY AMRIOLKAIS.

The poet, after the manner of his countrymen, supposes himself attended by a company of friends; and, as they pass near a place, where his mistress had lately dwelled, but from which her tribe was then removed, *he desires them to stop awhile*, that he might [may] indulge the painful pleasure of weeping over the deserted remains of her tent. They comply with his request; but exhort him to show more strength of mind, and urge two topics of consolation; namely, *that he had before been equally unhappy*, and *that he had enjoyed his full share of pleasures*: thus, by the recollection of his passed delight, his imagination is kindled, and his grief suspended.

He then gives his friends a lively account of his juvenile frolics, to one of which they had alluded. It seems, he had been in love with a girl named Onaiza, and had in vain sought an occasion to declare his passion: one day, when her tribe had struck their tents, and were changing their station, the women, as usual, came behind the rest, with the servants and baggage, in carriages fixed on the backs of camels. Amriolkais advanced slowly, at a distance, and, when the men were out of

sight, had the pleasure of seeing Onaiza retire, with a party of damsels, to a rivulet, or pool, called Daratjulul, where they undressed themselves, and were bathing, when the lover appeared, dismounted from his camel, and sat down upon their clothes, proclaiming aloud, *that whoever would redeem her dress, must present herself naked before him.*

They adjured, entreated, expostulated; but, when it grew late, they found themselves obliged to submit, and all of them recovered their clothes, except Onaiza, who renewed her adjurations, and continued a long time in the water; at length, she also performed the condition, and dressed herself. Some hours had passed, when the girls complained of cold and hunger. Amriolkais, therefore, instantly killed the young camel on which he had ridden; and, having called the female attendants together, made a fire, and roasted him. The afternoon was spent in gay conversation, not without a cheerful cup; for he was provided with wine, in a leathern bottle; but, when it was time to follow the tribe, the prince (for such was his rank) had neither camel nor horse; and Onaiza, after much importunity, consented to take him on her camel, before the carriage, while the other damsels divided among themselves the less agreeable burden of his arms and the furniture of his beast.

He next relates his courtship of Fathima, and his more dangerous amour with a girl, of a tribe at war with his own, whose beauties he very minutely and luxuriantly delineates. From these love tales, he proceeds to the commendation of his own fortitude, when he was passing a desert in the darkest night; and the mention of the morning, which succeeded, leads him into a long description of his hunter, and of a chase in the forest, followed by a feast on the game, which had been pierced by his javelins.

Here, his narrative seems to be interrupted by a storm of lightning and violent rain: he nobly describes the shower, and the torrent which it produced down all the adjacent mountains; and his companions retiring to avoid the storm, the drama (for the

poem has the form of a dramatic pastoral) ends abruptly.

The above is the commentary of the translator. The reader will be particularly thankful for the anecdote of the pool of Daratjulul, both because it is agreeable in itself, and because the particulars, derived, by Sir William Jones, from the Arabic commentators, are by no means discoverable in the poem.

This poem is of the lighter description. The topics are pleasing, and it displays very lively pictures of Arabian manners. Exclusively of the love-adventures of Amriolkais, its author, its principal features are the descriptions it contains of the personal beauties of women, of the rare qualities of the poet's horse, and of a thunder-storm.

The two first are distinguished by several very elegant passages. The second, which our readers may compare with Somerville, in his poem of the Chace, will gratify other jockeys than Arabian. The third is recommended by the rapid hand of a master. The poet catches only strong features. We are pleased with the novelty of the following simile: *O friend! seest thou the lightning, whose flashes RESEMBLE THE QUICK GLANCE OF TWO HANDS, amid clouds raised above clouds?*—The comparison of *Mount Tebeir*, striped with torrents, which stands in the heights of the flood, to a VENERABLE CHIEF, WRAPPED IN A STRIPED MANTLE, is full of grandeur, in spite of what criticism might have said, on the comparison of a mountain with a man, instead of a man with a mountain, and a striped mountain with a striped mantle. It is, indeed, the counterpart of the simile—

Like a great sea-mark, braving ev'ry storm,
And saving those that eye him.

Striped mantles, or *haicks*, belong to the costume of the country, and often supply the Arabs with similes.

The morning that succeeds the storm is marked by strong characters. We see the *summit of Mogainir*, as the poet intended we should, notwithstanding the violence of the simile. The return of cheerfulness is marked in the most decisive and admirable manner, by the *warbling at day-break*, of the small birds of the valley; while the roots

of wild onions, though a mean image, are so employed, as to give the most vigorous picture of the devastation that has taken place.

In describing night, the poet speaks of the stars, prevented from rising, as if they were bound to a solid cliff, with strong cables: to relish the beauty of this figure, we must understand that the Arab poets, like the Greeks, compare the firmament to a sea: *see, answers.*

THE POEM OF AMRIOLKAIS.

'Stay! let us weep, at the remembrance of our beloved, at the sight of the station where her tent was raised, by the edge of yon bending sands, between Dahul and Haumel, Tudam and Mikra; a station the marks of which are not wholly effaced, though the south wind and the north have woven twisted sand.'—Thus I spoke, when my companions stopped their coursers by my side, and said, 'Perish not through despair; only be patient!'

A profusion of tears, answered I, is my sole relief; but what avails it to shed them over the remains of a deserted mansion?—'Thy condition,' they replied, 'is not more painful than when thou ledest Howaira, before thy present passion, and her neighbour Rebaba, on the hills of Mazel.'

Yes, I rejoined, when those two damsels departed, musk diffused from their robes, as the eastern gale sheds the scent of the clove-gilly flowers: then gushed the tears from my eyes, through excess of regret, and flowed down my neck, till my sword-belt was drenched in the stream.

'Yet hast thou passed many days in sweet converse with the fair; but none so sweet as the day which thou spentest by the pool of Daratjulul!'

On that day, I killed my camel, to give the virgins a feast; and oh! how strange it was that they should carry away his trappings and furniture!

The damsels continued till evening, helping one another to the roasted flesh, and to the delicate fat, like the fringe of white silk, finely woven.

On that happy day, I entered the carriage, the carriage of Onaiza, who said, 'Wo to thee! thou wilt compel me to walk on foot!' she added, while the vehicle was bent aside with our weight, 'O Amriolkais, descend, or my beast also will be killed!'

I answered, Proceed, and loosen his rein; nor withhold from me the fruits of thy love, which again and again may be tasted with rapture. Many a fair one, like thee, though not like thee a virgin, have I visited by night; and many a lovely mother have I diverted from the care of her yearling infant, adorned with amulets: when the suckling behind her

cried, she turned round to him with half her body; but half of it, pressed beneath my embrace, was not turned from me.

Delightful too was the day, when Fathima at first rejected me, on the summit of yon sandhill, and took an oath, which she declared inviolable.

O Fathima, said I, away with so much coyness! and, if thou hast resolved to abandon me, yet at last relent. If, indeed, my disposition and manners are displeasing to thee, rend at once the mantle of thy heart, that it may be detached from thy love! Art thou so haughty, because my passion for thee destroys me, and because whatever thou commandest my heart performs? *Thou weepst*; yet thy tears flow merely to wound my heart with the shafts of thine eyes, my heart already broken to pieces, and agonising.

Besides these—with many a spotless virgin, whose tent had not yet been frequented, have I holden soft dalliance at perfect leisure. *To visit one of them*, I passed the guards of her bower, and a hostile tribe, who would have been eager to proclaim my death. It was the hour when the Pleiads appear in the firmament, like the folds of a silken sash variously decked with gems. I approached—she stood *expecting* me by the curtain; and, *as if she was preparing for sleep*, had put off all her vesture but her night-dress. She said—“By him who created me (and gave me her hand), I am unable to refuse thee; for I perceive that the blindness of thy passion is not to be removed.” Then I rose with her; and, as we walked, she drew over our footsteps the train of her pictured robe.

Soon as we had passed the habitations of her tribe, and come to the bosom of a vale surrounded by hillocks of spiry sand, I drew her gently to me by her curled locks, and she softly inclined to my embrace: her waist was gracefully slender; but sweetly swelled the part encircled with ornaments of gold. Delicate was her shape, fair her skin, and her body well proportioned: her bosom was smooth as a mirror, or like the pure egg of an ostrich, of a yellowish tint blended with white, and nourished by a stream of wholesome water, not yet disturbed. She turned aside and displayed her soft cheek: she gave a timid glance with languishing eyes, like those of a roe in the groves of Wegera, looking tenderly at her young. Her neck was like that of a milk-white hind; but, when she raised it, exceeded not the justest symmetry; nor was the neck of my beloved so unadorned. Her long coal-black hair decorated her back, thick and diffused, like the bunches of dates, clustering on a palm-tree. Her locks were elegantly turned above her head; and the riband, which bound them, was lost in her tresses, part braided, part dishevelled. She discovered a waist, taper

as the stem of a young palm, or a fresh reed bending over the rivulet. When she sleeps at noon, her bed is sprinkled with musk: she puts on her robe of undress, but leaves the apron to her *handmaids*. She dispenses gifts with small delicate fingers, sweetly glowing at their tips, like the white and crimson worm of Daiba, or dentrifices made of Esel-wood. The brightness of her face illumines the veil of night, like the evening taper of a recluse hermit. On a girl like her, a girl of moderate height, between those who wear a frock and those who wear a gown, the most bashful man must look with an enamoured eye. The blind passions of men, for common objects of affection, are soon dispersed; but from the love of thee my heart cannot be released. Oh! how oft have I rejected the admonitions of a morose adviser, vehement in censuring my passion for thee; nor have I been moved by his reproaches!

Often has the Night drawn her skirts around me, like the billows of the ocean, to make trial of my fortitude, in a variety of cares; and I said to her (when she seemed to extend her sides, to drag on her unwieldy length, and to advance slowly with her breast), “Dispel thy gloom, O tedious night! that the morning may rise; although my sorrows are such that the morning light will not give more comfort than thy shades.”

O hideous night! a night in which the stars are prevented from rising, as if they were bound to a solid cliff, with strong cables!

Often too have I arisen at early dawn, while the birds were yet in their nests, and mounted a hunter with smooth short hair, of a full height, and so fleet as to make captive the beasts of the forest; ready in turning, quick in pursuing, bold in advancing, firm in backing, and performing the whole with the strength and swiftness of a vast rock, which a torrent has pushed from its lofty base; a bright bay steed, from whose polished back the trappings slide, as drops of rain glide hastily down the slippery marble. Even in his weakest state, he seems to boil while he runs; and the sound, which he makes in his rage, is like that of a bubbling cauldron. When other horses swim through the air, are languid and kick the dust, he rushes like a flood, and strikes the hard earth with his hoof. He makes the light youth slide from his seat, and violently shakes the skirts of a heavier and more stubborn rider; rapid as the pierced wood in the hands of a playful child, which he whirls quickly round with a well fastened cord. He has the loins of an antelope and the thighs of an ostrich; he trots like a wolf; and gallops like a young fox. Firm are his haunches; and, when his hinder parts are turned toward you, he fills the space between his

legs' with a long thick tail, which touches not the ground, and inclines not to either side. His back, when he stands in his stall, resembles the smooth stone on which perfumes are prepared for a bride, or the seeds of coloquintida are bruised. The blood of the swift game, which remains on his neck, is like the crimson juice of hinna, on grey flowing locks. He bears us speedily to a herd of wild cattle, in which the heifers are fair as the virgins, in black trailing robes, who dance round the idol Dewaar; they turn their backs, and appear like the variegated shells of Yuner, on the neck of a youth distinguished from his tribe for a multitude of noble kinsmen. He soon brings up the foremost of the beasts, and leaves the rest far behind; nor has the herd time to disperse itself. He runs from wild bulls to wild heifers, and overpowers them, in a single heat, without being bathed, or even moistened with sweat. Then, the busy cook dresses the game, roasting part, baking a part on hot stones, and quickly boiling the rest in a vessel of iron. In the evening, we depart; and, when the beholder's eye ascends to the head of my hunter, and then descends to his feet, it is unable to take in at once all his beauties. His trappings and girths are still upon him: he stands erect before me, not yet loosed for pasture.

O friend! seest thou the lightning, whose flashes resemble the quick glance of two hands, amid clouds raised above clouds? The fire of it gleams like the lamps of a hermit, when the oil, poured on them, shakes the cord by which they are suspended. I sit gazing at it, while my companions stand between Daarridge and Odhaib; but far distant is the cloud on which my eyes are fixed. Its right side seems to pour its rain on the hills of Katán, and its left on the mountains of Sitaar and Yadbul. It continues to discharge its waters over Cotaifa, till the rushing torrent lays prostrate the groves of Cannabel-trees. It passes over mount Kennaan, which it deluges in its course, and forces the wild goats to descend from every cliff. On mount Faina, it leaves not one trunk of a palm-tree, nor a single edifice which is not built with well-cemented stone. Mount Tebeir stands, in the heights of the flood, like a venerable chief wrapped in a striped mantle. The summit of Mogaimir, covered with the rubbish which the torrent has rolled down, looks in the morning like the top of a spindle encircled with wool. The cloud unloads its freight on the desert of Chabeir, like a merchant of Yemen, alighting with his bales of rich apparel. The small birds of the valley warble at day-break, as if they had taken their early draught, of generous wine mixed with spice. The beasts of the wood, drowned in the floods of night, float, like the roots of wild onions, at the distant edge of the lake.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE NORFOLK HERALD.

No one can feel more admiration than I do for the transcendent flights and creative powers of the mind of *Shakspeare*—nor is it perhaps in the power of time to shake the colossal pillar of his fame. But, notwithstanding all this, I dare accuse him, in one instance, of direct plagiarism.

In the play of *The Tempest*, he appears to have exhausted his own prodigious powers, and to have fled to antiquity for aid.

The following is one of the most admired passages in the English language; but it is almost a literal translation from *Medea's Invocation*, in the 7th book of *Ovid*. The curious reader may compare them.

SHAKSPEARE.

"Ye Elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves, and ye that on the sands, with printless feet, do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him when he comes back.

"Ye demi-puppets, that by moonshine make the green, sour ringlet, whereof the Ewe not bites, and ye whose pastime 'tis to make midnight mushrooms, that delight to hear the solemn curfew—by whose aid (weak masters though ye be)—I have bedimmed the noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds, and 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault set roaring war. To the dread rattling thunder have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak with his own bolt—the strong base of promontory have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck up the pine and cedar. Graves by my command have opened, and waked their sleepers."

OVID.

Auræque, et venti monteque, æmnerque, lacusque,
Diique omnes nemorum, Diique omnes noctis adeste:
Quorum ope, cum volui, ripis mirantibus amnes
In fontes redire suos: concussaque sisto,
Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello:
Nubilaque induco; ventos abigique vocoque:

Vipereas rumpo verbis & carmine fauces:
*Vivique saxa, sua convulsaque robora terra,
 Et silvas moveo; jubeoque tremiscere montes,
 Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.*

The printing in Italicks marks where the translation is almost literal. It is possible that two separate imaginations might possess the same ideas; but whether it is possible for them to arrange and separate the parts in the same manner at the distance of 2000 years of time, and use the same words, other Critics must determine—the “*by whose aid*,” in the English Poet, and “*Quorum ope*,” mark the same division of the subjects in the same words.

RETIRED GREATNESS, DISCRIMINATED.

Mrs. Montagu's Visit to Mr. Burke.

Extract from one of her letters, Aug. 16, 1771.

I went a few miles out of my road to Sandford, to fulfil my old promise to Mr. Burke at Beaconsfield. In his retirement, Mr. Burke is an industrious farmer, a polite husband, a kind master, a charitable neighbour and a most excellent companion. The demons of Ambition and Party, who hover about Westminster, do not extend their influence as far as the villa. I know not why it is that these busy spirits seem more tranquil and placid in their days of retreat, than the honest dull justice of the Quorum, who never stretched out his hand to snatch the sceptre of power, nor raised his voice in public to fill the trumpet of fame. A little mind is ever in a *tracasserie*, because it is moved by little things. I have always found that nothing is so gentle as the Chief out of war, nor so serene as the Statesman out of place. I so much delight in these working master-spirits in their holiday humour, that I had rather play at tee-to-tum or cross and pile with Julius Cæsar than Sardanapalus. The first would have the ease and indifference which belong to play, the other, the seriousness and anxiety which belong to business.

SIR,

The following passage from D'Alembert's *Histoire des Membres de l'Académie*

démie Française closely resembles one (nomine mutato) in the life of the original Dr. Franklin; ‘Puimorin and some friends agreed that the first of them who should die would give the other an account of his situation.’

JOHN BULL.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. John Watts has just published, in a volume of 240 pages, *The Life of William Pitt*, late prime minister of Great Britain, to which are added, by the American Editor, Biographical Sketches of his principal friends and illustrious contemporaries, and a preface, in which there is an attempt to delineate a sort of miniature picture of PITT.

This valuable volume is neatly printed, by Mr. T. S. Manning. Its motto, selected by the American publisher, is, we think, exceedingly happy and appropriate. It is that exquisite passage from Shakspeare's *Henry VIII*, where the poet introduces Griffith, “that honest chronicler,” pronouncing her just eulogium upon Cardinal Wolsey:

He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one,
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

These four lines describe, with wonderful precision and accuracy, the leading features in the character of the brightest son of Chatham.

This instructive biography conveys, in a neat, rapid, and succinct style of narrative, a very vivid idea of the political campaigns of this *Martinet* minister; an excellent summary of his speeches, and a clear sketch of the politics of his time. The anecdotes of his friends and his rivals are often amusing, as well as instructive. They have been selected with judgment, not, as has been insidiously suggested, from “*Public Characters*” and obsolete Magazines, but from a very recent and authentic work, published, not more than three months, in Great Britain, and almost wholly unknown in America.

This volume is ornamented by a very spirited and excellent engraving, ex-

cuted by the ingenious Mr. Edwin, whom we mention with emphasis, as a very deserving and able artist. His model was a capital engraving, from an original painting by *Gainsborough*, and said to be an admirable likeness.

Without pretending to any thing like Plutarch's power, we have often thought that the characters of EDMUND BURKE and WILLIAM PITT, the two greatest statesmen of their time, might be easily and usefully compared.

Though they were widely different in many particulars, yet a parallel might easily be run between them. Both were ambitious, both honest, both eloquent, both were sagacious and prescient, both were eternal enemies to jacobinism, both cherished, like Horace and Swift, a most SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT for the populace, and both have been taxed with political apostacy. From this charge it is easy to vindicate the Sublime and Beautiful Orator and the youngest son of Chatham. What has been remarked of the capricious humour of Voltaire may be applied, with perfect propriety, to the vicissitudes of political opinion. In the morning of life, men are like Aristippus, and in the evening like Diogenes. Sanguine, credulous, unsuspecting and kind, with the warmth of lovers and the hopes of projectors, almost all young men are *fanatics*. They worship the image of a fantastic liberty; they dream of her as of a favourite and delicious mistress; they write orations and songs in her praise. In the glare of early light viewing their species as only a *little* lower than *angelic* nature itself, they suppose men may be governed under the Utopia of More, or the Oceana of Harrington. No drivelling speculation that John Locke or Algernon Sidney has hazarded respecting Civil Liberty and Natural Rights, but appears in the shape of a mathematical demonstration. The wildest ideas of Plato, the most criminal excesses of a Cromwell, are accounted laudable, if they have this effect to jumble men together in a Commonwealth. But these dreams, like other dreams, vanish when the eye of Experience ex-

pands, and the powers of Reason are broad awake. PITT and BURKE in their juvenile years, and long before the season of *ministerial manhood* had arrived, indulged themselves in some of the finest reveries of whiggism. At a later age, in dreams of *intellectual* night, when *deep sleep* falls upon man, they fancied there shone, *in the distance*, many a glittering shape of national reformation. But these slumbers were soon broken by the dissonance of the herd without, and the wild uproar of revolution. When the reign of Experience was fully confirmed, when Pitt and Burke had compared speculation with facts, and surveyed man as he is, they then discovered, that he is a *wild ass's colt*, formed not to be indulged, but to be subdued. If this be branded with the reproachful term of apostacy, they are apostates. In the strongest noon-day glare of sagacity, they perceived their early political errors, and they renounced them. When they became *men* they put away *childish* things.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

The following verses were written on a libertine, who affected, in his old age, to boast of his reformation.

Des Barreaux, ce vieux débauché,
Affecte une réforme austère;
Il n'a pourtant retranché,
Que ce qu'il ne sauroit plus faire.

IMITATED.

Des Barreaux, impotent and old,
Assum'd a very solemn brow;
The man is alter'd, we are told,
How much reform'd, we cannot know.
When reformation thus begins,
With legs so weak, and eyes so dim;
'Tis doubtful if he quits his sins,
Or if his sins have quitted him.

From Catullus.

TO LESBIA.

No girl can boast a lover half so true,
As I, my Lesbia, still have prov'd to you;
No league of faith was e'er so firmly bound,
As that which you within my breast have found.

A Pugilist has lately published a treatise on the art of boxing, *with cuts*.

The following song is extremely well written, and has a most pleasing cadence. We have often listened to it with delight, because we admire the sentiment, and because it is frequently warbled to us by one whom all, who have not *Tramontane* ears, salute with the title of "*The little Nightingale*."

The British tar no peril knows,
But fearless braves the angry deep;
The ship's his cradle of repose,
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep.
He, though the raging surges swell,
In his hammock swings,
While the steersman sings,
Steady she goes, all's well,
All's well,
Steady she goes.

While on the main-top-mast he springs,
An English vessel heaves in view;
He asks, but she no letter brings,
From bonny Kate he lov'd so true:
Then sighs he for his native dell,
Yet, to hope he clings,
While the steersman sings, &c.

The storm is past, the battle's o'er,
Nature and man repose in peace;
Then homeward bound, on England's shore
He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease.
His Kate's sweet voice those joys foretel,
And his big heart springs,
While the steersman sings, &c.

From a London paper.

THE BELLES.

Says a Captain, so pert, as he handed Miss down,
"You've a great many *Belles* for a small country town."
Miss simply replied—"Sir, few towns can boast more,
In the great church there's *six*, in the little one *four*."

On the trial and condemnation of an ass, in France, for drinking holy water, which the Roman catholics deemed an act of sacrilege.

With the English, to France licentiousness passes,
Things sacred in both are abused by asses;
They learn our laws too, let him tremble, who hears
That asses in France are now tried by their peers.

EPITAPH ON AN ATHEIST.

Here lies one who ne'er believ'd
In God or devil, while he liv'd;
Yet now, though late, he'll take his oath
Of the reality of both.

On Husband's poems, printed in sheets, by subscription.

The author's name is sure a bribe,
To tempt the fair one to subscribe;
Here each indulgent female meets
A *Husband*, and what's more—in *sheets*.
Here you may turn him o'er and o'er,
He wishes he could please you more;
But, if to please you he be found,
He is contented to be bound.

Honest Cornutus, to his spouse's labour,
Having invited every useful neighbour,
With tears stood listening to the groans she sent,

Thinking himself the wicked instrument
Of those affecting shrieks and rueful cries;
Which she observing, bade him wipe his eyes;
"Your grief on this account, my dear, refrain:

"I can't blame you as author of my pain."

A Glee, translated from the Greek.

The girl that I love lately gave me a kiss,
And the dew of her lip seal'd the ravishing bliss.
Of nectar the kiss, for her breath gave its bloom;
Her breath was the nectar's delicious perfume.

Now full flowing bumpers of rapture I prove,
And tipsey with joy, I'm a Bacchus in love.

Song, by Anna Seward.

Now Spring wakes the May-morn, the sweetest of hours
Calls the lark to the sun-beam, the bee to the flowers;
Calls youth, love and beauty, to hail the new day,
And twine all their garlands in honour of May:
But think not, amid the gay pleasures they bring,
That moments, so jocund, will pause on their wing.

Obeys, my fair Laura, the summons that breathes
In the scent of the flowers or hue of the leaves;
In the hymn of the woodlands, for love is the lay,
And fragrance and lustre are types of his sway;
More sweet are his accents, more rosy his spring,
And O! not less rapid the flight of his wing.

When Boileau launched any work into the world, he heard the attacks of the critics, however severe, with great attention and patience; observing shrewdly:—Well, those are the worst works, of which nobody speaks at all.

Of Moliere Boileau spoke in terms of warm and uniform applause. He entitled him, *The Observer*. He used to say, that nature seemed to have unveiled to Moliere her most secret treasures of knowledge in the morals and manners of mankind. He used to add that Moliere always thought with correctness, but wrote often with negligence. This fault of style was common to him and La Fontaine, who, hurried on by the ardour of composition, never looked back with the intention of revising his errors. Boileau used to lament the loss of Moliere's short comedy of the *Amorous Professor*; as, even in his smallest works, much wit and humour always shone forth.

Moliere, on and off the stage, exhibited great comic powers; his mirth, his sentiments, and his whole conversation were liberal, and becoming a gentleman. The only circumstance degrading to him was the profession of a player; the labours of which he sustained more for the sake of the advantages accruing to his associates than to himself.

The old Duke de la Feuillade, meeting Boileau one day in the gallery of Versailles, repeated to him a Sonnet of Charleval, which ended with these lines:

Ne regardez point ma visage;

Regardez seulement à ma tendre amitié.

The poet answered, that he saw nothing remarkably good in the Sonnet; and objected to these two lines, on account of the play of words, which they contained. The Duke perceiving the Princess Royal coming through the gallery, he read the Sonnet hastily to her as she passed. The lady told him it was very fine. The Duke returned to Boileau; and, in a sneering manner observed, that he must have a very fastidious taste, if he disapproved verses which both the King and the Princess had praised. I do not doubt the King's superiority in taking towns and gaining battles, nor do I doubt the talents of Madame the Princess, but in regard to a knowledge of poetry, replied Boileau, I think I am least their equal. The

Duke ran in great haste to the King, and told him, with strong marks of disquiet and indignation, the arrogant speech of the poet. My lord, replied the King; I am sorry to say that I am obliged to confess, that M. Boileau is perfectly right.

It might be a subject of very curious and extensive speculation, to examine how far some of the most ordinary stimuli which operate on the nervous system, are to be shunned without destroying the sum of pleasurable sensations. MARTIAL, in a line of one of his epigrams, has stated the inevitable result of the operation of three of the Powers invoked to quicken life, and that result is destruction; and yet, in the next line, he tells an eternal truth, which neither the shivering water drinker, nor the sturdy moralist, can repel. I borrow the translation from DARWIN.

Balnea, vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora nostra:

At faciunt vitam balnea, vina, Venus!

Wine, women, warmth, against our lives combine;

But what is life, without warmth, women, wine!

Or, as Mr. Christie translates it—

Wine, warmth and love our vigour drain,
Yet wine, warmth, love, our life sustain.

A Frenchman, with characteristic ardour, is described in a humorous apologue, which I perused when a boy, as subscribing very implicitly to the truth of the last line in our poet. Valetudinary, spiritless and whimsical, he consults a son of Galen, who prescribes many a bitter potion. By way of consolation for so unpleasant a regimen, the patient hopes that he may be suffered to taste a little wine, or to see his mistress, or to enjoy

The converse of some favourite friend,
"Neither, if e'er your hope to mend"

Three nods prophetic loudly cry;
Then, doctor, clip my mortal twine,
For, kept from friends, from love and wine,
It matters not how soon I die.

It must be confessed that, destitute of the company of a single friend, unable to obtain the juice of the grape, unblessed by the smiles of the fair, and

interdicted from the luxury of the tepid bath, a man of no more than common sensibility would find life but a weary road. It is doubted whether intellectual exercises of the most sublime and beautiful nature would be sufficient, in any tolerable degree, to make him pass one tenth of his time in comfort. The Balnea, the vina, and the Venus, must sometimes be associated with Minerva and the Muses. This was Sir William Jones's opinion. Away then with that medical philosophy, which is so fashionable among a knot of fantastic innovators, both abroad and at home, which, under pretence of prolonging life, actually robs it of half its comforts.

Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The attraction of last night was a new Farce, called *The Weathercock*. It derives its name from *Tristram*, a young gentleman, of a fickle temper, who has been constantly changing his pursuits in life. The piece commences with his father, on his determining to become a lawyer, and the audience are introduced to his study, where he puts on his wig and gown, places his servant, *Sneer*, in a great chair, addresses him as judge, and gives some very humorous imitations of a modern lawyer. He then changes, successively, to an *Actor*, a *Soldier*, a *Gardener*, a *Quaker*, and lastly, a *Man of Fashion*; and receives the hand of his *Marianne*. Miss De CAMP was the fascinating *Marianne*, who had captivated the hero, at a masquerade, in the character of a fair *Savoyard*. She again appears before him in a garden, dances and sings, accompanying herself on the triangle; and, while he is preparing to address her, she goes to the side of the stage, and returns a fair *Quaker*. *Brief-wit*, a lawyer of the old school, who deals in monosyllables, was well supported by Mr. MATHEWS. The author intended it as a farce of the broadest kind, and has completely succeeded. It was received throughout with the loudest applause.

A— was in every respect a philosopher, in his conduct and disposition. At the death of Marshal Turenne, when this event was the subject of conversation, an impudent fellow said, Here is the great Turenne dead, and Mr. A— alive. The philosopher looked at the speaker with much complacency. If great men die sooner than others, I may congratulate you, sir, on very many years to come.

On the Misses — three beautiful Highland ladies.

From Scottish mountains, hid in clouds;
What heavenly forms descend!
No more, ye maids of English birth,
To beauty's crown pretend.
Forbear to boast your rosy bloom,
A transitory dye:
Faint, near these denizens of air,
And inmates of the sky.
Nor strange, their beauty earlier dawns,
And later knows decay;
Who, when from Heaven their sisters fell,
Dropt only half the way.

Theodore Beza, among his "*Juvenilia*," has published a copy of verses, beginning with

Vos teneri rores calathos quibus aurea gaudet
Venus rosarum aspergere, &c.

Mons. Chevreau has thus translated them,

Je goûtois des baisers sur la bouche d'Aminte,
Mais si doux, qu'auprès d'eux et le sucre et
le miel,
Et le nectar que l'on boit dans le ciel,
Ont l'amertume de l'absinte.
Quand éveillé d'un songe aussi court que
charmant,
Je n'ai pu sentir qu'un moment,
De ses heureux baisers la douceur nonpareille.
O destiné, trop jalouse de mon contentement!
Souffrez, si je ne puis la baiser quand je ve-
ille,
Qu'au moins je la baise en dormant.

IMITATED.

One eve, my lovely Ann I kiss'd,
And found her lips so very sweet,
Sugar and honey, once a treat,
Now seem'd like bitter gall, I wist,
And nectar pleas'd no more.

But from this short delicious dream,
How soon I wak'd, a wretched wight,
Too quickly robb'd of my delight,
Of happiness a short liv'd beam.

The fates I 'gan implore,

(As with my Anna, when awake,
These liberties I could not take,)

To grant me this small boon,
Then, when of Ann in sleep again,
I chance to think, may I remain
Entranc'd, nor wake so soon.

It is observed that avarice survives all other passions, and exists till death. M. de M— having made his will on his death bed, made this memorandum, That such a particular notary should not engross it, as his bills were extravagant.

Boileau was not entirely superior to uneasiness, occasioned by the abuse published against him, but was the first person to applaud *ingenious* satire at his own expense. I look on myself, says he, like an enchanted hero, whom the blows of his enemies either do not reach, or wound very slightly. With all their malice, he would add, they have not found out the vulnerable part of Achilles. Where does it lie? said a friend. That I shall not tell you, replied the satirist; you must find that out. It is probable that he alluded to the lameness of his prose writings, particularly in his prefaces; the character of which is too monotonous.

What Boileau most admired in Homer, was the poet's talents of exalting trifles by the nobleness of his expressions. In this circumstance, added he, lies the genius and art of the poet. For great things support themselves by their own grandeur and solidity. He used to quote the following song of an unknown writer as an instance of beautiful simplicity of style.

La charmante Bergère,
Écoulant ses discours,
D'une main ménagère
Alloit filant toujours;
Et doucement atteinte
D'une si tendre plainte,
Fit tomber par trois fois
Le fuseau de ses doigts.

IMITATED.

The shepherdess so young and fair,
To Strephon's story lent her ear;
While with a taper hand she plied
The thrifty spindle at her side.
Soon, by the fond repeated vow
The lass was mov'd, she knew not how,
By Pity's sympathetic spell,
Thrice from her hand the spindle fell.

Though the disposition of Boileau was very satirical, yet he never withheld his approbation from any composition in which he discovered proofs of genius or talent. When a friend read to him a work of this description, the satisfaction which he felt flashed in his eyes and thundered in his speech. Yet he seemed no longer master of opposite sensations to these, when any absurd specimen of

verse or prose was brought before him. On the Abbé de Villiers reading to him a short poem, in which the expression of *mauvais vent* occurred, he jumped suddenly from his seat, and exclaimed, Ah, Monsieur, that phrase will make your whole poem stink.

Boileau never dined with any of his most intimate friends, without being invited, observing that a certain pride of this kind was characteristic of men of honourable genius.

Boileau highly commended the prose writings of Scarron, and thought his style in this mode of composition very beautiful, particularly the prose of his Comic Romance. Scarron, added he, has great variety as well as sweetness in the arrangement of the language; and he possesses the happiest method of rescuing trifling circumstances from the contempt of the reader, by his way of relating them. Boileau wished that the Comic Romance should be continued; and had collected memoirs for that purpose, which he gave to a friend, in order to publish them, but, for reasons unknown, the scheme was laid aside.

An orator, at a meeting during the troubles of the League, began a speech with premising that he should divide the subject he was about to treat of, into thirteen heads. The audience were heard to murmur and to interrupt this formidable beginning. But, continued the orator, to prevent my being too prolix, I shall omit a dozen of them.

Mons. C —, a man of elegant appearance and fashionable manners, marred all his good qualities by an excess of vanity and ostentation. Not content with aspiring to the title of a gentleman, he assumed the rank of a nobleman. He drove a carriage drawn by two miserable half-starved horses, and a valet was stuck behind in effigy, and made of straw. Being at a public place with this vehicle and attendant, and the carriages as usual following one another with a slow pace, the horses of

the carriage behind that of Mons. C. *ate up the leg of his valet*. On seeing this a person called out, Take care! driver, or your horses will devour my lord's footman.

In the time of Cardinal Richelieu, in 1638, a man pretended to be the king of Ethiopia. He was probably an impostor, and little of his history is recollected, except the following verses, which were written in the form of an epitaph upon his pretensions.

Cy gît le Roi d' Ethiopie,
Soit original où copie;
Sa mort a évité les débats,
S'il fut roi, ou ne le fut pas.

Here lies the Ethiopian Prince,
Once real or pretended;
Which was the case, Death some days since,
The grand dispute has ended.

Theodore Beza was married three times. The following lines were written on his *triple* alliance, by Pasquier.

Uxores ego tres vario aum tempore nactus,
Cum juvenis, tum vir factus, et inde senex,
Propter opus, prima est validis mihi juncta
sub annis,
Altera propter opes, altera propter opem.

Inge, youth, and manhood, three wives have
I tried,
Whose qualities rare all my wants have supplied.

The first, goaded on by the ardour of youth,
I woo'd for the sake of her person, forsooth:
The second I took, for the sake of her purse;
And the third—for this reason—I wanted a nurse.

Madame D. being ill, though apparently not dangerously so, had four physicians to attend her. Madame D. died. Mons. F. sent the following verses to a friend, who inquired the cause of Madame D's death.

Pourquoi vous étonner, Julie,
Qu'un peu de fièvre et de mélancholie
Aie pu mettre, en cinq jours, mon amante au
tombeau?

Avec ce pénétrant génie,
Qui connoit le plus fin de la philosophie,
Pouvez vous rester court dans une chemin si
beau,
Et douter du sujet de ce malheur funeste?
Cessez de vous en prendre aux innocens des-
tins;

La cause en est trop manifeste;
Elle avoit quatre médecins.

I wonder, Julia, that your mind,
By deep Philosophy refin'd,
Should start at Anna's knell:
No doubt you thought the spleen and fever
In a few days, perhaps, would leave her,
And she again be well.

I wonder in so plain a case,
You fail'd the real cause to trace,
Of Anna's loss of breath;
No cruel fates ordained her doom,
But four physicians in her room
Consign'd the nymph to death.

A SINGULAR COMPLAINT.

The Abbé Cyren amused himself one day with cracking nuts, and in endeavouring to throw the shells through the bars of his chamber window, in which attempt he was seldom or never successful. This failure at length occasioned him to make this curious reflection:—Thus it is that Providence takes a delight in frustrating my designs.

The song of *Gentle Cousin John* is much in vogue; as the Port Folio has the honour to be called a *fashionable* paper, it may be proper to preserve a ballad, which we have heard Mrs. Wignel sing with much archness of expression.

Tell me truly, gentle cousin John,
He is blind, but you can see,
Where is little Cupid gone?
Let him fly, but not to me.
When that wicked brat is flown,
Then good morrow, cousin John.

Love has bow and arrows, gentle cousin John,
Should he aim a shaft at you,
Arrows mortal every one,
That same shaft may wound me too,
When that cruel deed is done.
Then good evening, cousin John.

Love has chains and fetters, gentle cousin John,
Hymen is a cruel knave,
For he puts those fetters on;
Makes his best of friends his slave.
Farewel, love, when this is done,
Then good night, dear cousin John.

To sleep's embrace with joy I fly,
And friendly dreams to lover's dear!
For then his form shall charm mine eye,
For then his voice shall charm mine ear.
No longer then can Fortune's power
Withhold my lover from my sight,
And Fancy in her conquering hour,
With Love shall gild her visions bright.

The *jovial crew*, who "braid their locks with rosy wine, dropping-odours dropping-wine," will read the following Bacchanalian song.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

I've liv'd a life of some few years,
I'm forty-four to-morrow;
Once for one smile, I shed three tears,
And mingled joy with sorrow.
Now wiser grown, I scorn to cry,
Tho' tears are wet, and I am dry:
So, if a drop I've in my eye,
It's only when the glasses ring,
And jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.
The friend I trusted, lack-a-day!
Most scurvily abus'd me,
The wife I married ran away,
With him who thus had us'd me.
My grief, too big to let me cry,
Could only tell me sorrow's dry:
So, if a drop was in my eye,
'Twas when I heard the glasses ring,
And jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.
Yet think not, though some folks are bad,
Ill usage set me sulking;
From duty's call old Matt's the lad,
Who ne'er was fond of skulking.
When love for Britain wets my eye,
Like ev'ry tar, my best I'll try
To thresh her foes, and when I'm dry,
Drink all her friends, her queen and king,
While jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

EPIGRAMS.

On a Lady of execrable temper, who was burnt out at a late fire.

This Dame, of a temper infernally hot;
Should not at her losses be vex't;
A scorching perhaps in this world she has
got,
A boiling to save in the next.

From the French.

Bufo must sure be doubly blest—
What thousands swell his iron chest!
A handsome wife he has at home;
A mistress should he chuse to roam—
His well-stor'd cellar wine contains,
Would almost turn celestial brains:
And cooks has he whose talents might
The veriest epicure delight.
While beaux esprits, and idlers gay,
Throng round to charm ennui away!
One want supplied would crown the whole:
What wants he then?—He wants a soul.

From the French of Lemarivier.

That Paul's a good doctor, in spite of your gibes,
My friends, I shall ever maintain,
For we know all the patients for whom he prescribes,
He quickly puts out of their pain.

Epigram addressed to a covetous woman, who rouged her cheeks, while recovering from the Yellow Jaundice.

Imitated from the French, by Mr. P. Dodd.
Ungrateful slave of gold! what, blush to be
The wearer of your master's livery!

From the same cause we oft perceive
Different effects arise,
Thus Slop by drugs contrives to live,
While every patient dies.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must talk of Nævia or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

On seeing a Fox-hunter painted with a book in his hand. *By J. Brennan, Esq.*

Let poets and painters their fancy pursue,
So they keep probability always in view.
But what censure does that silly fellow re-
quire,
Who has painted a book in the hands of a
squire?

From morn till eve throughout the day,
My Chloe was serenely gay:
I rompd with Phillis—all the while
Nothing disturb'd my Chloe's smile.
The next day came—the morning lower'd,
Our schemes were crost, our tempers sour'd,
Still Chloe smil'd—amaz'd I said,
Can nothing vex this lovely maid?
At length, a tooth, by luckless blow,
Was struck from out the pearly row;
Tho' time has long since heal'd the pain,
My Chloe never smil'd again.

TO AN ORANGE TREE.

From the French of the Chevalier de Parry.
Orange tree! whose foliage dark,
Serv'd our transports to conceal,
Let me on thy tender bark
This grand truth to them reveal;
"Who in soft luxurious leisure,
May beside thy stem be laid;
That if man could die with pleasure,
I had died beneath thy shade."

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street,
Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.] Philadelphia, Saturday, November 1, 1806.

[No. 43.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM ITALY,

Being the Continuation of a Series.

Florence, January 31, 1806.

THE libraries of Florence are, first, that of St. Lorenzo, in the church of the same name. This collection was formed by the early members of the Medici family and is said to contain 4000 manuscripts in all the languages of civilization. It is at present rather curious than useful. Some ancient manuscripts, among which are those of Virgil, Tacitus, Boccaccio, &c. are shewn to strangers, and some of them are curious. Second, that of the Riccardi palace, which is nearly similar to that of St. Lorenzo. Third, the Magliabechi, which is the most modern and the most useful.

Attached to the church of St. Lorenzo is the famous chapel of the Medici, a beautiful octagonal chamber encrusted with jaspers, agates, calcedons, and rich to profusion with all sorts of valuable stones. The chapel contains six tombs, of which two only are finished. This extravagance is, however, less pleasing than the works of M. Angelo in the new sacristy adjoining the chapel. These are the mausolea of Julian de Medicis, brother of Leo X, and of Lorenzo de Medicis (father of Catharine de M.) These admirable performances of so great a man gave me much pleasure, as they were the first of his works which I had seen. They illustrate so well the characteristics of his style;

that bold, fierce, fiery composition by which he has given passion to marble, that, although unfinished, they leave scarcely any thing to regret. The other works of Angelo are dispersed amongst the churches. Of John of Bologna, who is, after Angelo, one of the best modern statuaries, there are many works at Florence. The most distinguished is the groupe of the rape of the Sabines in the Laggia, which is a fine performance, happily representing the youth of the virgin, the age of her father, and the maturity of the Roman. In the same Laggia is the most admired work of Donatello, another Tuscan artist, who occupies a rank very near that of Angelo. It is a bronze statue of Judith about to kill Holofernes, who is at her feet. Of Ammanati, Baccio, Bandinelli, and Vincentio Rossi who (with Cellini) complete the list of great Tuscan sculptors, the colossal figure of Neptune, by the first; a religious groupe in the cathedral, by the second; and six pieces representing the exploits of Hercules, which the last has placed in the old palace, are the most interesting performances. I pass lightly over these things, for a catalogue of names is highly unprofitable, and it is difficult to convey by description correct ideas of works of art.

Amongst the buildings which have the best claim to our curiosity should be distinguished the Cathedral, which, though built in the 13th century, has scarcely any of the barbarity which cha-

K k

racterised and disgraced the architecture of that period. Besides the sculpture of Donatello and Angelo, which it contains, it possesses the portrait of Giotto, with the inscriptions of Politian and Aretin, that of Ficinus the Platonist, and of Dante.

The *Baptistery*, so called as being the only church in which baptisms are made, is remarkable for the elegance of its doors, which Angelo, in the enthusiasm natural to an artist, declared ought to serve for the gates of Paradise. They were made by Ghiberti and a Pisan, and the bas reliefs in bronze, representing scenes of scriptural history, are beautifully executed.

The church of Santa Maria Novella may be visited, not on account of its simplicity or elegance, though Angelo (to whom every thing at Florence bears some relation) is said to have called it "the Spouse," only because it contains the celebrated painting of the Virgin by Cimabue. This is among the first productions of the early Florentine school, and it is pleasant to remark the rapid advances which it made. It is indeed very imperfect. The Virgin with her Son are well gilt and sitting in a chair which has no less than three angels on each side; but were it not for the chair, it would be difficult to decide if the principal figure were sitting or standing. So rude were the first attempts at what Raphael so soon perfected, the art of foreshortening figures.

The Dominican convent of *S. Marc* is interesting, as having been a favourite resort of Cosmo, and the seat of the Academy of Arts formed by Lorenzo. It possesses at present the tombs of Politian and the famous Picus of Mirandola, who, at the age of twenty-four, excited so much attention by his thesis *De Omni Scibili*. Those who are fond of miracles may gratify their taste by the sight of a picture which has been the basis of the fame of the *Nunziata*. After the building of this church, an honest painter was charged to represent the annunciation. The good man, at a loss how to represent seraphically the Virgin, luckily fell asleep whilst he was meditating on the arduous undertaking, and when he awoke was delighted, says

the legend, to find before him a head, such as it was impossible for him to have equalled. The circumstance was at least strange; the pious painter declared it miraculous; the monks were very well inclined to believe it; and since, an unbelieving Florentine nearly lost his life by daring to suggest a doubt; the safest as well as the most orthodox plan is to believe and to admire. A fairer claim to attention is the tomb of John of Bologna, and the paintings of Andreas del Sarto. Among the last, the piece called, *The Madonna del Sacco*, in the cloister of the church, is the most esteemed of all his works.

The lovers of the arts do not omit to visit the church of *S. Croce*, which contains the tomb of him who, among the moderns, has cultivated them most successfully. I need not name Michael Angelo. Below the sarcophagus, in which his remains are placed, are three large figures, representing sculpture, architecture, and painting, deploring his loss. Above is placed his bust, accompanied by a small religious painting from his own hand, and two bas reliefs, each of three crowns, intertwined with the quotation from Horace '*ergeminis tollit honoribus*.' Besides the interest derived from the subject, the work has much merit, the figure of painting being particularly admired. The epitaph you have often seen. In the same place is the tomb of Galileo Galilei, who, buried at first in the public square before the church, on account of his heretical doctrines, has at length obtained pardon and an honourable admission. The same justice has been done to Machiavel, who, though a Florentine, was, until the time of Leopold, without a monument. A figure of Justice, with her appropriate emblems, is reclining upon his sarcophagus, over which is his portrait in bas relief, and on which is inscribed, besides his name and the day of his death, the handsome and simple line '*Tanto nomini nullum par Elogium*.'

An idle curiosity may be gratified by a sight of the house which is rendered famous by the story of Bianca Capello. A more rational pleasure may be felt at the view of the modest residence of

Michael Angelo; and an American will not regard without emotion the house of Vespuccius, which, though converted into an hospital, is dedicated by an inscription over the door commemorating his virtues. These two men have left behind them a posterity which does not answer to their talents, though it inherits their names. There is one descendant of Vespuccius, a nobleman, who is altogether undistinguished. Time has dried up the sacred stream of genius. There were three brothers of the *Buonarrotti* family; they were men of some taste, rather, I am told, for science than the arts. The eldest, who was the most promising, embraced the revolutionary principles of the French, with whom he retired into France, where he died. Of the Medici there are still three or four families, the withered branches of the once vigorous tree. For their pretensions to some property of the ancient Medici, they received from Leopold a large indemnification. In renouncing their right to the possessions, they seem to have yielded their claim to the virtues, of their forefathers, and now live in a state somewhat less honourable than that of insignificance.—*Majora canamus.*

For the Port Folio.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, MAY 23.

Foster v. Richards.

The parties in this cause are both linen-draper in Oxford-road.

Sir Vicary Gibbs said, that the defendant was called upon to answer for a new species of deceit. He had been shopman to the plaintiff, and afterwards set up business for himself. The plaintiff had been in partnership with a Mr. Brown, and the trade of his shop was carried on under the firm of Foster and Brown, until 1803. In January of that year, Mr. Brown quitted the concern, and received a large consideration for resigning his interest in favour of the plaintiff. These tradesmen had availed themselves of a popular sign, and had put up a Balloon, twelve or fourteen feet high in the front

of the house, and two other designs of the same kind in the windows. When Mr. Brown retired, the names of Foster and Brown still continued on a conspicuous part of the premises. Thus was the house at which this business was conducted, in a manner so remarkable, that it might be expected it could not be mistaken, or, in other words, that the reputation acquired by Messrs. Foster and Brown, for the justice, honour, and liberality, with which they treated their customers, could not be transferred to any other person. Whatever might be the rational expectations of the plaintiff, they were in this particular most grievously disappointed. The defendant having been employed in the house, knew perfectly the mode of their conducting business, but did not preserve the integrity to which his masters had constantly adhered. His first plan of deception was, to render the house in which he had established business in the same street, as strong a resemblance to that of the plaintiff's as possible. The most obvious distinction was the Balloon, which he imitated as closely, both in size and appearance, as the front or façade of his house admitted. He also introduced the same sign on his windows. But this was not all: he placed the name of Foster and Brown in large characters over his door. Messrs. Foster and Brown had a door in the middle of the house, and a window on each side. The house of the defendant, unluckily, had only one door at the extremity, and a large window ranging over the rest of the front. This dissimilarity, however, he soon removed, and, with the assistance of his mechanics, the door was soon placed in the centre, in conformity with the building occupied by the plaintiff. He did not, like *Abel Drugger*, go to a conjurer to ask for a lucky sign, for he knew, better than the magician could inform him, that the lucky sign was the Balloon. When he sent for the painter to make his sign resemble that of the plaintiff's, the artist said, "You have overlooked the circumstance of not having the same space to dispose of." This difficulty, however, the defendant removed, as far as the nature of his si-

tuation admitted. It was true, that although Foster and Brown was in the centre over the door, yet, that one side was, "Richards," and on the other, "and Company;" and in small diagonal German characters, scarcely perceptible, was the word "from;" so that the whole stood, "Richards, from Foster and Brown and Company;" yet, from the artifice employed, Foster and Brown were the only ostensible names.

The Learned Counsel said, that he should not only prove, that, by the means of this palpable fraud, several individuals were carried to the house of the defendant, who intended to be customers to the plaintiff, but that he should shew, that the defendant himself was instrumental in furthering the deception, and in one particular case he was asked if there was any other Fosters in the same street, to which he replied, that there were not. That the plaintiff had sustained a certain loss would be shewn in evidence; what the extent of the whole loss was, could not be precisely determined: but the Jury would assign their damages according to the best judgment they could form from the circumstances which would be disclosed before them.

Mr. John Brown being called, said that he began business with Mr. Foster, in 1797; that he continued in partnership with him until 1803; and that on his withdrawing, for the good-will of the concern, he received about a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds.

Mrs. Mary Brain said, that she had been recommended to the plaintiff's shop, in Oxford-street, by a friend of hers, Mrs. Davis; that seeing the Balloon, and the names of Foster and Brown, she believed it to be the person who had been named to her. On entering, she asked for some Russia sheeting, and thinking the price demanded rather high, she inquired for the master, Mr. Foster, when she was informed he had just stepped out, that he had gone into the city, and that the shopman did not at all know when he would return.

Lord Ellenborough.—"Do you mean to contend, that the shopman had a general lying commission; for so far you

must proceed, before you can fix it upon the defendant in this way."

Sir Vicary Gibbs.—"I mean to contend that, my Lord. When I prove the intention in the defendant to identify his own shop with that of the plaintiff, it will be a question for the Jury, if the representation of the shopman did not originate with him."

The witness next inquired after some of Mrs. Davis's friends, to which the shopman evasively answered, that Mr. Davis had called upon Mr. Foster. She then asked after the daughters of Mrs. Davis, to which the shopman replied that he hoped they were well. She then inquired if he remembered sending some shawls to Mrs. Davis, to which the shopman answered, that he did not exactly recollect; but on the witness shewing him some shawls on the counter that resembled them, he replied, that he that moment recollected them, they were red shawls, price from three to four guineas. After that, the witness asked for the shop bill, with the statement of the amount of her purchases, on which the shopman observed, that there would not be room to write the bill of parcels on the printed form (on which the name of Richards appeared) and that therefore, if the lady would excuse it, he would make out the account on a blank piece of paper; to which she answered, that, having found her way, the name and number of the shop would be of no consequence. On her cross examination, she said, that while she was conversing with the shopman, the defendant was passing backwards and forwards among his customers, but she would not swear that he heard what passed.

Lord Ellenborough.—"There may be much here which is not evidence. It must be all *uno actu*. It might have been evidence, if she could have said, that the conversation was so loud, that the master could not avoid hearing it."

Ann Stovin said, that she lived in the service of Miss Dixon in Portland Place; that she went to Mr. Richards's shop, mistaking it for that of Messrs. Foster and Brown; that she bought goods there for her mistress, and was surprised not to see the same shopman;

to whom she had given 50l. before in her mistress's drawing room. (It was, in fact, the shopman of the plaintiff.) The witness inquired for this person, and was told by the defendant himself, that he was not at home.

Afterwards Mrs. Horne, who had been deceived in the same manner, was called, and then a man of the name of Chalmers, who had painted the plaintiff's sign, and had also been applied to, to paint the defendant's in a similar way.

Mr. Parke, for the defendant, said, that, unless his Learned Friend had lost his sight, between the Court and Southampton-street, he would find 40 or 50 houses of trade, on which it was represented in what house the tradesman had acquired his knowledge of the business; and to put the proposition *from*, adding the name of the person from whom the occupant's knowledge had been acquired, instead of being derogatory and injurious, was considered rather as a mark of respect and honour to such persons. In order to support the argument of his Learned Friend, Foster and Brown must only be read, and not Richards and Company from Foster and Brown. By excluding the context, his Learned Friend might impose any construction he pleased; even on the volume of Sacred Writ. It was there declared, that "The fool has said in his heart, there is no God." Leave out the prefatory words, and it stood on the highest authority that "there is no God." How was the case proved? By slipshod ladies' maids, and gossiping old women, the former the most useless of all human beings, and the latter the most troublesome, if not the most destructive. Mrs. Brain, who, if she had any brain at all, could not have mistaken one shop for the other, did not even venture to swear that Richards had heard a word of the conversation with the shopman. The fact was, that no deception was either attempted, or intended; and that the defendant had taken the sign of the Balloon, which had become a sort of fashionable invitation to customers ever since the time of Lunardi's aerial expedition. The Jury would easily discover that the whole

affair originated merely in a quarrel between the master and the shopman, because the latter had become the rival of the former; but if these competitions in trade were discountenanced, the public would be liable to the most grievous impositions.

No witnesses were called on for the defendant.

The Lord Chief Justice summed up, at considerable length, and the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—*Damages* 20l.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

It is with much regret I discover that a letter of mine has found its way into your paper, and still more, that it has obtained any remarkable portion of favour, from the ladies whom you count among your readers. As *one* view of an important subject, it may, perhaps, deserve at least the *serious examination* spoken of by the stranger from whom you received it; but, if, by the description of *favorite*, I am to understand that it has been made the subject of any unqualified approbation, I, for one, protest against the indulgence. I have lived, sir, to make a practical comment on the sentiments that I have avowed; and, like many others in this situation, I feel more anxiety on the effect of their adoption, than pride in having been their author.

In taking, even at this distance of time, and after the experience I have acquired, a review of the contents of that letter, I see much which I still believe that I need not blush to have advanced; but there are weak points in my deductions; partial views, tending to deteriorate the human heart, and subtract from the chances of human happiness; and which, therefore, it is peculiarly my duty to place in the most conspicuous light that I am able. I flatter myself that you will assist my wishes, by submitting this letter to the readers of my first.

My object was to apologize to myself, for marrying a man; the date of

whose fortune was that of my attachment; a man, whom, poor, I had seen with indifference, but whom, rich, I loved. I had certainly a delicate task. Venality was on the forehead of my sentiments. But, I had to reconcile this with better pretensions; with a heart not at the disposal of mercenary motives; and this, though, as I have said, a little delicate, was not absolutely impracticable. I may have succeeded in it.

Interest or ambition, that is, the love of luxury or that of glory, mixes itself with the passion of every female heart, however violent. So says Labruyere, in the passage of which, as you have seen, I once made so memorable a use. On this general proposition, I think somewhat differently; though, with reference to marriage, I am still of opinion, that it is, or without censure may, be true. The explanation is, that the love of each and every advantage of life may find a place, without dishonour, in the most amiable breast; and that marriage—that is, a given state of existence—is to be made happy, not solely by the person whom we marry, but also by many other attendant particulars.

Thus far, I believe nothing but benefit can be conveyed by the publication of my sentiments. It is of the nature of passion, to suppose its object the single source of happiness; and the voice of reason must be well employed, in declaring, in opposition to this deceit, that happiness is a collective term, a name intended to signify an aggregate of enjoyments, a condition made up of many parts; and that the acquisition of any one part will not supply the whole: in marriage, the husband is much, but he is not all.

But, all my positions are not equally sound, I may add, equally valuable, with this. When I said, 'When we love any one, in the view of a husband, it is because we think that we shall be happy with him,' I ought to have expressed also, that we love, or ought to love him, because we think we shall be happy in him. In the following, I am ashamed of the weakness of my argument:—'It is very easy also to understand, that she must be the more flattered by the

'love of him who addresses her, when she is well aware that he has other means of occupying his mind; and that she should put the greater faith in its sincerity, or its warmth, the more easily his choice might fall upon another.' Never was there a more assailable doctrine than this; but, the chief error which my letter is calculated to produce, ought to be described with all the distinctness possible: it is one very likely to be popular, because it is precisely the extreme opposite to that which it may supplant. *If, in marriage, the fervor of love may make the husband appear too much, the coldness of interest or ambition, no less illusive, may make him appear too little.* Here is the danger to which the admirers of my letter are exposed; and against which I shall endeavour to warn them, as well on the authority of experience, as of reason.

But, 'It is very easy to understand that she must be the more flattered by the love of him who addresses her, when she is well aware that he has other means of occupying his mind; and that she should put the greater faith in its sincerity or its warmth, the more easily his choice might fall upon another.'—Here, assuredly, are possible grounds of confidence; but, she, that reposes upon them, can never know, but through experience, whether, in truth, they be solid or rotten. There is nothing certain in the premises. However more a young woman may suffer herself to be flattered, she may deceive herself in the belief that a wealthy lover, abounding in independent resources of mental occupation, and enjoyment of every description, must love with a better formed love than him, who, as it is insinuated, begins to love because he has nothing else to do; and continues because no other pleasure diverts his passion. There is nothing in the human character, to be collected either from reflection or observation, that can justify this remark, as to found it on a rule of conduct. All that we know, and all that we have heard, is false, or the wealthy lover, abounding in every means of gratification, solicited by

every stimulus of dissipation, is as prone to resign himself to the narrow reign of passion, and to give his days and nights to sighs for some object of desire, selected only by chance or caprice, as the least purse-burthened youth that ever bewailed himself amid solitude and privation! In both classes, then, are those among whom attachments of this sort are lightly taken up, and lightly laid down, and those that strike deep and endure long. It is not the multitude of our blessings that makes us happy, but their quality. We often reject the highest, and pursue the lowest. Without those we seek,

The cruel something unpossessed,
Corrodes and cankers all the rest.

But, if it be false to infer, that a wealthier lover must be more discriminating in his choice (for this is the only ground of flattery); if this be false (and nothing falser was ever inferred); and it be false also, that his passion, so founded in discrimination, is better calculated to last; so it is more than doubly false, to infer, that a young woman should put greater faith in its sincerity or its warmth, the more easily his choice might fall upon another. This sophism is already partly answered; but, especially when coupled with a more particular and equally fallacious principle, advanced in the earlier part of my letter, it will deserve a refutation still more complete.

I have said, that on the evening after I first saw him who is now my husband, subsequently to his accession to his fortune, I revolved within myself, that, if he should ask me in marriage, this condescension, as I was ready to call it, would show, that he loved me much; for that I certainly had not such a fortune as he might reasonably expect, in the woman whom, in his then circumstances, he might marry.

Sir, if I could be supposed to have meant, that, every thing else out of the question, a young woman might more confidently reckon the sincerity and warmth of a lover of a fortune superior, than one of a fortune inferior, to her own, a position so obvious could need no defence; but if, when taken, as I took it, in company with other

possible circumstances, its infallibility were still contended for, all the principles of human judgment would rise against it. Men are subject to other passions than that of avarice; whereas my position supposes the existence of that alone. By the *sincerity* and *warmth* of a lover, must be understood his exclusive attachment to the person of his mistress: this is certainly the meaning of the expression, though the term is a little loose; for he may be very *sincerely* and *warmly* attached to her fortune, her family expectations, or influence; or he may unite the *sincerest* and *warmest* attachment to her beauty with the coldest disregard or profoundest contempt of every thing else that belongs to the totality of her being. Now, *this* sincerity and warmth may be as suspicious, in a wealthy lover, as in him that is less rich, and as real in the latter as in the former. Many a wealthy man, without *this* sincerity and warmth, has married a woman, not only without fortune equal to his own, but without fortune at all. Avarice, I have said, is not the only passion; and I have named some of the motives that may influence such a man. I have to add the name of one at least as domineering as the rest; of vanity, which, light as it may seem, often governs the most serious things. Vanity may govern on such an occasion as this; and even I, when I said, that should he ask me in marriage, it would show that he loved me much; even I, ought to have reflected, that his asking me in marriage, might possibly, when strictly viewed, show no such thing. How were we situated? He had known me when his fortune was very much inferior to mine; when, in comparison with me, he was poor. At that time, I had treated him with indifference. Arrived, subsequently, at wealth himself, might no little feeling of resentment operate in his mind? Might no sentiment of revenge, no desire of triumph, lead him to think, that the highest benefit to be derived from his superiority, the most decided manifestation of that superiority, consisted in his receiving, with condescension, that hand which, formerly, if he had received at

all, he must have received with gratitude; and in thus acquiring the reputation, or at least a title to the sentiment (certainly no insipid one, even to a rich man), of subjugating; where he had been slighted? Believe me, the heart is not proof against impulses like these.

Again, suddenly raised to a great fortune, might it not be his ambition to crown his prosperity by a marriage with a woman of fashion? or, to display that fortune, in her household, jewels, carriages, servants, and other ingredients of the splendor of society? Were either of these high motives? Did they necessarily imply warmth and sincerity? He might think a wife as necessary to his establishment as his steeds; and very reasonably: for, he could not hang diamonds round the necks of his horses. So much for his possible warmth and sincerity, as it respects, in general terms, the woman he might seek to marry; but then, his choice, his discrimination, his selection of myself;—must this not be very flattering, and a peculiar ground of faith? On the contrary, might he not mechanically turn to me, as one whom he already knew? or, to make the best of it, as one whom he already loved; one whom he now chose, not after that further survey which his new wealth might have enabled him to make, but in continuance of that partiality which had grown in him while that range was not within his power?—Why, therefore, did I think his choice a certain testimony of superior love?

In all this, I consider only the possible delusion that may envelope a young woman, situated like me, and forming my conclusions. I turn now to myself, and propose to re-examine the sentiments by which I was led to desire, and to enter into, the marriage I have described. Helius, now my husband, was originally known to me when his fortune had nothing in it to fix attention, and at that time, though I regarded him with no manner of dislike, it was with complete indifference. I hope that it will not be thought to my disadvantage, that, when the event of his acquisition of fortune fixed upon him

the attention of the world, mine was awakened too. I cannot deserve the imputation of sordid influence, for that, when an extraordinary circumstance had led me to think of him more than usual, and dwell upon the particulars of his person and character; and when, further, it had rendered him a topic of public conversation, when the world was loud and minute in the praise of him of whom before it had said nothing; I say, I cannot deserve the imputation of sordid influence, for that I now gave him my thoughts, and that those thoughts won upon my affections. So far from this, I may even assume it as no improbable hypothesis, that, with a heart, as I have already ventured to describe, and as I shall still call it, not dead to the better feelings, any other circumstance, equally extraordinary, equally calculated to call him to my mind, equally productive of the praises of the world, might alike have gained him my affections, and that I might have loved him in the loss, as much as in the gain, of a fortune. My love, in the latter case might have been less exposed to the misconstruction of others, or the doubts of my own judgment; but it might not have more pure temptation of his merits: either occurrence might have led me to the contemplation of his charms; and, from this contemplation arises love.

But, to take the fact as it was, he acquired a fortune, and I gave him my affections; and I had the happiness to receive the assurance of his. In one respect, indeed, my affections, in this case, differed widely from what they would have been, had I loved an unfortunate rather than fortunate man: I mean, in their foundation. There can be no question; that in loving an unfortunate one, that foundation must have been single; it must have been personal attachment, and that alone; and that such a passion may exist, in spite of the maxim of La Bruyere (which is wrong because it is too general) is certain. In loving Helius, on the contrary, it could not be but that my affections, with the metaphysics of which my heart had nothing to do, with the reality and indulgence of which my

heart was alone concerned, were founded upon many bases. I bore a personal love to Helius, as to one source of happiness; but I loved also gaiety, the pursuits of fashion, the enjoyments of society, the smiles of the world, and all those objects which my education rendered, or had taught me to regard, as other sources of happiness. In marrying Helius, with a prospect of access to all, it could not be but that I anticipated all, and that my ideas of happiness embraced all. It would have been extraordinary too, if the rich presents I received, the luxuries of which I was put into possession, or called upon to choose, had not given me pleasure, had not appeared to me as sources of future pleasure, and consequently sources of happiness. When, therefore, I visited my cousin, and found her without so many of those objects which formed the parts of my happiness; when I saw hers confined to a single object; when I saw that she was to have a husband whom she loved, and nothing more; and, when I compared this short account with mine, who was to have, as well as her, a husband whom I loved, but who had, and was to have, so many other things that I loved also, it was not unnatural, either that at first I regarded her condition as little to be envied, or that, turning in to my heart for its holier affections, I should next have regarded it as to be envied more than all. Destitute of so many of my delights, I might naturally imagine her, at a superficial glance, an object of compassion; but, when I saw that her complacency was equal to my own; when I saw that her heart was as amply filled by her single sentiment, as my heart by the crowd of mine; when I examined the features of the accessories, the numerous train of the principal; when I perceived how much room they occupied; when I compared the frivolity of these with the grandeur of that; it was equally natural that I should accuse my divided affections, and impeach the purity of a heart in which they were allowed so large a share. It was then that I called myself sordid, and that, susceptible of better impressions, I wept at my delinquency; it was then that I accused my-

self of loving him, not for himself, but for those enjoyments of the world which would have been equally sweet at the hands of any one else; it was then that I suspected myself an impostor; one who was to speak, and look, and act the part of love, only as a medium through which was to be acquired a splendid maintenance; it was then that I started at the thought of thus plunging myself, in my own eyes, into the condition of the meanest of my sex.

But, here too, in point of reasoning at least, I was in error. Because I loved the enjoyments of society, it was no necessary consequence that I had no love, that is no exclusive love, for the person of my husband. I might be governed by both. In truth, I ran, as usual, into the delusion opposite to that I dreaded. I discovered and shuddered at the vortex of interested motives, and rushed into the arms of *romance*. I saw the error, of calculating upon the happiness of a marriage, without giving the husband a large share in the account; and I accused myself, because I could not persuade myself, as, in my enthusiasm it appeared to me I ought, that the husband was all.

In this long letter, Mr. Oldschool, I have confined myself to qualifying the principles, and correcting the arguments, advanced in that which you have published. I shall not stop here. I shall trouble you with another, more painful to myself, but more generally useful perhaps to others, in which will be seen the possible evils of a marriage contracted like mine. Dragged as my story has been into the world, I cannot consent that it shall remain without the comment it deserves. I am not at ease under the thought, that my letter shall be quoted by the venal, in justification of their venality; that the girl who, incapable of love, marries only with sordid views, shall appeal to the name of Helianthe; that the sincere and fervent lover, abandoned for a wealthier, shall curse the precepts of Helianthe; or that she, whose heart is not of a mould to be satisfied with what alone wealth and fashion and splendor have to bestow, should, in a moment

fatal to her peace, enter a path where there is no happiness; or, too diffident in meditation, suffer her better wisdom to bow before the wisdom of Helianthe. I would not add a votary to meanness; nor disturb, in one breast, the confidence of virtue.

HELIANTHE.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

The following stanzas exhibit many brilliant metaphors.

A CHARM FOR ENNUI, A MATRIMONIAL BALLAD.

By William Haytey, Esq.

Ye couples, who meet under Love's smiling star,
Too gentle to skirmish, too soft e'er to jar,
Tho' cover'd with roses from joy's richest tree,
Near the couch of delight lurks the dæmon Ennui.

Let the Muses' gay lyre, like Ithuriel's bright spear,
Keep this fiend, ye sweet brides, from approaching your ear;
Since you know the squat toad's dark infernal esprit,
Never listen, like Eve, to the devil Ennui.

Let no gloom of your hall, no shade of your bower,
Make you think you behold this malevolent power;
Like a child in the dark, what you fear you will see;

Take courage, away flies the phantom Ennui.
O trust me, the powers both of person and mind,

To defeat this sly foe full sufficient you'll find;

Should your eyes fail to kill him, with keen repartee,

You can sink the flat boat of the invader Ennui.

If a cool non-chalance o'er your sposo should spread,

For vapours will rise e'en on Jupiter's head,
O ever believe it, from jealousy free,

A thin passing cloud, not the fog of Ennui.
Of tender, complainings thò' love be the theme,

O beware, my sweet friends, 'tis a dangerous theme;

And thò' often 'tis try'd, mark the pauvre mari,

Thus by kindness inclos'd in the coop of Ennui.

Let confidence, rising such meanness above,
Drown the discord of doubt in the music of love;

Your duet shall thus charm in the natural key,

No sharps from vexation, no flats from Ennui.

But to you, happy husbands, in matters more nice,

The Muse, thò' a maiden, now offers advice;
O drink not too keenly your bumper of glee,
Even Ecstasy's cup has some dregs of Ennui.

Tho' Love for your lips fill with nectar his bowl,

Tho' his warm bath of blessings inspirit your soul,

O swim not too far on bright rapture's high sea,

Lest you sink unawares in the gulph of Ennui.

Impatient of law, Passion oft will reply,
"Against limitations I'll plead till I die,"
But Chief Justice Nature rejects the vain plea,

And such culprits are doom'd to the jail of Ennui.

When husband and wife are of honeytoo fond,
They're like poison'd earp at the top of a pond.

Together they gape o'er a cold dish of tea,
Two muddy sick fish in the net of Ennui.

Of indolence most, ye mild couples, beware,
For the myrtles of Love often hide her soft snare;

The fond doves in their net from his pounce cannot flee,

But the lark in the morn 'scapes the dæmon Ennui.

Let cheerful good-humour, that sun-shine of life,

With smiles in the maiden, illumine the wife,

And mutual attention, in equal degree,
Keep Hymen's bright chain from the rust of Ennui.

Ta the Graces together, O fail not to bend,
And both to the voice of the Muses attend,
So Minerva for you shall with Cupid agree,
And preserve your chaste flame from the smoke of Ennui.

On Saturday were sold thirty-two cabinet pictures, lately brought from Holland. The favorites were a broken landscape, by Berghem, mountainous pass, by Both; boors smoaking and regaling, by Teniers; a similar subject by Ostade; a landscape, by Cuyp; and a farm-yard and cattle, by Potter. These six small paintings were sold under the hammer for three thousand three hundred and thirty-five guineas.

[Lon. pap.]

EQUALITY.

The constant struggle which ignorant zeal maintains against nature and reason, in favour of *perfect equality* among men, has been seldom thought to require the *serious animadversions* of men of sound understanding. We have, however, found an accomplished author, who to our astonishment treats this subject without laughter!!—

[Post Boy.

Though children come into the world equally helpless, yet, in a few years, as soon as their bodies acquire vigour, and their minds and passions are expanded and developed, *we perceive an infinite difference* in their natural powers, capacities and propensities; and this *inequality* is still further increased by the instruction which they happen to receive.

Independent of any positive regulations, the *unequal industry and virtues* of men must necessarily create unequal rights. But it is said that all men are equal because they have an equal right to justice, or to the possession of their rights. This is an insignificant self-evident truth, which no one ever denied, and it amounts to nothing more than the identical proposition, that all men have equal rights to their rights: for when different men have perfect and absolute rights to unequal things, they are certainly equal with regard to the perfection of their rights, or the justice that is due to their respective claims. This is the only sense in which equality can be applied to mankind. In the *most perfect republic* that can be conceived in theory, the proposition is false and mischievous; the father and the child, the master and the servant, the judge and the prisoner, *must be eternally unequal and have unequal rights*. And where every one is elective, the most virtuous and best qualified to discharge the duties of any office, *have rights and claims superior to others*.

Subordination in every society is the bond of its existence; the highest and the lowest individuals derive their strength and security from their mutual assistance and dependence; as in the natural body *the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of*

you. Milton makes Satan, even when warring against heaven's king, address his legions thus;

If not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.—

True liberty consists in making every higher degree accessible to those who are in a lower, if virtue and talents are there found to deserve advancement.

I do not find the ensuing song in Dibdin's revised edition, but it partakes of much of his manner. The compliment to the gallant admiral, though coarsely, is characteristically expressed.

I've sail'd the salt seas pretty much,
And rough'd it in all weathers,
The French, the Spanish, and the Dutch,
To buckle to their tethers;
And in these voyages I must need
You see have know'd some service,
But all I've know'd and all I've see'd
Is now out-done by Jervis.

You heard, I s'pose, the people talk
Of Benbow and Boscawen,
Of Anson, Pocock, Vernon, Hawke,
And many more then going;
All pretty lads and brave, and *rum*
That see'd much noble service,
But, lord, their merit's all a-hum
Compar'd to admiral Jervis.

Now there's the famous ninety-two,
That made so great a bustle,
When the Rising Sun and her whole crew
Were all sent down by Russel:
A glorious fight I've heard them say,
And pretty was the service,
But not like that on *Vol'ntine's* day,
Led on by valiant Jervis.

Bold Rodney did the kingdom thank
For that brush in the West-Indies,
And Parker on the Dogger bank
The Dutch beat off the hinges;
Van Tromp said how he'd sweep the sea,
Till Blake shew'd him some service;
Fine fellows all, but don't tell me
That they're the likes of Jervis.

Howe made the Frenchmen dance a tune,
An admiral great and glorious,
Witness for that the first of June,
Lord how he was victorious!
A noble sight as e'er was seen,
And did the country service,
But twenty-seven beat with fifteen
None ever did but Jervis.

As for that same equality
That this battle well was foughted,
In England high and low degree
Are equally delighted;

'Tis in the mouths of all one meets,
All praise this noble service,
And ballad singers in the streets
Roars admirable Jervis.

They say that he's become a lord
At his majesty's desire,
He always was a *king aboard*,
How can they lift him higher?

'Tis noble, that must be confest,
And suits such worthy service,
But the title he'll be known by best
Will be gallant admiral Jervis.

To Thompson let the bumbo pass,
Grey, Parker, Waldgrave, Calder,
NELSON, that took St. Nicholas,
My eyes, why how he maul'd her!
But we a freight of grog might start,
To drink all on that service,
Here's blessings on each noble heart
That fought with admiral Jervis.

Then bless the KING and bless the QUEEN,
And bless the Fam'ly Royal,
Let Frenchmen come, 'twill soon be seen
That British hearts are loyal:
Let Dutch and Spaniards join their hosts,
They'll see some pretty service,
Zounds! who's afraid? when England boasts
Such admirals as Jervis.

M. G. Lewis has expressed himself
with great delicacy in the ensuing
lines:—

My only wish to see him blest,
His heart my only treasure,
One object fills my constant breast,
And makes my pain and pleasure;
His frown can cloud the brightest day,
His smile alone can cheer me,
I know no joy when he's away,
No sorrow, when he's near me.
To dwell with him in lowly shed,
With him so good and tender,
My father's princely court I fled,
And scorn'd its ease and splendour,
For well I felt 'twas greater bliss
Than aught I then could number,
A sufferer's tears away to kiss
And lull his woes to slumber.

Carlini was the first comic actor on
the stage of Padua; a single glance of
his eye would diffuse smiles over the
most rigid countenance. A gentleman
one morning waited on the first physi-
cian in that city, and requested he
would prescribe for a disease to which
he was not merely a subject, but a vic-
tim—Melancholy—"Melancholy," re-
peated the Doctor, "You must go to
the Theatre, and Carlini will soon dis-
sipate your gloom, and enliven your
spirits."—"Dear Sir," said the patient,

seizing the Doctor by the hand, "ex-
cuse me; I am Carlini himself; at the
moment I convulse the audience with
laughter, I am the prey of the disease
I came to consult you on."

THE KISS,

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

From rose-buds yet unblown, whose orient
morn

Opes the young blush, unconscious of a
thorn,

The purest purple take, and steal from May
The pearl that gems the lawn when springs
the day;

Crop the chaste violet from her scented bed,
And spoil the primrose of his velvet head,
With Hybla's store the luscious labour fill,
Diffusing odours as the drops distil;
But search, O search the aromatic joy,
One latent sting would all thy care destroy;
Now cheer with hope, and now a smile in-
fuse,

Bath'd by the Muses in Castalian dews;
Now *Paphia* thrice invoke: with pious hand
Thrice dip the magic of her myrtle wand;
Into the nectar'd mass let zephyr fling
The newest, earliest whisper of the spring;
Now haste to *Saba*; now returning, breathe
The gale that wantons on the summer-
wreath;

The note of Beauty's darling bird prepare,
And mix the murmur of the turtle there;
'Tis done: and hark the chirp respondent
rhymes

With Love's dear poesy in dulcet chimes:
It breathes! the *senses* feel the blest con-
troul,

And joy and transport chain the charmed
soul.

See! finish'd lives the spell of full delight,
And fragrance, melody, and grace unite:
But say, ye muses, in what favour'd soil
Blooms this fair blossom of your balmy toil;
On *Laura's lip* resides the treasure'd bliss,
And poets mould the rapture to a *kiss*.

Lines on Mr. Foot, the snuff-manu-
facturer of Dibdin:

When a man is dispos'd to bestow a sound
licking,

Nine times out of ten, he commences by
kicking,

Where applied shall be nameless—though
what's applied to't

I need hardly mention—you know 'tis a *foot*;
But here is a *Foot*, who, though curious the
case is,

Presumes to aspire to the king's subjects'
faces;

Unmolested proceeds, nor cares who op-
poses,

While two thirds of the empire he leads by
the *nostrs*.

IMITATION OF SECUNDUS.

KISS THE SIXTH.

By Edmund L. Swift, Esq.

For a sweet memorandum two thousand
sweet kisses

Between us divided we took and we give,
I own you have made up your number of
blisses,

But is Cupid of cold calculation the slave?
When I walk in my meadows the grass shall
I measure,

And hope for my harvest so much and no
more?

When expecting my vines shall I limit their
treasure,

And call in my bees by the ten and the
score?

When rushes the hail storm, or patters the
shower,

Who curiously numbers the drops as they
fall?

Or the leaves of the tree, or the tints of the
flower?

And where were the profit to number
them all?

And thou, my fair goddess, oh! fairer than
Venus,

Why bound thy delights and thy beauties
divine,

Why number so nicely the kisses between
us,

Yet tell not these tears and these sorrows
of mine?

Oh number my tears and thy kisses toge-
ther,

All tears and all kisses—no tear and no
kiss,

For both should in justice be number'd, or
neither,

Is my anguish unbounded? oh, bound not
my bliss!

ANACREONTIC,

By Theophilus Swift, Esq.

Fill, fill the goblet—let it flow,
The womb of Joy the grave of Wo,

Let sober mortals sit and think,

I learn philosophy in drink,

My brain in rolling visions whirl'd

Describes the motion of the world,

And circling glasses to mine ears

Strike up the music of the spheres.

High foams the bowl, above the brim

In lunar rage my senses swim:—

My glass the moon:—my nightly rule

Displays her always at the full,

And still my daily round I run

With punctual pace:—my glass the sun;

Yes, yes, our potent glass surpasses,

Old Tycho Brahe, thy boasted glasses:

One object they present to view,

For every one this gives us two.

Who doubly sees is doubly wise.—

'Tis here the true attraction lies:

No power centripetal we ask.

To seek the center of the cask,

That gives what nature's laws deny,

Attraction without gravity.

Come, learn of me true wisdom's lore,

Heard you that shout? Again they roar.

'Tis Comus with his midnight throng,

Laughter, and Mirth, and Dance, and Song,

And Joy, and Joke, and Sport, and Play,

They come! I feel, I bless their sway;

Sad Care and Sorrow's wrinkled frown

In the Red Sea they come to drown.

To beauty let the bumper flow,

The man that flinches is my foe.

Let Discord drop no hostile ball,

No tears but of the tankard fall!

Now give thy wearied cup the pause

Prescrib'd by Order's decent laws:

Now be the favourite damsel seen

With every cup a kiss between,

To temper with her smile the bowl,

And calm the fury of my soul.

Again the kiss; the cup again;

Another, and another then;

I envy not the state of Jove,

Inspir'd by wisdom, wine, and love.

THE EASY CHAIR.

Come, thou indulgent friend to soft repose,
Whether with crimson, green, or yellow

lin'd;

Come with thy downy lap, and let's em-
brace,

While thus supine I sink into thy arms.

When man can't saunter thro' the silent
grove,

Or under shade to tufted trees, alone

Indulge in solitude his weary hours;

When chilling damps, or winter's nipping
frost,

Denies access to silent hawthorn bow'rs:

Oh grant him, heav'n! grant him your next
best gift,

The soft, reclining, gentle, Easy Chair:

There, if by gambol, or in jocund dance,

Or if by skating o'er the frozen stream

(Health breeding exercise) he chance to
tire,

There brisk activity gives up her sway

And yields dominion to all-powerful Ease.

Hail, smiling Ease! philosophy's great
pride,

Mother of Meditation, and the nurse

Of all the tribes in sportive Fancy's train.

Without thy care great Newton ne'er had
found

The laws of nature, or discover'd worlds.

Hail, cheerful ruler of the mental pow'rs!

Here now accept a vot'ry at thy shrine,

And cheer with smiles a wearied son of
Care!

Dr. Johnson sometimes ridicules al-
literation, and yet of this figure he
makes a very liberal use in his Ram-

bler. In his imitation of the third satire of Juvenal a very remarkable instance occurs. The *injured Thales* is exhorting his friend to migrate into the country. Go, he cries,

While yet your steady step no staff sustains,
And life, still vigorous, revels in your veins.

The following is a moral lesson elegantly expressed:—

Bright rose the morn : a spicy gale
Breath'd o'er the shelter'd Indian vale,
When Isabel, pure Nature's child,
Explor'd the hill and forest wild,
Loose flow'd her locks and silken vest,
As soft the breezes fann'd her breast.
On a near hillock's sun-gilt side,
A snake display'd his scaly pride,
Evolv'd from many a graceful fold,
His sides were gay with green and gold:
The maid admir'd the stranger guest,
And fondly plac'd him in her breast.
Awhile secure, and warmly laid,
He lightly round her bosom play'd;
And rais'd his head in sportive guise,
And darted lightnings from his eyes;
Transported she the snake caress'd,
And strain'd him closer to her breast.
But soon the luckless maiden found
The horrors of the poison'd wound,
She felt the chilling dews of death,
The creeping pulse, the struggling breath,
And, dying, mourn'd the hour she prest
The glittering stranger to her breast.

An Irish gentleman was lately asked what was the news of the day. He answered, 'indeed, my dear, there is nothing *a-float*, but that some of our ships are *gone to the bottom*.'

AT NIGHT.*

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
Of footstep coming soft and light;
What pleasure in the anxious beat
With which the bosom flies to meet
That foot, that comes so soft at night.
And when at night how sweet to say,
" 'Tis late, my love !" and chide delay,
Tho' still the western clouds are bright;
Oh, happy too the silent press,
The eloquence of mild caress,
With those we love, exchange'd at night.

* These lines allude to a curious lamp which has for its device a Cupid with the words, "AT NIGHT" written over him.

At night, what dear employ to trace
In fancy, every glowing grace.

That's hid by darkness from the sight;
And guess, by every broken sigh,
What tales of bliss the shrouded eye
Is telling from the soul at night.

ANECDOTES, &c.

A young lady marrying a man she loved, and leaving many friends in town, to retire with him into the country, Mrs. Damer said, prettily, "She has turned one-and-twenty shillings into a guinea."

During the poll for Westminster, in 1784, a dead cat being thrown on the hustings, one of Sir Cecil Wray's party observed it stunk worse than a *fox*: to which Mr. Fox replied, there was nothing extraordinary in that, considering it was a *poll-cat*.

Charles Bannister going into a shop with Parsons, the latter was curious in examining an *electrical ecl*, and asked Bannister what sort of a pye he thought it would make. The other replied, "*A shocking one*."

A witness, in the court of King's Bench, being cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, that learned gentleman asked him if he was not a *fortune-teller*. "I am not," answered the witness; "but if every one had his due, I should have no difficulty in telling your fortune."—"Well, fellow!" says Mr. Garrow, "pray what is to be my fortune?"—"Why, sir," rejoined the witness, "I understand you made your *first speech* at the *Old Bailey*, and I think it is probable that you will there make your *last speech*."

Lord Kenyon told the witness angrily, "That he would commit him."—"I hope," answered he, "your lordship will not commit yourself."

Lord Thurlow, when at the bar, meeting a templar, the latter said, "Thurlow, I am told the bar-maid at Nando's is with child."—"Well, what the devil's that to me?"—"Why, I am told the child's yours."—"Well, what the devil's that to you?"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

When Telephus my Lydia charms,
When his fair neck and graceful arms

Thy undesigning soul ensnare:
My cheek the fickle colour flies,
My heart ascending to my eyes,
Mourns thy unkindness there.

The scalding tear unheeded flows,
The silent witness of my woes.

The pangs of secret sorrow prove;
A fever tingling through my veins,
The lingering slow-consuming pains
Of unrequited love.

I burn with rage, with envy pine,
For the mad youth inflam'd by wine,
With riot stain'd thy snowy breast;
Stung with delirious desire,
Thy lips, which soft delight inspire,
His savage teeth imprint.

Believe me, this inconstant boy
Would those delicious lips enjoy
And then their treasur'd sweets despoil,
In her ambrosial fount of bliss
Venus has bath'd thy melting kiss,
And saint-seducing smile.

'Tis more than earthly bliss to find
The ties congenial spirits bind
Unbroken by connubial strife;
For wedlock's soft and silken chain
Utorn, unsever'd will remain
To the last hour of life.

C.

HORAT. LIB. I. OD. XIII.

AD LYDIAM.

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam et cerca Telephi
Laudas brachia, vā, meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certā sede manet: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quān lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turpārunt humeros immodicā mero
Rixā; sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam.
Non, si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum; dulcia barbarē
Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quintā parte sui nectaris imbuit.
Felices ter et ampliūs
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsua querimoniis,
Supremā citius solvet amor dñe.

EPIGRAMS.

Happy the youth who can but see
Thy beauteous form; yet happier he
Who hangs enamour'd on thy song,
And drinks the music of thy tongue:
Almost a god is he who sips
The balmy nectar of thy lips;
But, oh! to whom you *all* resign
Is quite immortal and divine.

FROM MONS. CATIN.

I perish of too much desire,
If she inexorable prove;
And shall with too much joy expire
If she be gracious to my love:
Thus nought can cure my wounded breast;
But I most certain am to die,
Or by the ill, by which possess,
Or by the happy remedy.

I've lost my mistress, horse, and wife;
But when I think on human life,
I'm glad it is no worse:
My wife was ugly and a scold,
My Chloe was grown stale and cold—
I'm sorry for my horse.

*On the statue of King George II being placed
on the top of Bloomsbury spire.*

The king of Great-Britain was reckon'd be-
fore
The head of the church, by all good
Christian people;
His subjects of Bloomsbury have added one
more
To his titles, and made him the head of
the steeple.

*On hearing a Young Lady too frequently ex-
claim "the Devil."*

Yes, I have said that being would be blest,
By whom so sweet a maid should be possess'd,
But now I own myself a wretched guesser,
I never dreamt the Devil would possess her.

Another on a similar occasion.

See, round her lips the ready devils fly,
Mix with her words and bask beneath her
eye!
Pleas'd that so sweet a station should be
given,
They half forget they ever fell from heaven.

ANOTHER.

The charms of Ellen who shall dare deny?
Youth decks her cheek, and Love informs
her eye;
Her mouth would mollify a heart of flint,
So truly tempting that the devil's in't.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Upon some hasty errand Tom was sent,
 And met his parish curate as he went,
 But just like what he was a sorry clown,
 It seems he pass'd him with a cover'd crown.
 The gownman stopp'd, and turning, sternly
 said,
 I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught
 than fed,
 Why aye, says Tom, still jogging on, that's
 true,
 Thank God, he feeds me, but I'm taught by
 you.

My works the reader and the hearer praise—
 They're incorrect, a brother poet says;
 But let him rail: for when I give a feast,
 Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

A Wife cheaper than a Mistress.

Inflam'd with Chloe's marketable charms,
 Strephon by bond secur'd her to his arms:
 Then, growing wiser, as he grew less fond,
 Espous'd the lady, to secure the bond;
 Now, all the witlings of the turf alledge
 Strephon's was not a wedding, but a hedge.

THE DILIGENT HELPMATE.

While busy Tim his shop attends,
 His *dear*ee trades with private friends;
 The only difference this is:
 While Tim, by every bargain made
 Diminishes his stock in trade,
 His wife his stock encreases.

Mary, my chambermaid, a black-eyed lass,
 Complain'd that she all day in labour was;
 I laugh'd at her simplicity, and said,
 Surely at night then you'll be brought to bed.

To bring thee custom, Dick, thy wife is
 made,
 To flaunt it in thy shop with gay brocade;
 And on each heedless passenger to try
 The amorous efforts of her ogling eye:
 By this thou'lt get no custom, silly elf,
 For thy dear spouse will get it all herself.

INSCRIBED, ON AN HOUR-GLASS.

These little atoms, that in silence pour
 And measure out with even pace the hour,
 Were once Alcippus; struck by Galla's eyes,
 Wretched he burnt, and here in ashes lies:
 Which, ever streaming, this sad truth attest,
 "That lovers count the time, and know no
 rest."

On the Marriage of Mr. Smart to Miss Pain.

Two lovers, pierc'd by Cupid's dart,
 Long sigh'd for Hymen's chain,
 She kindly wish'd to have his *Smart*,
 And he to have her *Pain*.
 A priest they call'd, nor call'd in vain,
 His blessing to impart;
 He soon gave longing Colin *Pain*,
 And made fond Lucy *Smart*.

Parsons and lawyers both, you'll find,
 By mourning suits are known;
 One for the sins of all mankind,
 And t'other for their own.

Cries logical Robert to Ned, will you dare
 A bet, which has most legs a mare or no
mare;
 A mare, to be sure, replies Ned, with a
 grin,
 And fifty I'll lay, for I'm certain to win;
 Quoth Bob, you have lost, sure as you are
 alive,
 A mare has but four legs, and no *mare* has
 five.

When painters, or sculptors give Justice a
 face,
 On her eyes a broad bandage to blind her
 they place;
 But, methinks, with all proper respect for
 the law,
 She might judge so much better the better
 she saw:
 Tie her hands, if you please; and I care not
 how much,
 She may look where she will—so you don't
 let her touch.

Tho' George, with respect to the wrong and
 the right,
 Is of twenty opinions 'twixt morning and
 night;
 If you call him a turncoat, you injure the
 man,
 He's the pink of consistency on his own plan.
 While to stick to the strongest is always his
 trim,
 'Tis not he changes sides, 'tis the *side*
changes him!

EPITAPH ON A HUNTSMAN.

Here lies John Mills, who over hills
 Pursu'd the hounds with hollow;
 The leap, though high from earth to sky,
 The huntsman we must follow.

The Price of the Port. Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
 in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, November 8, 1806.

[No. 44.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM ITALY,

Being the Continuation of a Series.

Florence, January 31, 1806.

IT is difficult for a passing stranger to catch the spirit, or examine deeply the policy of any government. But the politics of Tuscany float on the surface. Florence is governed by a woman. The name epitomizes all that is weak and helpless and decrepid. Nature seems to have declared that neither priests nor women should ever reign. The human heart is their natural, and ought to be their only, empire; over this wide dominion religion and love may alternately rule, but never pass. Yet I avow myself a much greater admirer of female than of clerical government. The vibrations of a woman's temper, though they may turn you aside, at least preserve you from sinking; but Catholic priesthood tends always to the bottom.

The present Queen was born, if the obsequious almanac can be trusted, in 1782, and was, a few years since, left a widow and the regent of Tuscany. She is in person not handsome, but has the appearance of grace and dignity. Her character is that of a prudent personage, but a woman. Her highest ambition is to drive a coach and four with her own hands in the Cassino, and her most shining talents are displayed in her execution of it. The son, who is the actual king, and about seven years of age, has not yet been pronounced,

either by maternal fondness or courtly discernment, a prodigy; and my republican eyes could discover nothing about the young princess, in her nurse's arms, which distinguished her from other babies. The Queen reigns despotically, having nothing in the form of the government to control her. Her labours are divided between a council of finance, of state, and of war; all of which, however, seem to be governed by the genius, and almost to center in the person, of a certain Mozzi. With regard to these three objects, it is very difficult to obtain accurate data. The late king Leopold, who had too much discretion to conceal the situation of his country, published, in 1790, a work to illustrate its resources and to point out the means by which he proposed to augment them. Since that time, a new system has superseded his candor and his talents, and the changes which have affected all its neighbours have of course altered the position of Tuscany. Its *finances* are not, however, very considerable; the government having few wants. But, having also few ports of commerce, and its principal one, Leghorn, being exempted from duties, the burden of taxes falls upon the agriculturist, who is therefore more oppressed than if trade contributed its portion. That *trade* consists in the exportation of the original produce of the country, and the re-exportation of what is deposited there. The first objects are not very numerous; for, although Tuscany embraces a country thirty leagues wide

M m

and forty long, as rich and well cultivated as any of Italy, yet, beside the grain and some oil, the exports are chiefly straw hats and a few fruits. The re-exportations are principally the wines of Corsica; those of Florence, though good, being too light for exportation; the oils of Calabria, and the produce of Greece and the Levant. The chief commerce is, indeed, that of deposit, its situation making it convenient for all parts of the Mediterranean, and at the present moment, its neutrality, its freedom from duty, and the ruin of the French commerce, gives it considerable advantages. Its imports are chiefly, as I have mentioned, the productions of the Levant, and the sugars, coffee, and tobacco of America. The free exportation of grain was among the wise and liberal acts of Leopold. The establishment of this great principle, for which the economists of France have so long and so ineffectually struggled, was occasioned by a famine; and was found to operate very beneficially. But of late years (I am not certain, but I think) they have permitted this law to become obsolete, though without actually repealing it.

The *state* department, which concerns its political connexions, is nominally filled by Florentines, and regulated by the Queen. But all the wires are moved by Beauharnois, the uncle of the vice-roy of Italy, and the French minister here, who, though he stands behind the curtain, is constantly to be perceived through it. His government not only decides all the foreign relations, but descends to the minutest interior arrangements of Tuscany. This state of things, however, will not last long. The political storm is blowing so much harder that the small boats can no longer be towed, but must come on board of the large vessels. Tuscany would be another kingdom to reward some deserving soldier; it would be a pleasant addition to the kingdom of Italy; and the prince of Piombino and Lucca would wish to extend his territories, at present too small for a brother of the emperor. The small countries seem all in a dangerous condition, and I expect that Florence will soon ex-

change the shadow for the memory of its independence.

The *war* division of the government cannot boast of any distinguished officer; but three thousand men, covered with lace, parade in the squares, and attend the Queen to the play. Such is at least the number of standing troops, and the objects which chiefly occupy them.

But, whatever may be said of the government, the people of Tuscany enjoy, I believe, more happiness than most of the Italian states. They are neither burning with the fever of the vice-royalty, nor palsied by the lethargic influence of Papal government. The military conscription, the most oppressive of all taxes, because it operates at once on the property and the feelings, has not yet reached them.

Their soil is fertile, and their country in general flourishing. The city of Florence is not the most flourishing part of it, as it has no commerce; and the prosperity of the citizens has been exposed to the influence of the great events which have been so destructive to the neighbouring nations. The Florentines have, however, been fortunate in escaping many of these evils. They have prudently bent before the storm which they could not resist, and have purchased, at the price of insult and partial loss, an exemption from total ruin. The passage of the French troops, the carrying off of one of Raphael's paintings, and of the Venus de Medicis, may be ranked among the most serious evils which have been caused *directly* by the French revolution.

The people of Florence had once the reputation of being hospitable. They have now lost that character. The situation of their country, and the unfortunate war which threatens to desolate Italy, has banished urbanity, and at present there is scarcely any society. The women are, however, handsome, and we are told that the Roman face has preserved itself more purely at Florence than even at Rome itself. Since my arrival, the Carnival has begun. This has not, however, given much additional gaiety to the city, though it has

opened the theatres and the masquerades.

The state of letters and the arts would be an interesting subject of inquiry in a country which was their cradle, but their present history is short and melancholy. The reigning Queen has scarcely taste or fortune enough to be a liberal patroness; and, although the academy of arts boasts many students, yet, Rome is too far her superior to permit her to count any artist of distinction. The elegant models, which her collections contain, serve only to enlighten her neighbours, without giving life or warmth to herself.

The cause of letters was well supported by the Della Crusca, the Florentine and the Apatisti academies; the first of which is most known abroad by its exertions in fixing the idiom of the language. But all these three institutions were blended together in 1783, in order to form the Royal Florentine Academy, which is now the support of Florentine literature. Yet it would seem that its zeal is not oppressive. The academy, according to the candid and expressive avowal of a member, meets in the summer months. They read memorials, but never print them, nor do they possess many men known beyond the bounds of their city. But it would be unreasonable to expect that much attention should be given to actual literature, whilst so little was paid to gather and preserve the past. Until the time of Roscoe, Florence itself was without an elegant or accurate history of its great benefactor; and it was reserved for a distant Islander to reflect from afar the lucid image of the virtues which were once her honour and now her reproach. This noble effort, which is well known and appreciated here, might have awakened the slumbering indifference of the Florentines. But they slept till they felt a new impulse from abroad. Lord Aberdeen, one of that class which has resisted, longer than any other nobility, the corrosion of hereditary wealth and unblushing idleness, directed a search through all the libraries for manuscripts of Lorenzo. His inquiries were very successful, but before receiving the pa-

pers from the hands of the librarians, he went on an excursion to Naples, where he embarked for Constantinople. This took place about two or three years ago, and they have never since heard from him. The keeper of the Lorenzo library, who now possesses them, tells me that unless he receives some directions from Lord Aberdeen, he may publish them himself in five or six months. Yet, why does not the fortune and the genius of Florence eagerly seize these relics, which now depend on the caprice of foreigners? I have seen these manuscripts. They consist of poems by Lorenzo himself; and by his sons Peter and Julian. Those of Lorenzo are songs and sonnets; those of Peter are chiefly sonnets; those of Julian songs and sonnets, but more of the first than of the second. Of the two children of Lorenzo, Julian seems to have inherited the largest portion of his talents. In the present collection, the works of Julian are the most numerous and the most esteemed. I hope they will shortly be given to the world.

You see what a scribbler I become when the rage of writing seizes me. I am almost frightened at the race I have run. In wishing to select some points of interest, I have wandered far and wide; yet, my subject is Florence, and this letter is addressed to —.

P. S. I shall leave Florence in a day or two for Rome, as I wish to see the so-much-talked-of Roman Carnival.

For the Port Folio.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, MAY 24.

The King v. Jukes.

THEATRICAL FRACAS.—Mr. Parke stated that this was an indictment charging the defendant with an insult upon Mr. Henry Erskine Johnston, of Covent Garden Theatre. The indictment which he was about to open grew out of an evil which, he lamented to state, had of late years increased prodigiously. It was an evil which all good men and every father of a family most deeply lamented and deplored. So long as such

a nuisance existed, no man who had any regard for his daughters, or for morality and common decency, could attend the Theatre. What he alluded to was the disgraceful conduct of ladies, and men of a certain description who frequented the boxes, and who generally disturbed and annoyed not only those nearest them, but also the whole of the audience. He then stated that he believed the whole of the Jury had heard of Mr. Johnston as a very respectable performer. He had been married for some years to a lady of the most unexceptionable character, who was also a popular actress at Covent-Garden Theatre.

On the 14th of November last, a new play was acted, in which Mrs. Johnston had a prominent part. Mr. Johnston went to the upper boxes of the Theatre, with a party of friends, to witness the performance. A Mr. Mingay, and two women, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Ross, ladies notorious in the lobby of the Theatre, went into the adjoining box, where a gentleman and his family were sitting.—At the drawing of the curtain, Mingay, with his female friends, interrupted the business of the stage in such a manner, as to destroy the effect of the scene. A general vociferation of "Silence!" was heard from the surrounding boxes, and amongst others Mr. Johnston so spoke. The defendant joined the noisy company at the end of the first act, and in the second they began to make satirical remarks on the dress of Mrs. H. Johnston, not only very unpleasant to the feelings of her husband, but to the annoyance of every one near to them. The defendant continued his illiberal remarks, and noticed an ornament worn by the favourite actress in her head dress, resembling a 74 gun ship, in honor of the immortal Nelson's victory, which he construed into a subject which roused the indignation of those who heard him. Mr. Johnston sat in the box as a public character, content with the ridicule, until roused with laudable indignation for an amiable wife, when he attempted to get a constable, and in so doing, the defendant impeded his way to the door, and struck him.

The Learned Counsel hoped that the Jury, by their verdict, would shew to the world, that the conduct of these lobby loungers was not to be tolerated with impunity: and that in so doing they would render a most essential service to the public, if not entirely in ridding the house of these pests of society, they would at least give them a salutary lesson. The Learned Counsel called evidence to prove the fact.

Mr. H. E. Johnston stated, that on the 14th of November he was in company with a party at the Theatre, to witness the success of a new piece, entitled "The Delinquent." They took their station in the second tier. Soon after they were annoyed by Mr. Mingay and two women of the town, who at the end of the first act, were joined by the defendant. They conducted themselves in a very noisy manner, making satirical remarks on the piece and performers, so that the ears of every one in the surrounding boxes were offended with expressions indelicate and disgusting. Several persons remonstrated with them, but they treated them with contempt.

Mr. Keating, Miss Phillips, and several very respectable witnesses, who were in the box, corroborated the prosecutor in his statement. The defendant, after consulting his counsel, made no defence, and Lord Ellenborough ordered the Jury to find him guilty.

There was an action also against Mr. Johnston, for an assault, arising out of the same circumstances, to which a verdict of not guilty was recorded.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 7.

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM II.—BY TARAFÄ.

This poem was occasioned by a little incident highly characteristic of pastoral manners. Tarafa and his brother, Mabel, jointly possessed a herd of camels, and had agreed to watch them alternately, each on his particular day, lest, as they were grazing, they should be driven off by a tribe with which their

own clan was at war; but our poet was so immersed in meditation, and so wedded to his muse, that he often neglected his charge, and was sharply reprov'd by his brother, who asked him, sarcastically, *whether, if he lost the camels, they could be restored by his poetry?* "You shall be convinced of it," answered Tarafa; and persisted so long in his negligence, that the whole herd was actually seized by the Modarites. This was more than he really expected; and he applied to all his friends for assistance in recovering the camels: among others, he solicited the aid of his cousin Malec, who, instead of granting it, took the opportunity of rebuking him with acrimony for his remissness in that instance, and for his general prodigality, libertinism, and spirit of contention; telling him, that *he was a disgrace to his family, and had raised innumerable enemies.*

'The defence of a poet was likely to be best made in poetical language; and Tarafa produced the following composition, in vindication of his character and conduct, which he boldly justifies in every respect, and even claims praise for the very course of life which had exposed him to censure.

'He glories in his passion for women; and begins, as usual, with lamenting the departure of his beloved Khaula, or the Tender Fawn; whose beauty he describes in a very lively strain. It were to be wished that he had said more of his mistress and less of his camel, of which he interweaves a very long, and no very pleasing, description.

'The rest of the poem contains an *éloge* on his own fortitude, sprightliness, liberality, and valour, mixed with keen expostulations on the unkindness and ingratitude of Malec, and with all the common topics in favour of voluptuousness: he even triumphs in having slain and dressed one of his father's camels, and blames the old man for his churlishness and avarice. It is a tradition preserved by Abu Obeida, that one of the chiefs, whom the poet compliments in the eightieth couplet, made him a present of a hundred camels, and enabled him, as he had promised,

to convince his brother, *that poetry could repair his loss.*'

THE POEM OF TARAFÄ.

The mansion of Khaula is desolate, and the traces of it, on the stony hills of Tahmed, faintly shine, like the remains of blue figures, painted on the back of a hand! — *While I spoke thus to myself*, my companions stopped their coursers by my side, and said, "Perish not through despair, but act with fortitude."

Ah! *said I*, the vehicles which bore away my fair one, on the morning when the tribe of Malec departed, and their camels were traversing the banks of Deda, resembled large ships, sailing from Aduli; or vessels of the merchant Ibn Yamin, which the mariner now turns obliquely, and now steers in a direct course; ships which cleave the foaming waves with their prows, as a boy at his play divides with his hand the collected earth.

In that tribe was a lovely antelope, with black eyes, dark ruddy lips, and a beautiful neck, gracefully raised to crop the fresh berries of eroe; a neck with two strings of pearls and topazes.

She strays from her young, and feeds with the herd of roes, in the tangled thicket, where she browses on the edges of the wild fruit, and covers herself with a mantle of leaves: she smiles, and displays her bright teeth, rising from their dark-coloured bases, like a privet-plant in full bloom, which pierces a bank of pure sand moistened with dew: to her teeth the sun has imparted his brilliant water; but not to the part where they grow, which is sprinkled with bad ore, while the ivory remains unspotted. Her face appears to be wrapped up in a veil of sun beams: unblemished is her complexion, and her skin is without a wrinkle.

Such cares as *this*, whenever they oppress my soul, I dispel by taking *adventurous journeys*, on a lean yet brisk camel, who runs with a quick pace both morning and evening; sure-footed, firm and thin as the planks of a bier; whose course I hasten over long-trodden paths, variegated like a striped vest. She rivals the swiftest camels, even of the noblest breed; and her hind-feet rapidly follow her fore-feet, on the beaten way. In the vernal season, she grazes on yon two hills, among others of her race, whose teats are not yet filled with milk, and depastures the lawns, whose finest grass the gentle showers have made luxuriously green. She turns back at the sound of her rider's voice; and repels the caresses of a thick-haired russet stallion with the lash of her bushy tail, which appears as if the two wings of a large white eagle were transfixed by an awl to the bone, and hung waving round both her sides: one while it lashes the place of him who rides hindmost on her; another while, it

plays round her teats, which are become wrinkled and flaccid like a leathern bag, their milk no longer distending them. Her two haunches are plump, and compact as the two smooth valves of a lofty castle gate. Supple is her back-bone: her ribs are like the strongest bows; and her neck is firmly raised, on the well-connected vertebres. The two cavities under her shoulders are spacious as two dens of beasts among the wild lotus plants; and stiff bows appear to be bent under her sinewy loins. Her two thighs are exceedingly strong, and when she moves they diverge like two buckets carried from a well, in the hands of a robust drawer of water. *Her joints are well knit, and her bones solid*, like a bridge of Grecian architecture, whose builder had vowed, that he would enclose it with well-cemented bricks. The hair of her chin is of a reddish hue: her back is muscular: she takes long, yet quick, steps, with her hind-feet, and moves her fore-feet with agility; she tosses them from her chest with the strength and swiftness of *cabers* firmly pulled by a nervous arm; and her shoulders are bent like the rafters of a lofty dome: she turns rapidly from her path: exceedingly swift is her pace; long is her head; and her shoulders are strongly united to her sides. The white and hollow marks of the cords with which her burdens have been tied on her back, resemble pools of water on the smooth brow of a solid rock; marks, which sometimes unite and sometimes are distinct, like the gores of fine linen, which are sewed under the arms of a well-cut robe. Long is her neck; and, when she raises it with celerity, it resembles the stem of a ship, floating aloft, on the billowy Tigris. Her skull is firm as an anvil; and the bones, which the sutures unite, are indented, and sharp as a file. Her cheek is smooth and white as paper of Syria; and her lips, as soft as dyed leather of Yemen, exactly and smoothly cut. Her two eyes, like two polished mirrors, have found a hiding-place in the caverns of their orbits, the bones of which are like rocks, in whose cavities the waters are collected: thou beholdest them free from blemish or spot, and resembling in beauty those of a wild-cow, the mother of playful young, when the voice of the hunter has filled her with fear. Her ears truly distinguish every sound, to which she listens attentively in her nightly journeys, whether it be a gentle whisper or a loud noise; sharp ears, by which the excellence of her breed is known! ears, like those of a solitary wild-bull in the groves of Haumel. Her heart, easily susceptible of terror, palpitates with a quick motion, yet remains firm in her chest, as a round solid stone striking a broad floor of marble. If I please, she raises her head to the middle of her trappings, and swims with her fore-legs as swift as a young ostrich. If I please,

she moves slowly; if not, she gallops, through fear of the strong lash formed of twisted thongs. Her upper lip is divided, and the softer part of her nose is bored: when she bends them towards the ground, her pace is greatly accelerated.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Singular anecdote of Timothy Brecknock, who was executed at Castlebar, in Ireland, with G. R. Fitzgerald, Esq.

In the year 1758, a man, committed to Newgate on a charge of highway robbery, sent for Mr. Brecknock, and requested he would undertake his defence. When Timothy came to him, his first question was, whether he had really committed the robbery or not: it is no matter whether you have or no, said Brecknock, you shall not be hanged; but it is necessary I should know the truth, that I may frame the defence accordingly. "Why indeed (replied the culprit) I did commit the robbery." "Very well," answered the Solicitor; "now tell me, have you any money?—How much can you command?" "I have somewhat above 100l. in cash and valuables."—"Very well, let me have 80l.; it is not for myself; I leave my reward to your generosity; when you are cleared; but I want the money for a particular purpose, and will give an account to you for every farthing of it. There are now five weeks to your trial, so I have time enough; and with time and money every thing can be done."—The sum was instantly given in bank notes, which the culprit had artfully concealed, and Mr. Brecknock proceeded to desire the criminal to give him a particular account of every circumstance of the robbery; which he did to the following purport:—That, five weeks before that time, he met a gentleman in a chariot with a footman behind, near the nine mile stone on the Barnet road, at half past eleven at night; that he stopped the carriage, and robbed him of 137 guineas, and some silver, but refused his watch, as he did not choose to deal in discoverable articles; that presently after, he found himself pursued by the coachman on one of the coach horses

and rode down a lane out of the high road, but finding the lane close at the bottom, he leaped his horse over some pales, and quitting him, took to his heels across the fields, and got safe to town; that the coach horse, not being able to leap, his own horse had got clear, and come home of itself next morning. Thus he thought himself quite safe as to this affair; but that, shortly after, the gentleman's coachman met him on the same horse in Whitechapel, had him seized and carried before a magistrate, where his person was identified by the gentleman, the coachman, and the footman, who knew him by the bright moonlight; on this evidence he was fully committed for trial. "This is rather an ugly affair," said Brecknock; "however, don't fear, I'll bring you off; I shall not attempt to prove you elsewhere at the precise time of the robbery; for an *alibi* is a very dangerous defence, unless it can be well supported; and I don't care to trust your life to a set of rascally witnesses, who may be sifted by a close cross examination, or have their characters inquired into;—no, no, I shall act otherwise, you have only to make your heart easy, and plead *not guilty*."

At the next sessions the trial came on, and the gentleman, the coachman, and footman, deposed to every circumstance of the robbery, as above related; adding, that they were positive both to the horse and the man, whose face they had closely seen by the light of the moon, as his crape had fallen off when he first stopped the chariot, and the coachman had picked it up, when he unharnessed one of the coach horses to pursue the robber, by his master's permission. The prisoner was called upon to make his defence, when Mr. Brecknock addressed the court in these words:

"My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury."

"I have not the least doubt of the innocence of the unhappy person at the bar, though he stands here under very disagreeable circumstances. Inasmuch that, although he was in bed, in his own lodgings, at the very time the robbery was said to have been committed, yet he can prove that fact by no

other testimony than that of his wife (and I know how little regard is usually paid to a wife witnessing for her husband), and of a child of five years old, who is too young to be admitted to an oath. I do not seek to impeach the veracity of the gentleman who is the prosecutor; his character is too well established. I have not the least doubt he was robbed in the manner he has sworn; yet, I am confident that the prisoner at the bar was not the person. In respect to the identity of the horse, I put that entirely out of the question, and will say, that a horse seen in the dark cannot be easily known in the light, at a distance of five weeks. There is scarcely a horse so singularly marked; as not to have others similarly marked; and, as a proof, there are four horses I have caused to be brought into the court yard, standing together with the prisoner's horse, which Mr. Sheriff has been so kind as to suffer to be brought hither; and, if the three witnesses agree in selecting, separately, the prisoner's horse, of which they are so very certain, from the rest, I will acquiesce in the prisoner's guilt. But, my Lords, and gentlemen of the Jury, I have still more to urge, in respect to the alledged identity of the horse; the prosecutor is, doubtless, impelled by a love of justice; but that love sometimes carries a man to an extreme of zeal. The coachman may have a love of justice; but when it is remembered that *the conviction of the prisoner will entitle him to a reward of 40l.* the court may be inclined to think him interested in the verdict, which you, gentlemen of the Jury, may bring in. The footman having heard some particulars sworn by his master and fellow servant, may believe them true, as being the same story.—The three witnesses have all declared that they recollected the prisoner's face, from having seen it clearly at the time of the robbery, by the strong light of the moon. Now, I have one witness that will undoubtedly set aside this concurrence of evidence. It is indeed an uninterested witness, a silent witness; yet one that will speak home to the conviction of the whole court. It is Ryder's Almanac; and if your Lordships

and gentlemen of the Jury, will take the trouble to look into it, you will find it utterly impossible that the witnesses could have seen the robber's face by the light of the moon; for you will see, on the night of the robbery, that the moon did not rise till sixteen minutes after three in the morning, consequently it could not give any light at half past eleven o'clock, near three hours before it rose; and if the witnesses are thus proved to be mistaken in the capital point of their evidence, no part of it can affect the prisoner. Having said this, he handed an Almanac up to the bench, in which it appeared plainly that the moon rose on that particular night, as Brecknock had said. The court and Jury being satisfied as to that point, the prisoner was immediately acquitted and discharged out of court, on paying his fees.

Mr. Brecknock prided himself on his ingenuity in deceiving the court; which, as he afterwards boasted, he effected in this manner. He had employed the money he had received from the highwayman in getting printed a new edition of Ryder's Almanac, exactly similar to the genuine edition, except that the lunations for the whole year had been changed, so as to make it appear that on the night of the robbery there was no moon. He had only half a dozen of copies struck off, one of which he presented to the bench, and lodged the other five in different hands in the court, to be produced in case any doubts had arisen, and another Almanac had been called for. The Recorder discovered the fraud some days after; but it was then too late, as the prisoner had been acquitted; and the Solicitor was not responsible for the error in the Almanac he produced, and which could not then be identified.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

That Dr. Johnson wrote the lives of Collins, Blake, and of some other public characters which appear in the Gentleman's Magazine, we have his own testimony; but he never, I believe, de-

clared that he was the author of the life of John Bunyan (G. M. April 1765.) That he was, however, there is much strong internal evidence of style and language. *Exempli gratia.* "Every reader is the very pilgrim whose progress is exhibited, and therefore necessarily refers his dangers and deliverances to himself; is alarmed by the same fears, and animated by the same hopes," &c.

I entertain no doubt that he was the compiler of 'A particular account of John Macnaughton,' published in the Supplement to the Gentleman's Magazine for 1761; vera incessu patuit. I also suspect he dressed up the account of the Robbery of Lord Harrington, which is to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, for January 1765. Here are two passages. "With what view the pistols were ordered does not appear, the robbery being to be perpetrated in secrecy and silence," &c. Again—"They were, however, discovered by an accident so remarkable, that it would have been blamed, as exceeding probability, if it had been made an incident in a novel," &c.

I make these suggestions with the hope that some person in London will attend to them; and that those pieces of the great Johnson, which are scattered, but may be easily distinguished, through a long series of the Gentleman's Magazine, may be collected in a portable volume and become the *amicus omnium horarum*.

I am, &c.

JOHN BULL.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

From a recital, by a naturalist, of the train of mischiefs produced by the air upon minerals, plants, animals, and man himself, a gloomy mind may be apt to dread this indulgent Nurse of Nature as a cruel and inexorable step-mother; but it is far otherwise; and, although we are sometimes injured, yet almost all the comforts and blessings of life spring from its propitious influence.

All must allow it to be a friend, to whose benefits we are constantly obliged : and yet, to this hour, philosophers are divided as to the nature of the obligation.

Our constitutions seem to correspond with the changes of the weather-glass ; they are braced, strong and vigorous, with a large body of air upon them ; they are languid, relaxed and feeble, when the air is light, and refuses to give our fibres their proper tone.

Address to Good Sense.

To Fancy let the poet raise
His bold enthusiastic lays,
To memory grateful tribute pour,
For all her rich collected store.

To thee, good sense, I lowly bow,
To thee I pay my sober vow ;
Flattery in vain the bribe supplies,
'Tis thine her incense to despise.

Simple thine air, thine eye serene,
Thy charms more valued as more seen ;
Proportion o'er thy form presides,
Utility thy motion guides.

Without thy genuine stamp imprest,
Vainly is mental wealth possess'd ;
In vain imagination warms,
Creating gay or solemn forms.

In vain is Memory's crowded store,
And vain the Scholar's ancient lore,
Without thy ballast in the mind
The vessel veers with every wind.

Even virtue swerves without thy aid,
By sudden gusts of passion sway'd ;
And Genius, an unrooted flower,
Blossoms and withers in an hour.

O thou, to whom I lowly bend,
Do thou thy votary's prayer attend ;
Do thou her steady pilot be,
To guide her through life's shoaly sea.

Should she in Fancy's air balloon
Mount to steal radiance from the moon ;
Then sudden sink, with curious eye
To search where Fancy's glow-worms lie.

Now, like the aeronaut* explore,
And count the waving ridges o'er ;
Then sudden up the welkin rush,
Till forests seem a gooseberry bush.

Do thou her giddy flight restrain,
And call her back to earth again ;
Let her thy temperate medium know,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.

The Kiss, imitated from Secundus. Basium 7.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

Kisses are never, never sunder'd,
An hundred counted by the hundred,
The dying flame of love to rouse and
The hundred counted by the thousand,
The thousand by the million counted,
The million on the million mounted,
I'll give thee ; kisses thrice a million,
For every drop in wave Sicilian,
For every star the heavens bestudding,
I'll give thy lips so softly budding,
Thy cheek, where blooms the red rose break-
ing,

Thy tell-tale eyes in silence speaking,
Unwearied give, if those canst bear a
Whole life of love, my sweet Neera !

But when clos'd as shells, caressing,
Clos'd as shells thy soft lips pressing,
Thy cheek, where blooms the red rose break-
ing,

Thy tell-tale eyes in silence speaking,
Ah me, not mine these charms to gaze
on !

Those tell-tale eyes in silence speaking,
That cheek, where blooms the red rose break-
ing,

Those lips that Love in laughter plays on,
Ah me, not mine to gaze on !

Laughter that, as Cynthia's splendid,
On his sunny steeds ascended,
Up the sky in triumph rushes,
Breaks the cloud, the tempest hushes—
Laughter, whose sweet graces golden
Were by me their charm beholden,
From my cheek the tear would banish,
Bid my sighs and sorrow vanish.

Ah me, what jealous wars are waging,
My eyes my lips in strife engaging ;
My eager lips my eyes preventing,
My envious eyes my lips resenting,
Each so tenacious of its treasure,
Not Jove himself shall share their pleasure.

The inhabitants of India sustain an
unceasing languor from the heats of
their climate ; and are torpid in the
midst of profusion. For this reason, the
Great Disposer of nature has clothed
their country with trees of an amazing
height, whose shade might defend them
from the beams of the sun ; and whose
continual freshness might, in some
measure, temperate their fierceness.
From these shades the air receives re-
freshing moisture, and animals a cool-
ing protection. The whole race of sa-
vage animals retire in the midst of the
day to the very centre of the forests,
not so much to avoid their enemy, man,
as to find a defence against the raging

N n

* Capt. Sowder. See his account.

heats of the season. Boërhaave considered heat so prejudicial to health, that he was never seen to go near a fire.

Every thing that we see gives off its parts to the air, and has a little floating atmosphere of its own. The rose is encompassed with a sphere of its own odorous particles; while the nightshade infects the air with scents of a more ungrateful nature. The perfume of musk flies off in such abundance, that the quantity remaining becomes sensibly lightened by the loss. A thousand substances, that escape all our senses, we know to be there; the powerful emanations of the loadstone, the effluvia of electricity, the rays of light, and the insinuations of fire.

In order that the air should be wholesome, it is necessary that it should not be of one kind, but the compound of several substances; and the more various the composition to all appearance, the more salubrious. A man, therefore, who continues in one place, is not so likely to enjoy the wholesome variety as he who changes his situation; and, if I may so express it, instead of waiting for a renovation of air, walks forward to meet its arrival. Thus mere motion, independent even of the benefits of exercise, becomes wholesome, by thus supplying a greater variety of that healthful fluid by which we are sustained.

Fine gentlemen, till they have been wound up by their valets, seem absolutely incapable of motion. They have no more use of their hands, for any office about their own person, than if they were paralytic: at night they must wait for their servants, before they can undress themselves and go to bed: in the morning, if the valet happen to be out of the way, the master must remain helpless and sprawling in bed, like a turtle on its back on the kitchen table of an alderman.

You know, says the sprightly Dr. Moore, in a letter to a friend, how laborious a thing it is to keep alive a dialogue with my Lord M—. The conversation either degenerates into

a soliloquy on your part, or expires altogether. I was therefore exceedingly happy with the thought of a lively French Marquis, being one of our party. He was uncommonly gay; addressed much of his conversation to his Lordship; tried him upon every subject, wine, women, horses, politics, and religion. He then sang *chansons à boire*, and tried in vain to get my lord to join in the chorus. Nothing would do.—He admired his clothes, praised his dog, and said a thousand obliging things of the English nation, to no purpose. His lordship kept up his silence and reserve to the last, and then drove away to the opera.

"Ma foi," said the Marquis, as soon as he went out of the room, "*il a grand talens pour le silence, çe Milord là.*"

"Did you marry your wife for her fortune?" said ironically a gentleman to the husband of a rich lady with a disagreeable countenance, and a disposition resembling her face.

"Certainly not," answered he.

"Was it for the sake of her beauty?"

"No; I cannot say it was," replied the husband.

"Did you marry her for the sake of her temper?"

"Not in the least."

"In the devil's name, for whose sake did you marry such a woman?"

"I married her for God's sake," answered the husband with resignation.

I remember, says a witty writer, being in company with a lady who was very much painted. When she withdrew, a gentleman observed that it was a pity she painted.

I am of a different opinion, replied another gentleman present.

To me, rejoined the first, she seemed frightful with the paint.

So she did to me, said the second, but not quite so frightful as she does without it.

He who has been taught to consider that nothing in the world is so variable as the winds, must certainly be surprised to find a place where there is nothing more uniform. With us, their inconstancy has become a proverb.

But men between the tropics, in the Atlantic and Ethiopic oceans, and the navigators of the Pacific, may talk of a friend or a mistress as fixed and unchangeable as the winds, and mean a compliment by the comparison. When ships are once arrived into the proper latitudes of the Great Pacific Ocean, the mariner forgets the helm, and his skill becomes almost useless; neither storms nor tempests are known to deform the glassy bosom of that immense sheet of waters; a gentle breeze, that forever blows in the same direction, rests upon the canvas and speeds the navigator.

We are admirers of Scottish music and poetry. The works of Allan Ramsay, Burns, Ferguson and Hector Macneil, are often in our hands. Ferguson, an excellent judge, has given a very favourable opinion of the merits of Tullochgorum. The preference in the third stanza is highly to our taste.

Come, gie's a song, the lady cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What nonsense ist fa folk to chide
For what's been done before them;
Let wig and tory all agree
To drop their whigmegmorum,
Let whig and tory all agree
To spend their night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sump, who keeps up spite
In conscience I abhor him;
Blithe and merry we's be a'
To make a cheerfu' quorum;
Blithe and merry we's be a'
As lang's we hae a breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our air Strathspeys
For half a hundred score o'm:
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best
Wi' a their variorum;
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want and double cess,
And silly souls themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
Like auld philosophorum;
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fet
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
Be a' that's good before him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot
And dainties a great store o'm;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be Oppression's tool,
May Envy gnaw his rotten soul
And blackest fiends devour him!
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
And honest souls abhor him;
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whoe'er he be, that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Charlotte Smith has thus poetically apostrophized the Humming Bird. We shall read her description with delight, because, as the bird is a native, we have frequent opportunities to compare the poetical picture with the beautiful and interesting original.

Minutest of the feather'd kind,
Possessing every charm combin'd,
Nature, in forming thee, design'd
That thou should'st be
A proof within how little space
She can compose such perfect grace,
Rendering thy lovely fairy race
Beauty's epitome.

Those burnish'd colours to bestow
Her pencil in the heavenly bow
She dipp'd; and made thy plumes to glow
With every hue

That in the dancing sun-beam plays;
And with the ruby's vivid blaze
Mingled the emerald's lucid rays
With halcyon blue.

Then plac'd thee under genial skies
Where flowers and shrubs spontaneous rise,
With richer fragrance, bolder dyes
By her endued;

And bade thee pass thy happy hours
In tamarind shades and palmy bowers,
Extracting from unfailing flowers
Ambrosial food.

There, lovely Bee-Bird! mayst thou rove
Thro' spicy vale and citron grove,
And woo and win thy fluttering love
With plume so bright;
There rapid fly, more heard than seen,
'Mid orange boughs of polish'd green,
With glowing fruit and flowers between
Of purest white.

There feed and take thy balmy rest,
There weave thy little cotton nest,
And may no cruel hand molest
Thy timid bride:
Nor those bright changeeful plumes of thine
Be offer'd on the unfeeling shrine
Where some dark beauty loves to shine
In gaudy pride.

Nor may her sable lover's care
Add to the baubles in her hair
Thy dazzling feathers rich and rare,
And thou, poor bird,
For this inhuman purpose bleed,
While gentle hearts abhor the deed,
And Mercy's trembling voice may plead,
But plead unheard!

Such triflers should be taught to know
Not all the hues thy plumes can show
Become them like the conscious glow
Of modesty;
And that not half so lovely seems
The ray that from the diamond gleams,
As the pure gem that trembling beams
In Pity's eye.

The following song, sung in character, is a tolerable description of the coquetry of *some* ladies:

When first I began, sir, to ogle the ladies,
And prattle soft nothings, as a pretty fellow's
trade is;
Whilst with rapturous praises I dwelt on
every feature,
If I stole a sly kiss, 'twas, fye, you wicked
creature;
But soon, in tones lower, and softer, and
sweeter,
Half pleased, they'd whisper, fye, fye, you
wicked creature.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed,
Each evening new conquests to conquests
succeeded;
Perplex'd how so many fond claims I should
parry,
To settle them all, I resolv'd, faith, to marry,
And press'd lovely Laura in language still
sweeter,
Till, blushing, she whisper'd, I'm yours, you
wicked creature.

The Bond-street loungers have at
length succeeded in introducing a
fashion peculiar to themselves—the *in-
visible* shirt.

[Lon. pap.]

Sons of Mirth and Social Pleasure,
Fill the fancy stirring bowl;
Bumpers let us drink at leisure
As the fleeting moments roll;
Joyous sailing on life's ocean,
To dull care we bid adieu,
Bacchants all, you'll like my motion,
Here's a glass to charming Sue.

Vainly let the sordid miser
Heap his mountains up of gold,
We pursue a course much wiser,
Favour'd by the brave and bold;
Jolly mortals, fill your glasses,
What have we with fools to do?
Half mankind we know are asses,
Here's a glass to charming Sue.

Briskly fill your bumpers higher,
Life, ye know, is but a span,
These are precepts we admire,
The study of mankind is man,
So say the learned, bred at college,
We'll their maxims then pursue,
Pledge me from their cup of knowledge,
Here's a health to charming Sue.

With us, the furious tempest is
rarely known, and its ravages are re-
gistered as an uncommon calamity;
but in the countries that lie between
the tropics, its visits are frequent, and
its effects anticipated. In these re-
gions the winds vary their terrors;
sometimes involving all things in a suf-
focating heat; sometimes mixing all
the elements together; sometimes with
a momentary swiftness passing over
the face of the country, and destroying
all things in their passage, and some-
times raising whole sandy deserts in
one country to deposit them in another.
We have little reason, therefore, to
envy these climates the luxuriance of
their soil, or the brightness of their
skies. Our own muddy atmosphere,
that wraps us round in obscurity, though
it fails to gild our prospects with sun-
shine, or our groves with fruitage, ne-
vertheless answers the calls of industry.
They may boast of a plentiful but pre-
carious harvest; while, with us, the
labourer toils in certain expectation of
a moderate but a happy return.

During the summer, along the coasts
of the Persian gulf, a very dangerous
wind prevails, which the natives call the
Samiel. It is attended with instant
and fatal effects. This terrible blast,
which was, perhaps, the pestilence of

the ancients, instantly kills all those that it involves in its passage. What its malignity consists in, none can tell, as none have survived its effects to give information. It frequently, as I am told, assumes a visible form, and darts, in a kind of bluish vapour, along the surface of the country. The natives, not only of Persia, but of Arabia, talk of its effects with terror; and their poets have not failed to heighten them with the assistance of imagination. They have described it as under the conduct of a minister of vengeance, who governs its terrors, and raises, or depresses it, as he thinks proper.

The following old song is a great favourite among the best judges. It contains an accurate journal of the vicissitudes and disappointments of life. The philosophy of this ballad is judicious, and the suggestion, that Music may allay the violence of Care's irritation, is perfectly just.

When first I came to be a man
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there and every where
Was like a morn in May:
No care I had, nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd
In country or in town;
I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
A mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air,
And e'en improves the mind;
On Phillis fair, above the rest,
Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And she became my choice;
To Cupid then, with hearty prayer,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
As other lovers do;
But when, at last, I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd
With foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lover's pain.

A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine;
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine:
And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply:
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan;
I hid me home, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
And would a patriot turn,
Began to doat on *Johnny Wilkes*,
And cry up *Parson Horne*:
Their noble spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintain'd the public weal.
But ere a month or two was past
I found myself betray'd,
'Twas *self* and *party*, after all,
For all the stir they made;
And when I saw these *factionous knaves*
Insult THE VERY THRONE,
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd awhile;
Still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on books for company,
And gravely tried to read;
I bought and borrow'd every where,
And study'd night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean and doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way;
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully through many a page
I hunted after truth;
A thousand various schemes I try'd,
And yet was pleas'd with none,
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, every where,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below:
What you may fancy pleasure here
Is but an empty name,
For girls, and friends, and books are so,
You'll find them all the same:
Then be advis'd, and warning take
From such a man as me,
I'm neither Pope, nor Cardinal,
Nor one of low degree;
You'll find displeasure every where,
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe and please yourself
With John of Badenyon.

Lord Holland has just published, in England, an elegant and interesting account of the Life and Writings of Lope.

Felix de Vega Carpio, the celebrated Spanish Poet. It is interspersed with specimens of the style and manner of Lope, which his Lordship has very happily translated.

The following is a short passage taken, as is stated, at random, from a comedy of little celebrity.

Let not one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow;
Ah no! the love that kills indeed
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark which but by slow degrees
Is nurs'd into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please;
But love is not its name.

For love, to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal;
Should be the first one ever knew;
In short, be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool;
'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
And send one's heart to school.

Love, all at once, should from the earth
Start up full grown and tall:
If not an Adam at his birth,
He is no Love at all.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Saturday evening, the Comedy of *Every man in his Humour*, with the Farce of *Love-à-la-Mode*, were performed at this Theatre.

The principle features in the representation was the re-appearance of Mr. Cooke, who, for some weeks, has absented himself from his public duty, in the course of which he has been twice announced to perform a distinguished character, and has as often occasioned considerable disappointment. Various reports concerning the cause of them have been afloat, of a nature very disadvantageous to the character of Mr. Cooke, as a servant of the public. His credit with the town was so far impaired in consequence, that an apprehension of the repetition of his misconduct deprived him of the honor of a crowded house.—When this gentleman made his appearance on Saturday evening, he was received with a mixture of the usual signs of approbation and censure. The indulgence of the audience, however, and the desire to hear what sort of excuse he had to offer, prevailed in

procuring silence; when Mr. Cooke came forward in much apparent embarrassment, assisted by Farley, and addressed the house in nearly the following terms: "Ladies and Gentlemen, my absence the first night was owing to my reading *Thursday* for *Wednesday* in the bill. The second night (placing his hand on his heart, and speaking in a lower voice), *I have nothing to say.*" Some marks of disapprobation ensued, and there was a cry from some quarters, where he was not distinctly heard, of "Repeat, repeat." Indulgence prevailed over all obstacles, and he was permitted to proceed. It is but justice to him to say, that he performed the character of *Kitchy* in the Play, and of Sir *Archy* in the Farce, in his best manner, and received loud and frequent applause. Nothing could exceed the admirable skill which he displayed in the scene with *Cash*, in which all the workings and perturbations of jealousy were depicted with the utmost effect.

Cooke proceeds with his usual potent spirit to abuse the indulgence of the public. He was to have played the part of *Dumont*, in *Jane Shore*, on Tuesday evening, at Covent-Garden; but, as soon as he came on the stage, instead of being fit to display the sorrows of an affectionate husband, long divided from a disloyal, but repentant wife, it was evident that—

"The tears of the tankard were all he could shed;"

and that he was indeed in such a situation as totally disqualified him from discharging his duty. The audience testified great displeasure, and he was obliged by his condition, as well as by general indignation, to quit the stage. Murray, very good-naturedly, came forward soon after, as his substitute.

[*Morning Post.*]

On Saturday week, some wag nailed up the breast-plate of a coffin on the gallery door of the Newcastle Theatre, in which was painted, in legible characters, the following curious inscription:—"Strayed from this Theatre, all the best performers, and a most respectable audience."

[*Lon. pap.*]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

SCIPIO TO SALLY.

An Imitation of Horace's Ode to Lydia.

BOOK I.—ODE 13.

THE ARGUMENT.

Scipio and Sally were slaves; she belonged to M; he to the adjoining plantation. Both were favourites of their respective families, with whose approbation they had cherished a mutual attachment. The youth had been permitted to receive lessons from the tutor employed to instruct his master's children, by which he not only obtained the benefit of a common education, but acquired some knowledge of the Latin language. As he was, however, compelled to associate with none but slaves, he naturally imbibed the feelings, sentiments, and manners, of this degraded part of our species. Hence we perceive that literary attainments have less effect to polish his ideas, than to refine his expressions. He knew that Sally, when a child, had been favoured with a thousand marks of innocent endearment from her master. As she grew older, this glow of affection, which ought to have subsided, unfortunately increased to ardent and intemperate passion. Sally, however, did not immediately perceive this alarming change, so visible to the jealous eyes of her lover. To awaken her to the dangers of her situation, he addresses her in the following imitation of an Ode of Horace. We observe the effects of rage and jealousy are similar in the author and imitator. The human heart is always the same. As each belonged to a different age and country, they vary only where the difference exists in language and manners. The metaphor in the last verse is naturally suggested to the mind of a slave, whose ears must have been frequently saluted with the praises of *agriculture*, and his hands constantly employed in its pursuits.]

When Sally, Mⁿ—llo's charms,
His saffron neck, his wither'd arms,
Thy unsuspecting soul ensnare;
My honour with thy virtue dies,
With rage inflam'd, my bloodshot eyes
In their black sockets glare.

The tears, with which my eyes are full,
Soak, as they fall, the unshav'd wool;
The stream my sable cheek bedews.
The clothes upon my back are wet,
From every pore the reeking sweat
Runs dribbling to my shoes.

Oh how I grin, when mad with wine,
This vigorous youth of fifty-nine
Sweet Sally! has thy shoulder broke;
And bit with impotent desire
Thy ruddy lips, which look like fire
Bursting through clouds of smoke.

His teeth have swell'd and made them sore,
And they were big enough before—
Have spoilt thy kiss, which far surpasses
The sweetest pork, so white and nice
When old aunt Venus* dips a slice
In best refin'd molasses.

Thrice happy are the man and wife,
Yok'd to a chain they drag for life,
Remaining,† to their latest breath,
As they pull on, and plough together,
Spite of rough ground, or stormy weather,
Most loving friends, till death.

C.

HORAT. LIB. I, OD. XIII.

AD LYDIAM.

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, v^x, meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turpârunt humeros immodicæ mero
Rixæ; sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam.
Non, si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbaræ
Ludentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuît.
Felices ter et ampliùs
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Supremâ citiùs solvet amor die.

137th PSALM, FROM BUCHANAN.

Where haughty Babylon's proud turrets
grow,
Far from our country and immers'd in woe,
Pensive we sat on wide Euphrates' shore,
Our thoughts on Sion, to be seen no more.

* Venus, an old negro woman at M. supposed to be a witch or fortune-teller. She originated from Salem, in New-England.

† Or thus:—

Remaining to (his) latest breath,
As they, &c.
(His) loving friend, &c.

We sigh'd, and tears our struggling words
repress'd,

Our sorrows ran in torrents down our breast.
Our lyres neglected, and our harps unstrung,
In mournful silence on the willows hung;
When, lo! the fierce despoilers of our land,
With voice imperious, Sion-strains com-
mand;

Such as we sang when Sion's lofty towers
High rose the envy of the neighbouring
powers.

Shall Babylon deride our holy strain?
Shall Babylon our sacred hymns profane?
O Solyma! and thou my country's shrine,
Enrich'd with awful majesty divine!
Can e'er that day arrive, that luckless hour,
When I forget thy glory and thy pow'r!
Nay, when I cease thy temple to admire,
May my right hand resign the sounding lyre,
Gling to my parched jaw my wither'd tongue;
Unless by me thy praises still be sung.
But thou, Almighty Ruler of the skies,
Arm'd with resentment speedily arise:
Be ever mindful of the impious race,
Who load thy chosen people with disgrace;
Sack, sack their town (who cried), destroy
their fane,

Let not a single monument remain.
Thou cruel Babylon shalt also mourn,
And feel an adverse fortune in thy turn:
Thy days of happiness will soon be o'er
Thy murder'd children soon shalt thou de-
plore,
And see thy rocks bespatter'd with their
gore.

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE 4.

TO SESTIUS.

Now the surly winter's past,
Now recedes the northern blast,
Now the vessels plough the main,
Now the spring is come again;
Now the sheep begin to stray
Where their fancy points the way:
Now the ploughmen leave the fire,
Nor the sweets of home desire;
Now the frost deserts the plains,
Now the richest verdure reigns.
When the rising moon displays
O'er the earth her silver rays,
Venus, queen of soft desires,
Leads around her beauteous choirs,
Nymphs and Graces all are seen
Gently tripping o'er the green,
While the Cyclops' stifling fires
Vulcan's ardent breath inspires.
Now our heads with myrtle crown'd,
Or with flow'ry garlands bound,

We should sacrifice to Faun
In a grove or verdant lawn,
Whether he a kid desires
Or a tender lamb requires.
Pallid Death, with steady pace,
Still pursues the human race;
Rich and poor his call obey,
Yielding to his boundless sway:
Let us not our hopes extend,
Since our life must shortly end;
Since ere long we all must go
To the fabled ghosts below,
And to Pluto's drear domains,
Where eternal darkness reigns.
When you reach the Stygian shore
You shall throw the die no more,
Th' empire of the wine to gain,
O'er the jovial feast to reign:
Nor will you, alas! my friend,
Beauteous Lycida commend,
Who the youth with love inspires
And the maids with envy fires.

EPIGRAMS.

While Joe moves all too quick or all too slow,
No hour of joy can be the hour of Joe;
But Nic, sly rogue, is ne'er too slow nor
quick,
The nick of time is still the time of Nic.

Celia her sex's foible shuns;
Her tongue no length of larum runs:
Two phrases answer every part,
One gain'd, one breaks her husband's heart;
I will, she said, when made a bride,
I won't, through all her life beside.

CRESCIT EUNDO.

The story of the wandering Jew
Proves this old theme in twofold view,
No matter whether false or true
Unless plain sense misguide us,
Doom'd through a life, that ne'er shall close,
To trudge forever on ten toes,
He must grow stronger as he goes,
And, if he don't, the *lie* does.

*On a Lamp-Lighter slipping off his ladder
with a lighted torch in his hand.*

Though sorely bruise'd, you foolish elf,
Why damn the ladder—curse yourself?
Good fortune this you e'en may call,
Since you have had so *light* a fall.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

In a cause of three years, for three pinches
of snuff
Here's a *brief* of three yards—I hope that's
brief enough.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO.

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.] Philadelphia, Saturday, November 15, 1806. [No. 45.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 181.

MR. SAUNTER,

THE abrupt departure of my venerable old friend, united with a belief that our well-intended strictures were misconstrued into acrimonious personalities, apologises for the suspension of my promised communications.* I am determined, however, not to abandon a design so perfectly unoffending; and, although it promiseth little novelty of execution, or effects no ultimate benefit, it serves, nevertheless, to beguile the tedium of an idle hour. The crime of being rich has ever been a fruitful theme of invective among those carping sons of indigence, whose commendations are frequently the tribute of their envy, and endeavours at amendment always the sacrifices of their revenge. Whenever, therefore, I hear a man railing against the unequal dispensations of fortune, instead of joining in the popular clamour, I am often inclined to suspect the purity of his motives, for we invariably evince an attached contempt of those things we despair of attaining. In a well ordered society the man of extensive fortune, whose mind has been illuminated by a liberal education, and

his social affections expanded by a generous intercourse with the world, attains a delicate sensibility to the incidental calamities of life, and is ever willing to rescue expiring merit from the pitiless gripe of unavoidable misfortune. Such a character, endowed with accurate powers of discrimination, though not fired by the Promethean spark of genius, instead of being a subject for the snarling satirist, is really a public blessing to the whole subordinate community of mankind. I was insensibly led into this hacknied train of reflection by the unexpected receipt of a letter from my grey-headed mentor, written since his return to the contemplative shades of rural retirement, and philosophic ease. It abounds with judicious remarks on the habits and follies of our opulent metropolitans, intermingled with instructive admonitions, and sensible aphorisms, on men and manners universally. The succeeding thoughts, though expressed in language bordering rather too much on severity, are scrupulously accurate, neither exaggerated by malevolence, nor overcoloured by imagination. 'Among an exuberent catalogue of evils which infest American society generally, I deplore, as a serious calamity, and deprecate with honest indignation, the universally predominant love of gain. Under a government like ours, which expressly forbids all privileged distinctions, and where the aristocracy of talents is not yet firmly established, wealth constitutes distinctly the stand-

* See Port Folio (New Series), No. 15.

ard of respectability, and partiality the fallacious criterion of merit. However vile are the social principles of the man, or ill-gotten his wealth, he necessarily commands an elevated rank in the community; and, in defiance of honour, is obeyed and respected. His money and influence purchase adulation, but cannot secure him genuine friendship; so that, in the mind of a dispassionate observer, too much commiseration and pity is excited to admit of envy.—To the dishonour of human nature, I reluctantly confess my observations not entirely inapplicable to all civilized society; the irresistible potency of wealth is universally felt and acknowledged, notwithstanding the injustice and absurdity of its boasted claims. In America, however, where the spirit of trade seems physically incorporated in the material structure of the man, they apply with peculiar emphasis. Every noble and divine faculty of the soul is extinguished and absorbed by an unrestrained indulgence of avarice. The calculating trader balances his philanthropy by the cold-blooded rules of profit and loss, and dispenses his charitable donations as he measures his yard of silk, only with the hope of being usuriously compensated. The clamorous idiot, possessed of this substantial appendage, though his ignorance and pusillanimity ought to exclude him from every intelligent circle, looks down with haughty contempt on the omnipotence of genius when unaccompanied with dollars. If an honest, well-meaning fellow, with less money than wit and virtue, thrusts himself among your polished coteries, and audaciously expresses his old-fashioned sentiments and opinions, he is in imminent danger of being laughed at as a man of understanding. His wit is mistaken for licentiousness, his levity for libertinism, his learning for ostentatious pedantry, and his antiquated precepts branded with the epithets 'intrusive insolence.' On the contrary, one of those fashionable animalcula, who, on all occasions evince a most gentleman-like detestation of good-breeding, and are tortured with a similar horror of literature and books, that a man afflicted with hydrophobia

has of water, is cherished as a 'very clever fellow,' and admired as 'a man of prudence and sanity of mind.' Wealth, wealth is the sovereign panacea of the wise, in the language of those *legally honest men*, who, whilst they triumphantly violate every sacred principle of honour, escape the merited punishment of the laws.—In the estimation of this money-getting age, *Love* and marriage are terms at irreconcilable variance. Beauty and innocence are prostrated at the glittering shrine of gold without remorse, and in the fashionable cant of the day, a man should be questioned, 'To how much are you married?' to whom, being a matter not involved in the question, and of no moment.—Thus the primary and most exquisite source of human felicity (conubial alliances) is debased into a common act of barter or exchange, instead of reciprocal unbiassed affection. Family pride is by the ordinary course of things connected with upstart opulence; but, unhappily for the aspiring views of our American nobility, they are in danger of encountering many obstructions in their genealogical researches through the illustrious line of their ancestry.

And here endeth Diogenes the 2d. Being myself a member of the enlightened community against whom his caustic virulence is indirectly aimed, I will not indulge the Cynic by prolonging the censorious extract. I shall, therefore, suffer him to vegetate unmolested among his cabbages, and work a fashionable reformation in himself, rather than insolently presume to correct the immaculate morality and manners of the beau monde.

AMERICANUS.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[Among the victims to the Moloch of the French Revolution, the subject of the ensuing *Mémoire*, which we have hastily translated from the French, is interesting. Both for the literary and domestic features of his character.]

I. A. Roucher was born at Montpellier, the 22d of February, 1775. A warm heart, and a lively imagination, excited him to cultivate the flowers of

poetry. He was an affectionate husband, and a tender parent, and amiable for the exercise of every domestic charity. He was in its early stage a partizan of the French Revolution, which, to the eyes of juvenile enthusiasm, appeared in the beautiful form of Freedom and Philosophy. But soon, indignant at the atrocity of that execrable rebellion, he had the courage to blame its authors, and the misfortune to incur their hatred. After having frequently escaped from the dagger of the assassin, he was arrested and dragged before the Revolutionary Tribunal, who condemned him to die. The evening before the sentence was pronounced, he caused his portrait to be taken, and wrote underneath the following verses, addressed to his wife, children, and friends.

Ne vous* étonnez pas, objets sacrés et doux,
Si quelque air de tristesse obscurcit mon visage :

Quand un savant crayon dessinait cette image

J'attendois l'échafaud, et je pensois à vous.

Roucher met his fate with firmness, after witnessing the sacrifice of thirty-seven victims, who at the same instant shared his melancholy lot.

The principal works of this poet are, *I. Les Mois*, or *The Months*, a poem, in twelve cantos, published in 1780, in two vols. 4to. and four 12mo. Few writings of this class have experienced more plausible or more angry criticism. Though extolled to the skies, when only known by the rehearsal of certain passages from the manuscript; it was violently censured the moment it appeared from the press. The fact is, that like most poems so extensive, it is deformed by great blemishes, and is adorned by some beauties. Its defects are judiciously indicated by La Harpe.

* We remember to have read some years ago, in an English newspaper, a more than tolerable translation of these pathetic lines. We will not vouch for the accuracy of our recollection; but the verses were somewhat like the following:

Wonder not, objects of my fondest care,
Though this wan face the lines of sadness wear;

For when the painter's art my portrait drew,
I saw the scaffold, and I thought of you.

Of this poem, says he, the greatest blemish is, that it has no definite object nor determined limit, nor striking interest. This radical defect must be instantly perceived by every reader, because every one on the perusal wishes to be engaged and delighted with the task, and yet no one can pursue it without fatigue. What can be more tiresome than a dozen unconnected cantos, without any specific object; and too often abounding in common place topics. This defect might, perhaps, be overlooked, provided the author made atonement by his exquisite style of composition. But what defence can we make for him, when, under pretence of varying the cadence of our verse, he destroys its harmony in every stanza, by reducing it to mere prose, and banishing all rhyme, so essential to poetry. What apology can be made for a presumptuous author, who, trespassing upon the laws of the language, as well as of versification, mistakes solecisms for lucky expressions, and bombastic rumbling for energy of expression, and the enthusiasm of poetry. Thus far La Harpe. A more candid critic remarks, The beauties of this poem must be sought for in the accuracy of its descriptions, the delightful images both in the picture of rustic holidays and in that of the grand phenomena of nature. Those brilliant passages ought to be particularly distinguished, which describe the song of the nightingale, the progress of pestilence, the loves of the steeds, the panegyric upon the fables of ancient mythology, the village evening, the thaw, &c.

II. A Translation of Smith's *Enquiry into the Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. The fourteenth edition of this excellent tract on the Science of Political Economy was published in 1795, in 4 vols. 8vo. with notes by Condorcet. The style of the translation is perspicuous, faithful, and not unlike the original.

III. *Poetical Fragments and Letters*, in 2 vols. 8vo., a posthumous work. Roucher left, in manuscripts, several cantos of a poem, the subject of which was the delivery of Sweden by Gustavus Vasa, from the execrable tyranny of Christiern.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 8.

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM II.—BY TARAFÄ.

Tarafa is a distinguished disciple of the Anacreon school. He is addicted to its habits, and he possesses its genius. In the poem of Amriolkais, we found a minute picture of the Arabian horse; in the present, we have seen that of a camel. On this latter, which Sir William Jones, in the commentary above, notices in terms of some disapprobation, we shall refer our readers to our number on the Genius of the Poetry of the Arabs, where, on the one hand, it will illustrate some of our remarks, and on the other receive, perhaps, the benefit of the apology we have set up, for the details, and comparative coarseness, to be expected in that poetry.

We resume the poem.

Tarafa, having finished the description of his camel, returns to his journey.

THE POEM OF TARAFÄ, CONTINUED.

On a camel like this, I continue my course, when the companion of my adventure exclaims, "Oh! that I could "redeem thee, and redeem myself from "impending danger!" while his soul flutters through fear, and, imagining that he has lost the way, he supposes himself on the brink of perdition. When the people say aloud, "Who is the man to deliver us from calamity?" I believe that they call upon me, and I disgrace not their commission by supineness or folly. I shake the lash over my camel, and she quickens her pace, while the sultry vapour rolls in waves over the burning cliffs. She [ship of the desert] floats proudly along with her flowing tail, as the dancing-girl floats in the banquet of her lord, and spreads the long white skirts of her trailing vest. I inhabit not the lofty hills, through fear of enemies or of guests; but, when the tribe or the traveller demand my assistance, I give it eagerly. If you seek me in the circle of the assembled nation, there you find me; and, if you hunt me in the bowers of the vintner,

there too you discover your game. When you visit me in the morning, I offer you a flowing goblet; and, if you make excuses, I bid you drink it with pleasure, and repeat your draught. When all the clan are met to state their pretensions to nobility, you will perceive me raised to the summit of an illustrious house, the refuge of the distressed. My companions in the feast are youths bright as stars, and singing-girls, who advance toward us, clad in striped robes and saffron coloured mantles: large is the opening of their vests, above their delicate bosoms, through which the enflamed youth touches their uncovered breasts, of exquisite softness. When we say, to one of them, "Let us hear a song!" she steps before us with an easy grace, and begins with gentle notes, in a voice not forced: when she warbles in a higher strain, you would believe her notes to be those of camels lamenting their lost young.

Thus, I drink old wine without ceasing, and enjoy the delights of life; selling and dissipating my property, both newly acquired and inherited; until the whole clan reject me, and leave me solitary, like a diseased camel, smeared with pitch: yet, even now I perceive, that the sons of earth [*the most indigent men*] acknowledge my bounty, and the rich inhabitants of yon extended camp confess my glory.

O thou, who censures me for engaging in combats and pursuing pleasures, wilt thou, *if I avoid them*, insure my immortality? If thou art unable to repel the stroke of death, allow me, before it comes, to enjoy the good which I possess! Were it not for three enjoyments, which youth affords, I swear, by thy prosperity, that I should not be solicitous how soon my friends visited me on my death-bed: first, to rise before the censurers awake, and to drink tawny wine, which sparkles and froths when the clear stream is poured into it; next, when a warrior, encircled by foes, implores my aid; to bend towards him my prancing charger, fierce as a wolf among the ghada-trees, whom the sound of human footsteps has awakened, and who runs to quench his thirst at the brook; thirdly, to shorten a cloudy day, a day

astonishingly dark, by toying with a lovely delicate girl, under a tent supported by pillars; a girl, whose bracelets and garters seem hung on the stems of osar-trees, or of ricinus, not stripped of their soft leaves.

Suffer me, whilst I live, to drench my head *with wine*, lest, having drunk too little in my life-time, *I should be thirsty in another state!* A man of my generous spirit drinks his full draught to-day; and to-morrow, when we are dead, it will be known which of us has not quenched his thirst. I see no difference between the tomb of the anxious miser, gasping over his hoard, and the tomb of the libertine, lost in the maze of voluptuousness.

You behold the sepulchres of them both raised in two heaps of earth, on which are elevated two broad piles of solid marble, among the tombs closely connected.

Death, I observe, selects the noblest heroes for her victims, and reserves, as hers, the choicest possessions of the sordid hoarder.

I consider time as a treasure, decreasing every night; and that which every day diminishes soon perishes for ever.

By my life, my friend, when death inflicts not her wound, she resembles a camel-driver, who relaxes the cord which remains twisted in his hand!

[To be continued.]

For the Port Folio.

EPISTOLARY.

[Sir William Jones was not less remarkable for the ease of his epistolary style than for his grace in poetry. The ensuing elegant letter was addressed to Gibbon the Historian. We admire every passage, except that in which CÆSAR AUGUSTUS is assailed.]

Original Letter of Sir William Jones, not found in his Works, or in his Biography, by Lord Teignmouth.

Lamb's Buildings, June 30, 1781.

Dear Sir,

I have more than once sought, without having been so fortunate as to obtain a proper opportunity of thanking you very sincerely for the elegant com-

pliment you pay me in a work abounding in elegance of all kinds.

My *Seven Arabian Poets* will see the light before next winter, and be proud to wait upon you in their English dress. Their wild productions will, I flatter myself, be thought interesting, and not venerable merely on account of their antiquity.

In the meanwhile let me request you to honour me with accepting a copy of a law-tract which is not yet published; the subject is so generally important, that I make no apology for sending you a professional work.

You must pardon my inveterate hatred of C. Octavianus; basely surnamed Augustus. I feel myself unable to forgive the death of Cicero, which, if he did not promote, he might have prevented. Besides, even Mæcenas knew the cruelty of his disposition, and ventured to reproach him for it. In short, I have not *Christian* charity for him.

With regard to Asiatic Letters, a necessary attention to my profession will compel me wholly and eternally to abandon them, *unless* Lord North (to whom I am already under no small obligation) should think me worthy to concur in the *improved* administration of justice in Bengal, and should appoint me to supply the vacancy of the India Bench. Were that appointment to take place this year, I should probably travel, for speed, through part of Egypt and Arabia, and should be able, in my way, to procure many Eastern tracts of literature and jurisprudence. I might become a good *Mahomeddan* lawyer before I reached Calcutta, and, in my vacations, should find leisure to explain, in my native language, whatever the Arabs, Persians, and Turks have written on science, history, and the fine arts.

My happiness by no means depends on this appointment, as I am in easy circumstances without my profession, and have flattering prospects in it; but if the present summer and the ensuing autumn elapse, without my receiving any answer favourable or unfavourable, I shall be forced to consider that silence as a polite refusal; and, having given sincere thanks for past favours, shall en-

tirely drop all thoughts of *Asia*, and "deep as ever plummet sounded, shall drown my *Persian* books." If my politics have given offence, it would be mainly in ministers to tell me so! I shall never be *personally* hostile to them, nor enlist under party banners of any colour; but I will never resign my opinions for *interest*, though I would cheerfully abandon them on *conviction*. My reason, such as it is, can only be controlled by better reason, to which I am ever open. As to my freedom of thought, speech and action, I shall ever say what Charles XII wrote, under the map of Riga, "*Dieu me l'a donnée; le diable ne me l'ôtera pas.*" But the fair answer to this objection is, that my system is purely speculative, and has no relation to my seat on the bench in India, where I should hardly think of instructing the Gentoos in the maxims of the Athenians. I believe I should not have troubled you with this letter, if I did not fear that your attendance in Parliament might deprive me of the pleasure of meeting you at the Club next Tuesday; and I shall go to Oxford a few days after. At all times, and in all places, I shall ever be, with undissembled regard,

Dear sir,

Your much obliged, and
Faithful servant.

W. JONES.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[The letters of the younger Lord LYTTELTON, like those of Junius, whatever may be thought of some of the sentiments they contain, are universally admired for the grace and energy of their style. Few literary works are more exquisitely finished than these polished letters. But their authenticity has always been doubted. In a very late work, from which we have borrowed the ensuing essay, they are ascribed to Mr. COOMBE, a polite scholar, who has distinguished himself by several performances, which have met with a very favourable reception. We are still very incredulous. These letters are exactly such as we should expect both from the genius and passions of the noble author. A new edition is now before us, printed *this year*, in which they are given as usual to the younger Lyttel-

ton. They are certainly very strong resemblances of his speeches and of his conversation.]

Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, was the only son of the venerable and illustrious author of the History of Henry the Second.

This unhappy young man was remarkable for an early display, and flagitious prostitution, of great abilities. That he would not only be a libertine, but a libertine *destroyed*, was a declaration prophetic of his fall, which he is said, on good authority, to have uttered with an oath when only twelve years of age. Yet, with all his vices and a total absence of moral principle, he attained no small consequence as a parliamentary speaker, and, without application on his part, was appointed Chief Justice in Eyre; a sinecure, which his father, a man of dignified sentiment and excellent qualities both of head and heart, could never procure.

This illustrious wanderer from the paths of propriety and virtue united, with shameless profligacy, and a front which no blush had ever disconcerted, a weakness not often to be found in minds enlightened by education and a knowledge of the world: he believed that apparitions occasionally visited the earth, and would frequently ring his bell with violence, at midnight, for the servants, who, on entering his apartment, generally found him sitting in bed, in a cold sweat, with a countenance evincing every symptom of terror and dismay.

These visitations of a guilty conscience, or a disordered imagination, were probably produced, or sometimes aggravated, by intoxication; and he would oblige one or more of his domestics to sit with him for the remainder of the night.

The man who has passed a life of enormity needs not, I believe, be haunted by any spirit more terrific than the stinging reflection of crimes unrepented of, time mis-spent, and talents uncultivated.

I hope, for the honour of human nature, that many anecdotes related of him, and many declarations attributed to him, had no other foundation than

that kind of bravado which drunkenness and iniquitous vanity too often produce. Many of them, I am persuaded, deduce their origin from one of his well known associates of *oerulean countenance* and infamous life.

The death of Lord Lyttelton was hastened by overheating himself in running or walking for a wager, and incautiously drinking after it. His preternatural prepossessions followed him to the last. In his fatal illness, he persisted that the curtain, drawn back by an invisible hand, opened at the foot of his bed, and presented to his sight a fluttering dove. This conviction, produced by a disturbed mind, delirium, or a dream, no argument, nor mode of demonstrating his mistake, could ever remove.

A collection of letters were published soon after his death, *supposed* to be written by him, which I read with great pleasure. This production of Mr. Coombe, the eccentric author of *The Diaboliad*, is said by good judges to contain letters on the score of composition, sentiment, and language, *exactly* such as Lord Lyttelton would have written. It is a sort of epistolary portrait, a picture of his mind, a strong likeness, and the work of an able hand.

For the Port Folio.

[We make the following Extracts from an interesting volume of travels in England, written by a French gentleman during the last short interval of peace between the rival countries.]

The entrance to London, over Westminster bridge, is strikingly handsome. The view of the Thames, the beauty of the bridge, and the great width and cleanliness of the streets and pavements, have an indescribable effect. After crossing the bridge, we pass through Parliament-street to Whitehall. On the right is the Banqueting-house, before which the unfortunate Charles I. lost his head, and on the left the Horse-guards and the Admiralty; and a little further on we observe, in an elevated square, the equestrian statue of the first Charles, in bronze. There is no city in the world, perhaps, with

the exception of Rome, which presents so fine an entrance; but the rest of the metropolis by no means corresponds with this part of it. The traveler soon finds that he has already seen a very great proportion of the well-built modern edifices of London.

Somerset-house is a very large and handsome edifice, situated on the northern and most elevated bank of the Thames; but the architect seems to have lost sight of many of the advantages of his situation. The view of the river, and of the distant hills of Kent, from the square of the building would have produced a most picturesque and gratifying effect; but as it is, the stranger is constrained to admire the building alone, which, it must be confessed, is worthy of every eulogium. The front towards the Strand is extremely fine; the triple arcade which forms the entrance opens into a very handsome vestibule; and the square is surrounded with buildings of superior architecture. On the side of the river is a terrace, supported by arches adorned with columns. The style altogether is noble, simple and regular. The architect, Sir William Chambers, has endeavoured to unite the order and chasteness of the Venetian school with the grandeur of the Romans. It is easily perceived that he studied, and often imitated, Palladio, Vignola, Peruzzi, and others of equal celebrity.

The Bank of England is built in the midst of a cluster of houses, which obscure a great proportion of its interior beauty. It is a vast pile of solid materials, resembling, in some respects, a prison; but on the whole distinguished by an excellent style of architecture. In the front of it is an equestrian statue, said to be of Charles II; but of whom it has not the least resemblance. The truth is, it was done for Sobieski, king of Poland, and, by an unforeseen accident, remained in the possession of the artist. Upon the restoration of Charles, the city, desirous of giving a proof of its loyalty, and meeting with this statue already finished to their hands, resolved on its purchase, and soon metamorphosed the Pole into a Briton, and the Turk, who is prostrate at the foot of

the horse, into Oliver Cromwell. The turban still remaining on the head of the latter figure is an incontestible proof of the truth of this anecdote.

Near the Bank is the Mansion-house and Royal-Exchange. The former is the residence of the Lord Mayor of London, during the continuance of his office. When it was first proposed by the citizens to erect a building worthy of the chief magistrate of the city, Lord Burlington, a nobleman distinguished for his taste in architecture, presented the court of aldermen with a design, by Palladio, in the best manner of that great man. The court deliberating whether it should be adopted, asked if Palladio was a freeman of the city. One of the aldermen sagely observed that he could not be a freeman, because he was a papist, and consequently unqualified to be employed. Hereupon the proposition of his lordship was unanimously rejected, and another plan, given in by a *freeman*, was accepted and put in execution. The architect, thus preferred to Palladio, had been a ship-builder; and the whole edifice is sufficient to bespeak it. The front is almost a perfect resemblance of the stern of a ship of war. The carving in bas-relief, over the porch, by Taylor, is executed from a correct and highly-finished design. It is composed of a figure emblematic of London treading Faction under foot, and two others, descriptive of Abundance and the Thames. But the whole are too Herculean. When Lord Burlington was consulted respecting the artist to whom the execution of this work should be given, he answered that any one was able to adorn such a building; but that Taylor was certainly the best sculptor among the *freemen* of London.

St. Paul's is far superior, in many respects, to the famous church of St. Peter at Rome; and is, without exception, the finest building in Europe. The front is bold, elegantly ornamented with a superb porch, and surmounted by two well-supported towers. The lateral porticos are also in a fine style of architecture. The double row of pillars, which surround the church, are of the Corinthian and composite orders united; and the space between the

arches of the windows and the architrave of the inferior order are ornamented with great taste. The dome is awfully majestic. It is supported by thirty-two columns, the entablature of which supports a gallery surrounded by a balustrade. Above these columns is a range of pillars, with windows between them. The slope of the dome commences above the entablature of these pillars, and on the top of it is an elegant balcony, ornamented with columns in the Corinthian order; and terminated by a globe and a golden cross.

The interior of the Church is unworthy of its outward appearance. Here we find a great difference between St. Paul's at London and St. Peter's at Rome. The first artists of Italy have vied with each other to ornament the latter, while the former is remarkable for nothing but its immense size and the nakedness of its walls. The dome is painted by James Thornhill, a very indifferent artist; and his work has been much damaged. Several artists of celebrity have offered to decorate this cathedral with their performances, without expectation of reward; the honour of contributing to the beauty of the building being the only object of their wishes; but, from Gothic and superstitious prejudices, their offers were for a long time rejected. Many attempts were also made to erect monuments in it, to the honour of those who had deserved well of their country; but, until very lately, for similar reasons, they were frustrated. Even the monument of Chatham could not find a place here, but was crammed, by ministerial hatred, into a solitary corner of Westminster-abbey. Within a few years, however, this prejudice is happily done away; statues of Johnson and Howard the philanthropist have been placed in the cathedral; the flags and ensigns taken from the enemy are suspended in its aisles; and national gratitude is about to employ every power of the chisel to raise monuments in it, to the honour of those brave men who have fallen in the defence of their country. It is to be hoped that we shall one day see a column raised to the memory of Sir

Christopher Wren, by whose talents the building was achieved, and whose remains are laid in the vaults beneath. This man deserved every honor that could be bestowed on him; but he experienced the fate of most men of genius; he was persecuted by envy and ignorance, which, a short time before his death, even deprived him of the small post he held under the crown.

The Church of St. Paul was begun in 1675, and was finished in 1710. It is remarkable that this immense edifice was built by the same architect and the same mason (Strong), and, that during the whole time, the bishopric of London was held by the same prelate (Henry Compton), being a space of 36 years; whilst St. Peter's at Rome had twelve different architects, was 135 years in building, and, during that time, the chair of St. Peter was filled by nineteen different popes. St Peter's is 437 feet high, 729 feet long, and 364 broad; St. Paul's 340 feet high, 500 long, and 180 broad.

Never was there a building of such extent so uselessly employed. Divine service is performed twice a day, in a corner of it, whilst all the rest is perfectly abandoned. The service is scarcely ever attended by strangers, on account of the careless and irreverent manner of the chaplains and chaunters, who seem determined that not much of their time shall be lost in the performance of their duty. Prayers are read, the psalms and responses are chaunted, in the short space of fifteen minutes; and the doorkeeper is anxious to turn the key upon the ministers of God, as his perquisites would be injured by the doors standing open long enough for strangers to take a view of the Church. This sordid policy, which ill accords with the magnificence of the place, is carried to a pitch almost incredible. Not a door is opened, or a finger raised, to instruct the inquisitive visitor, but must be paid for at no moderate rate.

The first plan which Wren produced for this Church was in a fine Grecian style; but the Chapter of the Cathedral, whose consent was unfortunately necessary, rejected the plan, under the pretence that it was better calculated for a Pagan temple than a Christian place of

worship. Sir Christopher, therefore, drew the plan which was afterwards executed; but which was far inferior to his first performance, still preserved in the library. He adopted the form of the Latin cross and dome, in which alone it bears any resemblance to St. Peter's, although it has been asserted that the one was but a copy of the other. Wren was highly blameable for not avoiding the faults of the Basilique. He could not be ignorant that the great architects of that building, Bramante, Peruzzi, and Michael Angelo, had projected a Grecian cross for the dome, and that the presumptuous Maderna, in altering it to the Latin form, had destroyed all proportion between the principal part of the building; so that the interior appears diminutive, and the finest part of the dome concealed by the lofty front even at the extremity of the vast square which fronts it.

Among other faults in the construction of St. Paul's, that of adopting a variety of orders is the most fatal to its exterior appearance. One simple order would have given to it an air of majesty and grandeur, of which it is now in great measure deprived. The interior, by not being sufficiently elevated, presents a defective perspective; and, as the columns are prodigiously heavy, the symmetry and beauty of the aisles are totally destroyed.

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

The numerous advertisements of the "*Knights of the Puff*," in the papers of this place and *New-York*, are very well hit off in the following *extra* effusion:—

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

"*Æquali Tonsore capillos.*"

I'll cue, bleed, or blister, or shave great and small,

I'll toupee, or threepee, or lather ye all.

Belteshazzer Von Powderpuff, Pomatum Master General, Earl of the patent razor, Baron of the nervous lather brush, Knight Errant of the fine tooth comb, and Heir Apparent of every barbarous tool under heaven—begs leave to

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inform the fashionables, that he has just arrived from *Babylon*, and is now rapidly approximating the crisis of a temporary sojournment in the bosom of this metropolis, where he most humbly prefers himself as a candidate for the ministry, at the altars of fashion, and worthy to embellish the polls of her votaries.

He most fondly flatters himself that his exclusive title to their patronage will be as readily admitted to belief by the initiation of candour, as it is warranted and adamantly established upon the rock-rooted basis of authority.

Descended from a long train of Barbers, he has embraced their profession—a profession as decorous as indispensable. By this he has found means of access to men of the greatest information and science, from whose friendly hints he has been sedulous to weave into his system every curl and ringlet advantageous to beauty, while he has been careful to avoid every supergraceful hair. No customer ever quitted the shop of *Belteshazzar Von Powderpuff* without leaving behind him the most grateful testimony of his approbation. His greatest Great, Great Grandfather, dressed the heads of the *Corinthians*, à la mode de *St. Paul*. He was perfectly acquainted with the "*flavum crinem*" of the Mantuan Bard, and has the honor of being able to evince, by his family records, that his Grandmother's husband's brother's father's nephew was the exclusive waiting hair-dresser of *Absalom*. His father (and without vanity he may boast it here) was the promoter, if not the originator, among the Grecians, of the *ὑγιαντικὸν*. He also invented the "*Gallia Comata*," but was forced to fly in the midst of his harvest, when *Julius Cæsar* conquered the *Gauls*, and ordered all the pomatum pots to be broken.—He too cut the hair from the head of *Heracitus*, and carried it himself, or sent it, by order of *Constantine*, to the *Pope*.

But it is needless for *Belteshazzar Von Powderpuff* to recount the honors of his ancestors; like them he, "*from the orient to the drooping west*," making his foot a post horse, has travelled over the globe to improve himself in the cru-

dition of his art; and render himself a complete master of *Barbery*. He may be said to have cleaned his combs with the pyramids of *Egypt*, and *Cleopatra's needle*; whet his razor on the obelisks of *Tudmor*; moistened his soap with the *Tiber* and the *Euphrates*; and lathered the greatest men of his time.—He bleeds, blisters, shaves, glisters, crops, puffs, cuts, cues, oils, greases, perfumes, pomatums or tallow candles all mankind.—He challenges *Lavigne*, *Smallpeace*, *Huggins*, or any other Barber "on the earth beneath, or in the waters that are under the earth," to shave, toupee, curl, whirl; or hurl with him by night or by day, in the penalty of five hundred pounds. He engages to excel the pinnacle of their excellence in *shaving* by merely spitting in the face of his customer, and throwing a razor at his head, *distant ten feet*.—He will *out curl them* by carrying a red hot poker through the *next street*—and out whirl them by a method best known to himself.

N. B. An apprentice wanted at the above business.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Our habitation, the earth, though provided with all the conveniences of air, pasturage, and water, is but a desert place without human cultivation. The lowest animal finds more conveniences in the wilds of nature than he who boasts himself their lord. The whirlwind, the inundation, and all the asperities of the air are peculiarly terrible to man, who knows their consequence, and, at a distance, dreads their approach. The earth itself, where human art has not pervaded, puts on a frightful gloomy appearance. The forests are dark and tangled; the meadows overgrown with rank weeds; and the brooks stray without a determined channel. Nature, that has been kind to every lower order of beings, has been quite neglectful with regard to him; to the savage the earth is an

abode of desolation, where his shelter is insufficient and his food precarious. —A world, thus furnished with advantages on one side, and inconveniences on the other, is the proper abode of Reason, is the fittest to exercise the industry of a free and a thinking creature. These evils, which art can remedy, and prescience guard against, are a proper call for the exertion of his faculties; and they tend still more to assimilate him to his Creator. God beholds with pleasure, that being which he has made, converting the wretchedness of his natural situation into a theatre of triumph; bringing all the headlong tribes of nature into subjection to his will; and producing that order and uniformity upon earth of which his own heavenly fabric is so bright an example.

A FABLE,

*By the late William Grove, Esq.
of Litchfield.*

THE ROSE AND THE PERIWINKLE.

How hard my fate, exclaims a Rose,
As waking to the noontide beam,
Their silken folds her leaves disclose,
And blushing meet the golden gleam.
Scant is the portion Nature gives
To me, unhappy flower, she cries,
A few short days my bloom outlives,
Then changes, sickens, fades and dies.
See how the Sun's refulgent power
The starv'ling Lily's bosom warms,
Each ray that cheers her opening flower
Serves but to fade my transient charms.
While struggling zephyrs rudely press,
And o'er my tender beauties rove,
Their busy wings disturb my dress
By Flora's fairest handmaids wove.
You hardy plant, that creeping spreads
By the dark wall its glossy green,
Nor summer's blazing ardour dreads,
Nor winter's desolating scene.
Ungrateful favourite! quick replied
The listening shrub, which near her grew,
Blame not the Sun with wayward pride,
To whom thy praise, thy thanks are due.
The emerald sprays, that round thee dwell
The rubies of thy leaf, so bright,
The gold, that studs thy honied cell,
Are but reflections of his light.
Full when he rolls the tide of day,
He makes thy velvet blush his care,
Bids gentle gales encircling play
To cool for thee the parching air.

No drenching rain, no chilling blast
Thy halcyon hours are taught to know,
When winter lays the garden waste
And sullen showers his silent snow.
In youth's luxuriant colours dress'd,
Ere one of their soft tints is flown,
'Tis thine to deck some virgin's breast,
And with its sweetness blend thine own.
Thus round the fair, the gay, the young,
By beauty's meteor-light betray'd,
The flattering sons of Fashion throng,
In search of charms that soon shall fade.
While Virtue, Innocence, and Truth,
The tenants of the simple cot,
In cold neglect consume their youth,
Unsought, deserted, or forgot.

The prospects on the river Senegal are finished beyond the utmost reach of art; a spacious glassy river, with its banks here and there fringed to the very surface by the Mangrove tree, that grows down into the water, presents itself to view. Lofty forests of various colours, with openings between, carpeted with green plants and the most gaudy flowers; beasts and animals of various kinds that stand upon the banks of the river, and, with a sort of wild curiosity survey the mariners as they pass, contribute to heighten the scene. This is the sketch of an African prospect which delights the eye, even while it destroys the constitution.

It is much in favour of him who labours under a deficiency of knowledge to be sensible of his ignorance. As when, by the sensation of hunger a man in a weakly state becomes sensible that his stomach is empty, it forms a favourable presumption; but, when a man's stomach is empty, if he has the sensation of its being full, he is certainly a good deal out of order.

When young men come into possession of great fortunes before they have acquired any fixed and determined taste; when every object of pleasure is placed within reach of the unambitious, all other pursuits are too frequently despised. A young man in this situation is prone to excess; he seldom waits the natural returns of appetite of any kind: his sensibility is blunted by too frequent enjoyments; what is desired to-day, is loathed to-morrow;

every thing at a distance which bears the name of pleasure is an object of desire, but, when present, becomes an object of disgust: all amusements lose their relish: as age advances, caprice, peevishness and tedium augment, till the curtain is dropped, or rather is pulled down by the impatient actor himself, before the natural end of the drama.

With seemliest dirge to soothe thine ear,
If yet thy spirit hovers near,
No melancholy verse:
Oh! Nelson! shall the generous muse,
No trophies of sad import chuse,
To hang thy laurel'd hearse.

I mourn thee not; tho' short thy day,
Circled with glory's brightest ray,
Thy giant course was run;
And Victory, her sweetest smile,
Reserv'd to bless thy evening toil,
And gild thy setting sun.

If two proud nation's hosts subdu'd,
By Gallia's despot deeply ru'd,
And ne'er to be forgot:
If thy fond country's just acclaim,
And Europe's blessing on thy name
Be bliss, I mourn thee not.

That name from Indian Cuba sounds,
To grateful Naples oliv'd mounds,
And Ten'riffe's mountain isle;
That name the thundering Baltic roars,
And freedom hails on Egypt's shores,
The hero of the Nile.

Of as Britannia's navies ride,
Where from old Ocean's straighten'd tide,
Thy cliffs, Gibraltar swell;
That name shall fill th' empassion'd thought,
And fond remembrance point the spot
Where Nelson fought and fell.

His deeds shall vet'ran valour speak,
And beardless youth, with kindling cheek,
Burn at the wond'rous tale;
The theme shall Piety pursue,
And, as she warms the sea-worn crew,
His nobler praise to hail.

Shew how in conquest's dazzling hour,
He bent before that awful power,
By whom the fight is won;
Serenely how he smil'd on death,
And cry'd with calm expiring breath,
Oh! God, thy will be done.

[*Quebec Mercury.*]

The English generally view objects through a dark medium. They are much affected by the vexations of life, under which they are ready to despond. They feel their spirits flag with the repetition of scenes, which, at first, were

thought agreeable. This stagnation of animal spirits, from whatever cause it arises, becomes itself a cause of desperate resolutions and debasing habits.

THE LOTTERY.

I courted a girl, that I long wish'd to marry,
And thought if I had her, I never should rue;
So shy did she seem, I thought hope would miscarry,
As her only reply was, "indeed it won't do."
Confound it, said I, what a matter is this,
Am I doom'd other ways to pursue?
Nor thought till that moment, that money was bliss,
And nothing but dollars would do.
So I stole to my hoard, which was easily told,
And took for a Ticket a few,
Then hasten'd to ——'s where the Prizes are sold,
Just to see what the dollars would do.
So throng'd were the doors, I could scarcely get in,
Yet I clumsily forc'd my way through,
And want of politeness appear'd as no sin,
As I'd nothing but dollars in view.
In three weeks, at most, I'd a capital prize,
Quite enough my fond hopes to renew,
And shew'd the bank notes, to those beautiful eyes,
Just to try if she'd say, "it won't do."
But what most of all has increas'd my delight,
And with pleasure I own it is true,
For I never since heard her, by day or by night,
Make use of the words, "it won't do!"

In a late American newspaper, *Crim. Con. &c.* is ranked under the title of *Sporting Intelligence.*

[Lon. pap.]

In our gentle climate, where nature wears the mildest and kindest aspect, every meteor seems to befriend us. With us rains fall in refreshing showers to enliven our fields, and to paint the landscape with a more vivid beauty. Snows cover the earth, to preserve its tender vegetables from the inclemency of the departing winter. The dews descend with such an imperceptible fall as no way injure the constitution. Thunder itself is seldom injurious; and it is often wished for by the husbandman to clear the air, and to kill insects noxious to vegetation.

[The following beautiful ELEGY is taken from the *Belfast Commercial Chronicle*, and, we understand, is the production of a humble weaver near that place. He possesses considerable talents, and deserves to be better known.

Greenock Advertiser.]

ELEGY.

Sad Muse of Sympathy, invok'd by GRAY,
To notes of woe, attune my tear-wet lyre,
That in wild strains commemorates the day,
When dust receiv'd thy plaintive Poet's Sire.

Beneath this heap, whose long rank grass is mov'd

By the chill gales, that o'er it softly sigh;
He lies, who justly liv'd, mild mercy lov'd,
And humbly walk'd with God, his friend on high.

The mortal lives not, who of wrong accus'd
His honest heart, that knew nor guile, nor dread,

Clos'd is his hand that ne'er relief refus'd,
And mute his tongue that slander never spread.

Of Liberty and Peace, a friend sincere,
Their smiles rejoic'd him, their decline he mourn'd

Pure truth he sought for, led by reason clear,

And priz'd Religion, while he Priest-craft spurn'd.

In youth, observing wisdom's lore sublime,
He shun'd intemp'rance, crime of thoughtless man,

Hence, active still, he reach'd the verge of time,

Beneath the load of threescore years and ten.

The gravity of age, the sullen gloom
Of superstition, ne'er his mind oppress'd;
He kept the Christian course to Heav'n, his home,

Delighted with the road that led to rest.
Time can't restore my loss—yon leafless tree,

By nature grac'd will soon its green boughs wave;

Yon roofless temple, scatter'd o'er the lea,
Repair'd by art, may shield an audience grave.

But all the pow'rs of nature, and of art,
Tho' kings should supplicate, and not a swain,

Can't give sensations to the pulseless heart
That here reposes ne'er to throb again.

Sad muse of Sympathy, forsake me not!
Console this breast that long has friendless been,

When solitude's drear gloom o'ercast my cot,

And fond affection wakes remembrance keen.

Sev'n times in snow hath Winter wrapt the plain,

Since fate my first, best friend, to Heav'n call'd home;

Thrice bless'd was he, who shun'd the scene of pain

And penury, that shortly was to come.
Strife in the city rear'd his hydra head;

Lank-sided Famine stalk'd the sterile plain:
The sad survivors ask'd in vain for bread,

And envied them who by the sword were slain.

Hath fate, that pain'd my country, smil'd on me?

No! danger and distress, I too have met;
The proud man's scorn—the false man's calumny,

Have griev'd me often and may grieve me yet.

But let me imitate his noble mind,
Whose virtues dignified life's humble sphere;

Prize right and truth—my country, and mankind—

Forgive my foes, and to my friends adhere.

So, when the village swain shall hither bring
My sable bier, and wrap my limbs in clay,

Some rustic Bard my doleful dirge may sing,

And Heav'n call home my soul to endless day.

In those forlorn regions round the pole, the Aurora Borealis streams with peculiar lustre and a variety of colours.

In Greenland it darts its sportive fires, with variegated beauty over the whole horizon.

Its appearance is almost constant in winter; and, at those seasons

when the sun departs to return no more for half the year, this meteor kindly

risers to supply its beams, and affords sufficient light for all the purposes of

existence. However, in the midst of their tedious night the inhabitants are

not entirely forsaken. The tops of the mountains are often seen painted with

the red rays of the sun; and the poor Greenlanders thence begins to date his

chronology.

Mr. Sheridan was very candid to acknowledge that the proposed tax on

private brewing would not affect him personally.

[Lon. pap.]

Extract from an advertisement in a Provincial paper:—"Wanted immediately a journeyman in the grocery

line to make candles."

Among the English song writers, one of the most conspicuous for merit and misfortunes, was the eccentric George Alexander Stevens. The following Bacchanalian ballad exhibits some of his peculiar talents.

Ye lads of true spirit pay courtship to Claret,
Releas'd from the trouble of thinking;
A fool, long ago, said we nothing could know,

The fellow knew nothing of drinking:
To pore over Plato or practise with Cato,
Dispassionate dunces might make us;
But men, now more wise, self-denial de-
spise,

And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Bigwig'd, in fine coach, see the doctor ap-
proach,

He solemnly up the stair paces,
Looks grave, smells his cane, applies finger
to vein,

And counts the repeats with grimaces:
As he holds, pen in hand, life and death are
at stand,

A toss up which party shall take us,
Away with such cant, no prescription we
want,

But the nourishing nostrum of Bacchus.
We jollily join in the practice of wine,
While misers 'mid plenty are pining;
While ladies are scorning and lovers are
mourning,

We laugh at wealth, wenching and whin-
ing:

Drink, drink, now 'tis prime—toss a bottle
to Time,

He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us,
His threats we prevent, and his cracks we
cement

By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

What work is there made, by the news-
paper trade;

Of this man's and t'other man's station;
The ins are all bad and the outs are all mad,
In and out is the cry of the nation;
The politic patter, which both parties chat-
ter,

From bumpering freely shu'n't shake us,
With half-pints in hand, independent we
stand,

To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motions well tim'd; be all charg'd
and all prim'd,

Have a care—right and left, and make
ready,

Right hand to glass join, at your lips rest
your wine,

Be all in your exercise steady;
Our levels we boast, when our women we
toast,

May graciously they undertake us,
No more we desire—so drink and give fire,
A volley to Beauty and Bacchus.

A Kilkenny Banking-house has lately failed. The former Proprietors, in their apology, say, that the *run* against them was so great, that they were themselves obliged to take to their heels.

An Attorney, in presenting a copy of a writ to an Auctioneer at Brighton, not long since, apologized for his unfriendly visit, and concluded with hoping that the other would not be offended, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty to his profession. "Certainly not," said the Auctioneer, "you must attend to the duties of your profession, and so *must* I to mine." This said, he instantly knocked him down. [Lon. pap.]

COVENT-GARDEN.—The Play last night was Ben Johnson's excellent comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*; and Mr. Cooke, after an absence of several weeks, came forward in the character of *Kitely*. As soon as he made his appearance, a murmur of disapprobation at the disappointment the public lately experienced on his account, issued from different parts of the house; several persons hissed, and others cried "*off! off!*"—but a large party strenuously applauded and supported him. Mr. Cooke, bowing to the audience and having very soon obtained a hearing, stated—"That since his absence from London, his name had been twice announced to appear in different characters. The first time, he had no notice whatever to play; and as to the second time, he should say nothing whatever on the subject." His address was followed by loud applauses, and this favourite actor was suffered to proceed in his part, which he performed in a most admirable and masterly style. The other characters were very respectably filled.

A late London paper mentions, that such is the rage for psalmody, that a man, discovered some nights since under a bridge, in Hertford, was by his own account, only catching a little cold, that he might be the better able to sing Bass on the ensuing Sunday.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the Port Folio.*TRANSLATION OF PART OF BUCHANAN'S
18th PSALM.

Relentless Death, impatient of control,
His nets around me spread,
Soon had my parting spirit fled
And Stygian waves o'erwhelm'd my feeble
soul.

Fix'd I remain'd,
My feet enchain'd,
While none was left my sorrows to condole.
I utter'd melancholy sighs,
The voice of my complaining reach'd the
skies,
And God, who sits enthron'd on high, heard
my repeated cries.

Soon as my humble pray'r had reach'd his
ear,
In majesty severe
He leaves his empyrean throne.
The earth affrighted shook,
Unable to endure his awe-inspiring look,
And from her bosom breath'd a hollow
groan;

The caverns from their dark profounds
Sent forth terrific sounds.
Their lofty tops the trembling mountains
bow,
And hollow murmurings issue from below.

His boundless sway
The heav'ns obey,
And seiz'd with sudden dread,
Incline their awful head,
In strict obedience to his high command.
The king of men and gods
Now quits his high abodes
To view the earth and our unworthy land:
See how he blazes thro' the air!
Celestial fires around him glare,
And cherubims divine conduct his flaming
car.

Swifter than wind, as on he speeds,
Darkness beneath his starry feet succeeds.
Black clouds above his chariot fly,
The distant thunders roll along the sky.

What rays of heav'nly light
Dart from his face with glory bright!
Where'er th' Almighty treads
A conflagration spreads,
And ruddy flames dispel
The gloomy clouds which round him
swell.

The earth retires
Confounded at the kind'ling fires
Which from his mouth and eye-balls fly,
And roll in spiral volumes to the sky.

And now a rapid show'r of hail
Swift wafted by the gale

Descends and ratt'ling beats the ground;
But when the Lord his awful silence broke,
And from his lofty seat in sacred accents
spoke:

The hurricane
Renews again,
The forked light'nings dart around,
And thunders loud from pole to pole re-
bound.

The earth no longer can the shock sustain,
But op'ning pours
Her wat'ry stores
Which like a deluge burst upon the plain,
And all the country round is one continued
main.

No more her deep recesses are conceal'd,
Her first foundations are reveal'd,
And Chaos comes again.
Thus the terrific thunders roar,
God's formidable wrath is felt on ev'ry shore,
And let the nations seiz'd with dread, his
heavenly name adore.

HORACE, BOOK II, ODE 16.

TO GROSYPHUS.

When lowering clouds obscure the skies
And dark and gloomy storms arise,
The sailor, 'mid the raging main,
Prays to the gods for ease, in vain.
In vain the Thracian ease desires,
Whose breast perpetual warfare fires:
The Mede whom glittering quivers please,
Prays to the gods, in vain, for ease:
For ease, which Grosphus can't be sold,
For gems, for purple, nor for gold.
Your heap'd-up treasures can't control
The direful tumults of the soul,
Nor licitor's ax, nor rods expel
The cares in gilded domes that dwell.

The man who without splendor lives,
Nor wishes more than fortune gives;
Him avarice cannot molest,
Nor cares deprive of peaceful rest.
Why should we boasting things relate,
Since ev'ry one must yield to fate?
Of what avail is it to me
To travel distant lands to see?
Men may with ease their country fly:
To fly themselves they vainly try.
For vicious care with quick'ning pace
Pursues and haunts the human race,
The man that's free from present strife
Dreads not the future ills of life,
But tempers with a gentle smile
The frowns of fortune; all the while
His mind with this great truth impress
That no one is supremely blest.
Achilles eminent and great
Could not avert the hand of fate:

By age, which nothing can allay,
Tithon at last was worn away;
And time, perhaps, may give to me
What it denies, my friend, to thee:
For thee an hundred flocks are seen,
And heifers lowing o'er the green;
Your fiery steeds around thee neigh,
And champ, and paw to start away;
The deepest purple covers thee,
But friendly fates have given me
A humble farm, and warm'd my heart
The Grecian lyre to tune with art;
And, with a conscious virtue blest,
The sckle vulgar to detest.

TO JULIA—SINGING.

Touch no more that note of sadness,
Julia—cease that pensive strain;
Do not drive my soul to madness—
Spare, oh spare my bursting brain.
How vast—how sweet is music's pow'r!
When beauty lends resistless aid;
They hung o'er Julia's natal hour,—
Entwin'd, they still attend the maid.
Thrice happy is the slave of sound,
Though many a melting pain he bears;
Feeling, with joy is ever found,
And pleasure mingles oft with tears.
Oh! how I bless the extatic sense
By which I feel the force of song;
It gives a soothing, sure defence,
Against the ills that round us throng.
And Mirth still wears a happier smile,
When Music animates the feast;
The varied song doth well beguile
The fairy hours we steal from rest.
Forever, Julia, may'st thou hold
The key that opens ev'ry heart;
Touch the dull clay, however cold,
And melt it with thy magic art.

HORACE, BOOK III, ODE 13.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

Bandusian fountain, sweet transparent rill,
More pure and clear
Thy waves appear
Than glass that's polish'd with superior skill.
When Phebus rises from the main,
A kid upon thy altar slain
To thee his streaming blood shall spill;
His wanton loves and fights are vain,
And little sprouting horns; for ne'er shall he
again
Pursue the flock in amorous play, and sport
along the plain.

The wandering cattle to thy shade repair,
A cool retreat;
Revival sweet
Thou giv'st to oxen, wearied with the share.
Nor can the dog-star's blazing beam,
Tho' eager, reach thy murmur'ing stream.
Immortal soon shall be thy name,
Whilst I in verse declare thy fame,
And 'sing the shadowy trees whose boughs
around thee spread,
The lofty oaks and craggy rocks that grace
thy gushing head.

ODE 26, BOOK I.—TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Friend to the Muses, ev'ry grief and fear
The boist'rous winds into the sea shall bear.
To learn what tyrant's fear'd beneath the
pole,
Shall never vex my independent soul;
Nor do I care what king inflam'd with ire;
May Tiridates' mind with fear inspire.
To thee, Pimplea fair, I raise my voice,
To thee that dost in purest founts rejoice:
A crown for my beloved Lamia bring
Made of the fairest flow'rets of the spring.
The honours, dearest Pimplea, of my lyre,
Giv'e no delight unless the Muse inspire;
You it becomes on flute or Lesbian string
The praises of my Lamia still to sing.

ODE 30, BOOK I.—TO VENUS.

Lovely Venus, leave awhile
Thy beloved Cyprian isle,
The fane of Glycera to view,
Whose altars smoke for none but you:
Let Cupid and the Graces haste
With zones flung loosely round their waist.
Let Youth's fair goddess hasten too,
That's scarcely comely without you;
And don't forget to bring with thee
The nymphs, and witty Mercury.

EPIGRAMME.

Quand les Français, à tête folle,
S'en allèrent en Italie,
Ils gagnèrent à l'étourdie
Et Gênes et Naples et la v....
Puis ils furent chassés partout,
Et Gênes et Naples on leur ôta:
Mais ils ne perdirent pas tout,
Car la v.... leur resta.

VOLTAIRE.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, November 22, 1806.

No. 46.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 182.

MR. SAUNTER,

THERE is a certain disposition for tedious narrations in some people which, however accompanied by good-nature, is hateful, even in the best of beings; I mean boring. Boring, Sir, (or bothering if you please) is become so universal a habit, that it deserves the most serious consideration: for my part I have declared war against it, and have met with such a variety of bores, that I trust it will not be amiss if I give you a sketch of them.

There are a thousand ways of boring one. Go into a Coffee-room, and you hear nothing there but boring. Bonaparte, sir, says a grave politician (laying down his newspaper and taking off his spectacles); Bonaparte, sir, is a very great man; a very extraordinary, a very surprising, a most miraculous character. Well, granted; and what then? why then he proceeds, and gives you the whole history of his campaigns; a tale that might vie in prolixity with the famous bulletin of Austerlitz. Well, another reads you the advertisements; aye, and with an air of consequence. He is a merchant, and wishes to impress his hearer with a profound idea of his wealth. He tells you a story about his usual habits, one of which is to read all the advertisements from

A. B's 'wants a place,' to I. Longman & Co's. 'rum, sugar and molasses.' A man who sits near him, catching the spirit of boring from the aforesaid merchant, by hearing him talk of some of his old habits, exclaims, 'Yes, sir, that puts me in mind of some of my own customs. Now, sir, whenever I get up from bed, I drink a pint of beer; beer, sir, is a fine thing for the stomach; well, sir, and then I take a walk round the battery, and have a peep through the spy-glass;' and thus he goes on until his friend calls him away, or until his hearers are completely dispersed. The next fellow teizes you about the New-York election, and then De Witt Clinton stuns your ears. By the way, that there Cheetham is a devil of a bore.

But boring is not confined to Coffee-houses; it is, in short, to be found every where. Though I honour very highly the sacred function, yet, it is not less true that some of the reverend clergy, are also very great bores, especially our Presbyterians. One of them will preach you a whole hour, by the clock, a long-winded discourse on faith and good works; and, finally, he makes it appear that good works are not worth a farthing; he then bores you a good deal about Moses and the prophets; and, lastly, exhorts you to fasting, praying, and flesh-mortification, when he is, perhaps, himself as obvious an instance of eating, laughing, and vociferation, as the most jolly fellow in the meeting. I might say a great deal more on this

Q q

head, but I begin to grow tired.—Oh! I had like to have forgotten: there is Mr. Mammoth, the *chief, head, and president* of all bores. Mr. Mammoth, sir, is a great hand at *boring*. He has a long while bored us about 'his gun-boats,' and his 'damned dry-dock,' and then again, whenever you mention 'Louisiana,' he will bore you about Louisiana till you wish him and Louisiana at the d—l. Lately I met with him at a friend's house, and he kept talking to me so long about *two millions of dollars*, with which he intends to purchase lands, that I had no patience with the fellow, but taking my hat rushed out of the house directly.

Yours, &c.

L. G.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[The following article, which we have translated from the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*, vindicates the character of a French physician, who has been unjustly confounded with many of the murderers concerned in the French Revolution.]

Guillotín was born at Saintes, the 29th of March 1738, studied medicine and took his Doctor's degree at Paris. Here he lived happy and useful until the organization of the States General; when he was appointed to revise a pamphlet entitled *Petition de Six Corps*. The style was flimsy, and the thought trite; but the enthusiasm of the French, in favour of the Revolution, gave it a temporary celebrity, and procured for the author a place in the deputation of the *Tiers Etats* of Paris. In the National Assembly, Guillotin was temperate, reserved, and at once conspicuous for his integrity and moderation. Appointed to draft a report on the penal code, he proposed, as a punishment less cruel than the rope, the employment of that fatal machine which bears the name of its inventor, and by which, shortly after, so many innocent victims were sacrificed. The indignation inspired by the judicial murders effected by this instrument has been unjustly transferred to Guillotin. It is a false rumour that he perished by his own devices. He died in his bed; but, it is said, his

death was accelerated by chagrin for the infamous abuse of what he intended as an instrument of mercy; not an engine of cruelty.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 9.

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM II.—BY TARAFÁ.

[Concluded.]

What causes the variance which I perceive between me and my cousin, Malec, who, whenever I approach him, retires and flees to a distance?

He censures me, whilst I know not the ground of his censure; just as Karth, the son of Aabed, reproved me in the assembly of the tribe.

He bids me wholly despair of all the good which I seek, as if we had buried it in a gloomy grave; and this for no defamatory words which I have uttered, but only because I sought, without remissness, for the camels of my brother Mabed!

I have drawn closer the ties of our relation [*relationship*], and I swear by thy prosperity, that, in all times of extreme distress, my succour is at hand.

Whenever I am summoned on momentous enterprises, I am prepared to encounter peril; and, whenever the foe assails thee impetuously, I defend thee with equal vehemence. If any base defamers injure thy good name by their calumnies, I force them, without previous menace, to drain a cup from the pool of death; yet, without having committed any offence, I am treated like the worst offender, and am censured, insulted, upbraided, rejected.

Were any other man but Malec my cousin, he would have dispelled my cares, or have left me at liberty for a season; but my kinsman strangles me with cruelty, even at the very time when I am giving thanks for the past, and requesting new favours; even when I am seeking from him the redemption of my soul.

The unkindness of relations gives keener anguish to every noble breast than the stroke of an Indian cimeter.

Permit me then to follow the bent of

my nature. I will be grateful for thy indulgence, although my abode should be fixed at such a distance as the mountains of Darghed! Had it pleased the author of my being, I might have been illustrious as Kais, the son of Khaled; had it pleased my creator, I might have been as eminent as Amru, the son of Morthed; then should I have abounded in wealth; and the noblest chiefs would have visited me, as a chief equally noble. I am light, as you know me all, and am nimble; following my own inclinations, and briskly moving as the head of a serpent with flaming eyes. I have sworn, that my side should [*shall*] never cease to line a bright Indian blade with two well-polished and well-sharpened edges; a penetrating cimeter! when I advance with it in my defence against a fierce attack, the first stroke makes a second unnecessary: it is not a mere pruning-sickle, but the genuine brother of confidence, not bent by the most impetuous blow; and, when they say to me, "Gently!" I restrain its rage, and exclaim, "It is enough."

When the whole clan are bracing on their armour with eager haste, thou mayest find me victorious in the conflict, as soon as my hand can touch the hilt of this cimeter.

Many a herd of slumbering camels have I approached with my drawn sabre, when the foremost of them, *awakening*, have fled through fear of me; but one of them has passed before me, strong-limbed, full-breasted, and well-fed, the highly valued property of a morose old churl, dry and thin as a fuller's club. He said to me, when the camel's hoofs and thighs were dismembered, "Seest thou not how great an injury thou hast done me?"

Then he turned to his attendants, saying, "What opinion do you form of that young wine-drinker, who sails impetuously, whose violence is preconceived?"

"Leave him," he added, "and let this camel be his perquisite; but, unless you drive off the hindmost of the herd, he will reiterate his mischief."

Then our damsels were busy in dressing the camel's foal, and eagerly served up the luscious bunch.

O daughter of Mabel! sing my praises, if I am slain, according to my desert, and rend thy vest with sincere affliction! Compare me not with any man whose courage equals not my courage; whose exploits are not like mine; who has not been engaged in combats, in which I have been distinguished; with a man slow in noble enterprises, but quick in base pursuits; dishonoured in the assembly of the tribe, and a vile outcast. Had I been ignoble among my countrymen, the enmity of the befriended and the friendless might have been injurious to me; but their malevolence is repelled by my firm defiance of them, by my boldness in attack, by my solid integrity, and my exalted birth. By thy life, the hardest enterprises neither fill my day with solicitude, nor lengthen the duration of my night! but many a day have I fixed my station immovably in the close conflict, and defended a pass, regardless of hostile menaces, on my native field of combat, where even the boldest hero might be apprehensive of destruction; where the muscles of our chargers quake, as soon as they mingle in battle; and many an arrow *for drawing lots* have I seen well hardened and made yellow by fire, and then have delivered into the hand of a gamester noted for ill fortune.

Too much wisdom is folly; for time will produce events of which thou canst have no idea; and he, to whom thou gavest no commission, will bring thee unexpected news.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[During the administration of Lord North, the councils of England were governed by some of the wisest and some of the weakest men in the kingdom. Among the most strenuous supporters of the ministry was the subject of the ensuing article, who, by the opposition wits of the day, was commonly called *Bloomsbury Dick*. As a politician, he never tired his hearers with prolixity; being more studious of *dining* than of *convincing*. We may be astonished that a mere sensualist should be associated in the management of the affairs of a great empire; and at a most interesting and alarming epoch too, but the wonder will vanish when we reflect that often, in the

absurd arrangements of this world, men, with the vulgar arithmetic of a petty clerk, or exciseman, are often exalted to the station of ministers; and that there have been Generals, who, if they had been sergeants, would not have had talent enough to make out the muster-roll.]

Richard Rigby was a Suffolk Fox-hunter, a bon vivant, and lastly, paymaster general; an appointment, the emoluments of which, during the American war, amounted to *fifty thousand pounds a year*. The early life and habits of Mr. Rigby were not favourable to economy; fashionable manners, mortgages, money traders, Sudbury dinners, and White's Chocolate house had made deep inroads on his paternal estate, originally respectable.

This was before he had perfectly attained the age or the art of properly enjoying it; and he might have lived to practice the teasing expedients of an empty purse, had not the turf, which helped to diminish, afforded him an opportunity of ransoming his fortune.

The grandfather of the last Duke of Bedford had given great offence to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Litchfield, by an improper interference at their races; and as it was by no means safe or easy effectually to punish a man, fortified by rank, privilege and wealth, they at last determined to bestow manual correction on this illustrious offender.

The Duke, in some matter relating to the starting of the horses and their weights, in which he had no kind of right to interpose, soon afforded the confederates an opportunity of executing their purpose; he was in a moment separated from his attendants, surrounded by the party, hustled, and unmercifully horsewhipped by an exasperated country attorney, with keen resentment and a muscular arm.

The lawyer persevered in this severe discipline, without being interrupted by his Grace's outcries and repeated declarations "that he was the Duke of Bedford," an assertion which Mr. Humphries, the assailant, positively denied, adding, "that a peer of the realm would never have conducted himself in such

a manner:" the matter soon circulated over the course, and reaching Rigby's ear, he burst through the crowd, rescued the distressed peer, completely thrashed his antagonist, and protected the Duke off the ground.

A service so essential, at a critical juncture, and at the imminent peril of his own person, naturally called forth, in the Russel family, every exertion of gratitude and friendship. Rigby became so distinguished a favourite at Bedford House, that he acquired the name of *Bloomsbury Dick*; and was soon after chosen member for Tavistock; the powerful patronage of the Duke did not forsake him till he was appointed to the most lucrative office in the gift of the crown. During the viceroyship of his Grace in Ireland, he shared the Duke's unpopularity as well as his favours, and is said, on one occasion, to have narrowly escaped with his life, from public indignation.

From the commencement of his fortunate career, no revolution of parties ever threw him back, and his passage through life, till his last illness, is said to have been interrupted by few of those distresses and inquietudes which, in a greater or less proportion, fall to the lot of most men; this circumstance was strongly corroborated by a countenance of festive conviviality, and a heart at ease, which he used to declare he *could only attribute to never having been married*.

Yet, an indifference to women I mean not to lay to his charge; he indulged this passion in a latitude culpable and somewhat extraordinary in a corpulent epicure, a professed amateur of the luxuries of the table, in whom the pungent irritations of love are supposed to be sheathed and blunted by masses of fat.

The writer of this article has often been in company with two of Mr. Rigby's acknowledged natural children, and has remarked that three of the handsomest women he knew were the wives of men provided for by the liberality or the gratitude of the paymaster of the forces.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that he continued a firm and consistent supporter of government during the American war. Though by no means an orator, or frequent parliamentary speaker, he was generally heard with attention, when he thought his communications either useful or necessary; and, by keeping to the question, which long speechmakers are so apt to forget, as well as by a correct acquaintance with the *Lex et consuetudo Parliamenti*, great deference was paid to his opinion on points of order.

When a debate became personal and acrimonious, it was his peculiar province to cool party violence; and he possessed the art of recalling banished good humour, by some ironical sally, or humorous turn. With these innocent weapons, I have seen him moderate or subdue the impetuous overwhelming torrent of Mr. Fox's invective, the noisy vehemence of Lord Mulgrave, the declamatory virulence of Edmund Burke, the personal acrimony of the Luttrells, and the well defended versatility of Mr. Dundas.

Mr. Rigby's pecuniary accumulations, whatever disgrace they conferred on Government, for permitting it, could not possibly be mentioned to his reproach, as they were, at that time, and had long been considered, the fair and customary perquisites of his office; he was often generous and always hospitable.

In a conversation on the subject of a motion made by a noble Lord, for accommodating the Commons in the House of Peers, he once laid himself open to a severe retort. "It has been for a long time," he observed, "matter of surprise, that their lordships pay so little respect to the house of commons; there is not so much as a seat to separate us from other strangers—I myself, when a noble Earl (Lord Chatham) made his last speech, was behind the bar, crowded and pressed on by pickpockets."

He forgot there was in that crowd men elevated by talents, rank, and hereditary fortune, far above a little country squire, the elevated minion of lucky accident; who owed every thing he

hoped for or enjoyed to strength of body, and by no means to transcendent ability or attainment.

"I did not know," replied a gentleman, offended at his remark, "that I was hemmed in by pickpockets, between the bar of the house, till the honourable gentleman ascertained the fact; but I now perfectly recollect I was very much crowded and jostled by the *Paymaster of the Forces*." Mr. Rigby felt the justice as well as the severity of the censure, and immediately gave a proof of his good sense, by asking pardon, shaking hands with the wit, and confessing the unguarded impropriety of the speech he had uttered.

The man, who from a scanty income, and the coarse meal produced by daily labour, shall contemplate, with a sigh, the brilliant revolutions of fortune, and the princely income of Mr. Rigby, may perhaps cease to repine at the distribution of the good things of this life, which a state of future retribution can alone fairly balance. Yet the Paymaster often confessed that the *early* part was by far the pleasantest of his life, when from the fatigues of the chase; and the joys of the jovial crew at his table, he returned with glee to his bed; and, after a well slept night, could not always tell where he should dine the next day.

"I was then far happier," he observed to a friend at Bath, "than feasting at Whitehall, or carousing at Mistley: I had not, it is true, a thousand acquaintance, who praised my dinners, drank my wine, and abused me behind my back; but I possessed a few really disinterested friends, whom, I fear, wealth and elevation have deprived me of; and what, alas! have they given me in exchange: a mind soured by suppressed suspicion, and ill disguised misanthropy, the hateful effect of too intimate a knowledge of mankind; appetites jaded by satiety, and a debilitated body sinking into the grave, from a complication of diseases produced by luxurious living."

[GOLDSMITH'S prose has nearly as much fascination as his poetry. Against his inclination, and in a course of studies quite

repugnant to his genius, he was engaged by the booksellers in the completion of the *History of the Earth*, and *Animated Nature*. This, in some places, is a translation from Pliny, in others from Buffon. Here, the ingenious author is compelled to translate from the barbarous language of a *Philosophical Society*, and there to new model the clumsy periods of a Woodward. Sometimes he is forced to wander through a wilderness of words with the garrulous Gessner; and sometimes to sigh over the dreary waste of Aldrovandus. But his fine genius never forsakes him. Let us look at a narrative, which, in his own inimitable way, he tells on the authority of some prosing Italian.]

In the times of Frederic, king of Sicily, there lived a celebrated diver, whose name was Nicolas, and who, from his amazing skill in swimming, and his perseverance under water, was surnamed the Fish. This man had from his infancy been used to the sea; and earned his scanty subsistence by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villages ashore. His long acquaintance with the sea, at last brought it to be almost his natural element. He frequently was known to spend five days in the midst of the waves, without any other provisions than the fish which he caught there and ate raw. He often swam over from Sicily into Calabria, a tempestuous and dangerous passage, carrying letters from the king. He was frequently known to swim among the gulfs of the Lipari Islands, no way apprehensive of danger.

Some mariners, out at sea one day, observed something at some distance from them, which they regarded as a sea monster; but, upon its near approach, it was known to be Nicolas, whom they took into their ship. When they asked him whither he was going in so stormy and rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he shewed them a packet of letters which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, exactly done up in a leather bag, in such a manner as that they could not be wetted by the sea. After eating a hearty meal with the mariners, he took his leave, and jumping into the sea pursued his voyage alone.

In order to aid these powers of en-

during the deep, nature seemed to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed as in a goose; and his chest became so very capacious that he could take in, at one inspiration, as much breath as would serve him for a whole day.

The account of so extraordinary a person did not fail to reach the king himself, who, actuated by the general curiosity, ordered that Nicolas should be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find Nicolas, who generally spent his time in the solitudes of the deep; but at last, however, after searching, he was found and brought before his Majesty. The curiosity of this monarch had been long excited by the accounts which he had heard of the bottom of the gulf of Charybdis; he now, therefore, conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to have more certain information. He accordingly commanded our poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool, and, as an incitement to his obedience, ordered a golden cup to be flung in it. Nicolas was not insensible of the danger to which he was exposed; danger best known only to himself; and he therefore presumed to remonstrate; but the hopes of the reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the pleasure of shewing his skill, at last prevailed.—He instantly jumped into the gulf, and was swallowed as instantly up in its bosom. He continued for three quarters of an hour below; during which time the king and his attendants remained upon shore anxious for his fate, but he at last appeared buffeting upon the surface, holding the cup in triumph in one hand and making his way good among the waves with the other. It may be supposed he was received with applause upon his arrival on shore: the cup was made the reward of his adventure; the king ordered him to be taken prompt care of; and, as he was somewhat fatigued and debilitated by his labour, after an hearty meal he was put to bed, and permitted to refresh himself by sleeping. When his spirits were thus rested, his account of the wonders he had seen was to the following effect:

He would never, he said, have obeyed the king's commands had he been apprized of half the dangers that were before him. There were four things, he said, which rendered the gulf dreadful, not only to men, but to the fishes themselves: first, the fear of the water bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist; secondly, the abruptness of the rocks that on every side threatened destruction; thirdly, the force of the whirlpool dashing against those rocks; and fourthly, the number and magnitude of the polipus fish, some of which appeared as large as a man, and which, every where sticking against the rocks, projected their fibrous arms to entangle him. Being asked how he was able so readily to find the cup that had been thrown in, he replied that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock against which he himself was urged in his descent. This account, however, did not satisfy the king's curiosity: being requested to venture once more into the gulf for further discoveries, he at first refused; but the king, desirous of having the most exact information possible of all things to be found in the gulf repeated his solicitations; and, to give them still greater weight, produced a larger cup than the former, and added also a purse of gold. Upon these considerations the unfortunate Diver once again plunged into the whirlpool, and was never heard of more.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In the year 1759 Dr. Will wrote a pamphlet entitled, "To David Garrick, Esq; the petition of the Letter I, in behalf of himself and Sisters." The purport of it was to charge Mr. Garrick with some words including the letter I, as U, in furm for firm, vurtue for virtue, and others.—The pamphlet is now forgotten; but the following Epigram, which Mr. Garrick wrote upon the occasion, deserves to be preserved as one of the best in the Language.—O.

To Dr. Will, upon his petition of the letter I, to David Garrick, Esq.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I have injur'd a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, as I hope, for the better;
May the just rights of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixt by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that I may be never mistaken for U.

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following bite upon the public was of so extraordinary a nature, that it deserves to be recorded, as it shews, that a foolish credulity and ridiculous curiosity seem to have banished common sense from the quality and gentry of great Britain. Towards the middle of January, 1749, the following advertisement appeared in the newspapers.

At the New Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Monday next, the 16th instant, to be seen a person who performs the several most surprizing things following, viz. First, he takes a common walking-cane from any of the spectators, and thereon plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprizing perfection. Secondly, he presents you with a common wine bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine: this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it, in sight of all the spectators, and sings in it: during his stay in the bottle, any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle.

Those on the stage or in the boxes may come in masked habits (if agreeable to them), and the performer (if desired) will inform them who they are.

Stage 7s. 6d. Boxes 5. Pit 3. Gallery 2s.
To begin at half an hour after six o'clock.

Tickets to be had at the Theatre.

* * The performance continues about two hours and a half.

N. B. If any gentlemen or ladies, after the above performances (either singly or in company, in or out of mask).

are desirous of seeing a representation of any deceased person, such as husband or wife, sister or brother, or any intimate friend of either sex, (upon making a gratuity to the performer) shall be gratified, seeing and conversing with them for some minutes, as if alive: likewise (if desired) he will tell you your most secret thoughts in your past life; and give you a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive.

For those gentlemen and ladies who are desirous of seeing this last part, there is a private room provided.

These performances have been seen by most of the crowned heads of Asia, Africa, and Europe, and never appeared public any where but once; but the performer will wait on any at their houses, and perform as above, for five pounds each time.

There will be a proper guard to keep the house in due decorum.

This other advertisement was also published at the same time, which, one would have thought, was sufficient to prevent the former's having any effect.

"Sig. Capitello Jumphado, a surprising dwarf, no taller than a common tavern tobacco-pipe; who can perform a great many wonderful equilibres on the slack or tight rope: likewise, he'll transform his body in above ten thousand different shapes and postures; and after he has diverted the spectators two hours and a half, he will open his mouth wide, and jump down his own throat. He being the most wonderfullst wonder of wonders as ever the world wonder'd at, would be willing to join in performance with that surprising musician on Monday next, in the Hay-Market.

"He is to be spoke with at the Black Raven in Golden-lane, every day from seven to twelve, and from twelve all day long."

Nevertheless, the contrivance took, and the playhouse was crowded with Dukos, Duchesses, Lords, Ladies, &c. the consequence of which will appear from the following paragraph.

Last night (viz. Monday, Jan. the 16th) the muchexpected drama of the

bottle conjurer of the New Theatre in the Hay-Market ended in the tragico-comical manner following. Curiosity had drawn together prodigious numbers. About seven, the Theatre being lighted up, but without so much as a single fiddle to keep the audience in good humour, many grew impatient. Immediately followed a chorus of catcalls, heightened by loud vociferations, and beating with sticks; when a fellow came from behind the curtain, and bowing, said, that if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. At the same time, a wag crying out from the pit, that if the ladies and gentlemen would give double prices, the conjurer would get into a pint bottle; presently a young gentleman in one of the boxes seized a lighted candle, and threw it on the stage. This served as the charge for sounding to battle. Upon this, the greatest part of the audience made the best of their way out of the theatre; some losing a cloak, others a hat, others a wig, and others hat, wig, and swords also. One party, however, staid in the house, in order to demolish the inside, when the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke to pieces the scenes, pulled down the boxes, in short, dismantled the theatre entirely, carrying away the particulars above-mentioned into the street, where they made a mighty bonfire; the curtain being hoisted on a pole by way of a flag. A large party of guards were sent for, but came time enough only to warm themselves round the fire. We hear of no other disaster than a young nobleman's chin being hurt, occasioned by his fall into the pit, with part of one of the boxes, which he had forced out with his foot. 'Tis thought the conjurer vanished away with the bank. Many enemies to a late celebrated book concerning the ceasing of miracles, are greatly disappointed by the conjurer's non-appearance in the bottle; they imagining, that his jumping into it would have been the most convincing proof possible, that miracles are not yet ceased.

Several advertisements were printed afterwards, some serious, others comical, relating to this whimsical affair.

The reason assigned, in one humorous advertisement, for the conjurer's not going into the *quart* bottle, was, that after searching all the taverns, not one could be found.

For the Port Folio.

A New Way of stating a Love Account.

The following account was furnished by an enamored votary of the quill, to the frail mistress of his hopes. As, in this traffic of affection, the balance appears so much against the adventuress, or, to use a counting-house phrase, in favor of the creditor, we see no other way for her to liquidate the debt, than by allowing him to commence an amicable suit, suffering judgment by default, submitting to an arrest upon the execution, going into a prison bounds, and swearing out upon the act for the benefit of the insolvent debtors—for it is but a fair inference from the face of the transaction, that she has already made a full assignment of her personal property to others, probably for the use and behoof of her natural heirs.

Miss—*in account current with* Dr.

To 1. high-proof, genuine, unadulterated, Virginia heart, 21 years old, shipped from Imaginary Felicity, in the Desire, and landed at port Expectation: re-shipped in the Hope, Sanguine Ideas master, entered at the custom-house, Port Deception, and stored in your fire-proof warehouse—value per invoice.

dolls. 100,000 00

To loss of weight and value, from damage sustained whilst in your possession, by neglect, want of attention and bad treatment,

100,000 00

To estimated depreciation in the value of the article received in Barter for the above, by reason of frequent exposure in market, at auction, and having

been much handled by the bidders, the gilding being quite worn off and the base metal apparent,

23,333 33

To expenses of a survey to ascertain the same,

1,666 67

dolls. 135,000 00

SUPRA—Cr.

By your heart consigned to me in Barter for mine, as per account rendered, original Sterling value

100,000 00

Deduct for damage received in the voyage chargeable as a general average against the underwriters,

29,656 50

70,353 50

By expenses, labor, &c. landing, and duties paid on the articles shipped by the Hope,

7,236 56

By storage, of do, for—months

2,420 00

By balance due by Miss —, exclusive of drawback, &c.

55,000 00

dolls. 135,000 00

E. E. N—, May 1, 1805.

S. W. P.—

THE STAGE.

[The ensuing tribute to dramatic merit we presume is from the pen of Mr. Carpenter, sometime Editor of the Charleston Courier. Mrs. Whitlock well deserves his encomium. Why is not this lady, the sister of Siddons, and with high pretensions to public favour, immediately engaged by the manager of our Theatre?]

The lovers of the drama will hear with sorrow that Mrs. Whitlock has sailed for *Philadelphia*, on her way to *England*.—The chasm which her departure will make in the theatre of *America* will not for a long time, if ever, be filled up. Those who have had the happiness of her private acquaintance, and possessed taste and judgment to appreciate its value, cannot readily forget the charms of her conversation, or hope easily to supply its loss. Of her professional powers it were needless to speak,

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since they have been long the subject of public admiration, and the theme of the critic's applause. Whatever the character was which she performed, the Kemble *genius* presided over the scene. Though she falls short of her brother John and her sister Siddons in the elevated walks of tragedy, she has greater versatility of talent than either of them; and in variety of character is little less superior to the latter than the latter is to her in force, figure, majesty and grace; requisites in which all who live, or have lived, must yield the palm to that accomplished wonderful woman. To all her other relatives we think her incomparably superior. In common with her family, her private manners, and particularly her colloquial powers are so excellent, that, in the moments of social intercourse, her professional greatness is for the time forgotten. Drawn from the united sources of the head and heart, the dictates of wisdom roll from her lips in a tide of words capacious, select, and elegant, sometimes grave yet interesting, sometimes solemn yet delightful, and sometimes playful yet instructive. Her arrival in *England* will add one more luminary to that constellation which the family of Kemble has given to the dramatic hemisphere of that country.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

The following are the late advertisements which have appeared in the London Papers, of persons who have worthily and diligently employed the extraordinary ingenuity with which they have been gifted, in discovering the means of improving beauty, and baffling the malignant efforts of Time.

"THE TRICOSIAN FLUID, in 24 hours, changes Grey Hair to any desired shade of Flaxen, Brown or Black, and its permanency is such, that neither Powder, Pomatum, nor even Washing will remove it; at the same time, it stands unrivalled in strengthening the weakest Hair, preventing its coming off, and increasing its growth to a luxuri-

ance beyond imagination; in fine, any Lady sending a lock of her hair, post paid, sealed at one end, to prevent imposition, shall have it returned, changed to any colour shewn at the place of sale.—Sold at No. 42, Cornhill, in bottles of 1l. 1s. each."

"The incomparable BLOOM of NIXON DE L'ENCLOS, superior to any thing yet discovered for rendering the Skin soft, smooth, and Beautiful in the extreme. Its wonderful effects in removing freckles, morpews, worms, &c. justly entitle it to that preference so long bestowed on it by the most elegant beauties in this kingdom. It is particularly recommended for the Hands and Arms, bestowing on them a delicacy and whiteness superior to any thing vended for similar purposes.—Sold by Mr. Overton No. 47, Bond-street, in Bottles of 4s. each."

"That SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS are one of the greatest drawbacks from the beauty and delicacy of the Female Face, Arms, &c. is allowed by every Man from the Prince to the Peasant.—To remove them various preparations have, from time to time, started up; but, most of them (though pompously advertised), having been found either *inefficacious* or deleterious, are fallen or falling to the ground.—In praise of TRENT'S DEPILATORY, which stands absolutely unparalleled and justly celebrated, the Proprietors will only observe—that it removes the Hair in a few minutes, without injuring the Skin, or causing any unpleasant sensation;—that it has been happily applied, and highly approved in the first Circle of Fashion and Rank;—and that Ladies may see it used, and thus have ocular demonstration of its Efficacy and innocence, before they make a purchase.—It is sold (by appointment of Trent & Co.) wholesale and retail by Mr. Perrin, No. 23, Southampton-street, Covent Garden.—Price Five Shillings."

"The Nobility and Public are respectfully informed, that "LARDNER'S GENUINE PREPARED CHARCOAL," which has acquired such great reputation as a DENTIFRICE, is totally different to that sold under the same name by

his late shopman ALEXANDER BLAKE. Mr. LARDNER has not only made a considerable improvement in the above preparation since the said Blake left him, but has also prepared a SOLUTION OF CHARCOAL, which (from the very great approbation it has already experienced), he flatters himself will continue to be found a valuable acquisition in promoting the Efficacy of the Powder, and in correcting Fœtid Breath, &c.—Sold wholesale and retail by E. LARDNER, (sole Proprietor,) Chemist to the Duke and Duchess of York, corner of Albany, Piccadilly."

ODE

On his Majesty's Birth Day, June 4, 1806.

BY H. PYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

Long did chill Winter's dreary reign
Usurp the promis'd hours of Spring:
Long Eurus o'er the russet plain
Malignant wav'd his noisome wing.
O'er April's variegated day
The frolic zephyrs fear'd to play;
Th' alternate change of suns and showers
Call'd not to life her silken flowers;
But arm'd with whirlwind, frost, and hail,
Winter's ungenial blasts prevail,
And check her vernal powers.

But o'er the renovated plain
See Maia lead her smiling train
Of halcyon hours along;
While burst from every echoing grove
Loud strains of harmony and love,
Preluding to the choral song,
Which opening June shall votive pour,
To hail with proud acclaim our Monarch's
natal hour.

Still must the day, to Britain dear,
To Britons joy impart;
Cloudy or bright, the day shall wear
The sunshine of the heart.
And as before the fervid ray,
That genial glows in summer skies,
Each cloud that veil'd the beam of day
Far from the azure welkin flies:
So may each cheerless mist, that seems
A while to cloud our prospect fair,
Dispell'd by hope's enlivening beams,
O'er brightening ether fly, and melt away
in air.

Awhile, though Fortune adverse frown—
By timid friends their cause betray'd,
With bosom firm and undismay'd,
On force depending all their own,
A living rampire round their parent Lord,
The British warriors grasp th' avenging
sword;

While youths of royal hope demand the
fight,
To assert a Monarch's and a Father's right.

United in one patriot band,
From Albion's, Erin's, Caledonia's land,
Elate in arms indignant shine
The kindred heroes of the Briton line,
To whelm invasion 'neath our circling flood,
Or stain our verdant fields with Gallia's hos-
tile blood.

Two Irish gentlemen, now inhabit-
ants of Petersburg, are said to have
formed a similar plan, in regard to the
airs of their *native* country, which the
celebrated Burns has executed with re-
spect to the *airs* of Scotland. Most
of these old Irish tunes are of exqui-
site pathos and simplicity; but the
words, to which they are usually sung,
are not always calculated to give them
their full effect. Some are of an obso-
lete style; and some are a representa-
tion of ancient tales, not well under-
stood at present, or of national manners
which antiquity has robbed of more
than half their charms. These *words*
are to the *airs* which they originally ac-
companied, as some old unfashionable
dress that is loosely thrown over a finely
finished statue. The antiquated drapery
merely *envelopes* but does not destroy
the beauty of the statue; and what a
connoisseur would most anxiously de-
sire is, to cast off this unseemingly garb
of antiquity, and give it an appearance
more *ensemble* with the *feelings* and
fashion of the times.

The following beautiful song is a spe-
cimen of those, which have been
lately executed by the Poets of Peters-
burgh:—

TUNE—ROBIN ADAIR.

When war his iron voice
Pour'd through the land,
My bosom burn'd to join
The warlike band;
When my love heard the tale
Her sighs encreas'd the gale,
I felt my courage fail
At love's command.
As the cold mountain's snow,
Is my love fair;
Black as the raven's plume
Her glossy hair;
In her soft hazle eye
Sorrow's drop trembled, I
Felt my heart bursting nigh,
At her despair.
To the soft bosom, I
Flew of my dear,
In her lids trembling stood,
The chrystal tear;

On my cold cheek it fell,
I felt her bosom swell,
Oh! then what tongue can tell
What I felt here?

Dry thy tears, Rosalie;
See yonder sun
Sinks in the Western way,
His course is run;
But when the night has fled,
Thou'lt see him glorious shed
His gold beams on thy head,
A new course begun.

[*R. Inquirer.*]

ON DR. JOHNSON'S STYLE.

By the late Lord Droughorn.

In love with a pedantic jargon,
Our poets, now a days, are far gone;
Hence he alone can read their songs
To whom the gift of tongues belongs;
Or who, to make him understand,
Keeps Johnson's Lexicon at hand,
Which an improper name has got;
He should have call'd it *Polyglot*.

Be warn'd young poet, and take heed,
That Johnson you with caution read;
Always attentively distinguish
The Greek and Latin words from English;
And never use such, as 'tis wise
Not to attempt to nat'ralize.
Suffice this trifling specimen
To make the admonition plain:—

"Little of *anthropopathy* has he
Who in yon *fulgid* curricule reclines
Alone, while I, *depauperated* bard!
The streets *pedestrious* scour: why, with
 bland voice,
Bids he me not his *vectitation* share?
Alas! he fears my *lacerated* coat,
And visage pale with *frigorisic* want;
Would bring *decoration* on his chaise.

"Me miserable! that th' Aonian hill
Is not *auriferous*, nor fit to bear
The *farinaceous* food, support of bards,
Carnivorous but seldom; that the soil
Which Hippocrene *humectates*, nothing
 yields,
But *steril* laurels and acquatics sour.
To *dulcify* th' *absinthiated* cup
Of life receiv'd from thy *novercal* hand,
Shall I have nothing? Muse! to *lenify*?
Thy heart *indurate* shall poetic wo
And plaintive *ejaculation* nought avail!

"Richer *desiderate* I never did,
E'en in mood most *optative*; a farm, when
Little but *arborous*, was all I ask'd.
I, when a rustic, would my *blatant* calves
Well pleas'd *ablactate*, and delighted tend
My *gemellip'rous* sheep, nor scorn to rear
The strutting turkey and the *strepent* goose;
Then to *dendrelagy* my thoughts I'd turn;

A fav'rite care should *horticulture* be,
But most of all would *geoponies* please.

"While *ambulation* thoughtless I protract
The tir'd sun *approinquates* to the sea,
And now my *arid* throat and *lustrant* guts
Vociferate for supper; but what house
To get it in gives *dubitdion* sad.
O! for a *turgid* bottle of strong beer,
Mature for *imbibition*! and O! for—
(Dear object of *biation*!) mutton pyc."

When this piece, along with several
others, in a similar strain, was shewn to
Dr. Johnson, at Edinburgh, he said—"this
is the best; but I could caricature my own
style much better myself."

The Prayer of the late heroic Lord Nelson.

The original of which is in the possession of Sir William Scott, in the hand writing of his Lordship, composed while the enemy's fleet were in sight.

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe, a great and glorious Victory! and may no misconduct, in any one, tarnish it! And may Humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British Fleet! For myself, individually, I commit my life to him who made me; and may his blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my Country faithfully! To him I resign myself, and the *Just Cause* which is entrusted to me to defend!—
Amen—Amen—Amen!"

"Victory, Oct. 21, 1805, in sight of the
Combined Fleets of France and Spain,
distant about 10 miles."

This pious composition, so honourable to its heroic Author, was written about an hour before the commencement of the Battle of Trafalgar;—Devotion itself acquires new attractions from so interesting a moment: and his Country, from this additional evidence of his virtues, will increase that reverence which is due to his memory.

Honest Joey Davies.—Mr. Joseph Davies, the late facetious host of Haverstock-hill, Hampstead, will be long remembered by the lovers of conviviality and the social jug. In size he was a complete Toby Filpot, in countenance a Boniface, and in humour little short of Falstaff. Like father Time, he was

rarely ever seen without a glass in his hand, and could not abide to see a full or empty one. He preferred native humour and native liquor to all foreign importations, and often declared that it would break his heart, if he thought that French brandy should ever get the better of *British spirits* by land or sea. He was fond of music, but could not bear the sound of an empty cask. He used to call himself the modestest man in the parish, because his face was always in a perpetual blush. Being once asked why he did not coin his nose, he said, he kept it that his customers might light their pipes at it. He was a steady friend to the Constitution, which he often toasted at the expense of his own—His maxim was, that a Publican could never be ruined but by short measures and short answers, which he carefully avoided—The only tax, he said he should approve, would be a heavy one on water drinkers. He drank with all, joked with all, and died, no doubt, in charity with all.

A race against time (if such it can be called) of a new description was performed, two or three days since, in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall.—A person laid a bet of 20 guineas that he would walk upon his hands one mile in 35 minutes along the road. His feet he was allowed to use as he pleased, provided he kept his hands to the ground. He performed the task in 32 minutes, and consequently won the wager, not, however without experiencing considerable inconvenience before he arrived at the end of his journey, from the creeping and crawling posture in which he was obliged to proceed. [Lon. pap.]

ANECDOTE.

Demetrius of Macedon.—This monarch would at times retire from business to attend to pleasure. On such an occasion he usually feigned indisposition.—His father, Antigonius, coming to visit him, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. On entering Demetrius said, "Sir, the fever has now left me." Very like, son, "says Antigonius, *perhaps I met it at the door.*"

A gentleman the other day, in the Strand, overheard one sailor telling another, that he had forgot Lord Nelson's Christian name—Why, Hurra-shio; you lubber (says Jack, a stout looking fellow, who probably could fight better than he could spell), and what could be more proper or convenient, as he was always licking the French, than to have a name that began with *hurra*!

A party of sailors, who had been in the battle of Trafalgar, were a short time ago met in Plymouth Dock (England) by some girls of their acquaintance. "So Ben," said one of the girls, "you have lost brave Nelson. The dear fellow! He is gone to Heaven, I hope."—"Gone to Heaven!" replied Ben, "to be sure he is—*what the hell could stop him?*"

THE FEMALE EYE.

A modern Writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye: the glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure."

The practice of ringing the bells every Sunday morning, having been discontinued of late, it brings to our recollection the following Epigram on a similar occasion:—

Ye rascals of ringers, ye terrible foes,
And disturbers of all who are fond of repose,
How we wish, for the quiet and peace of
these lands,
That ye wore round your necks what ye pull
with your hands.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Emblem of death! ah, soothing balmy sleep!
Friend of my pillow, o'er my eye-lids creep!
Soft let me slumber—gently breathing sigh,
Live without life, and without dying die!

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MODELS OF ELOQUENCE.

During his literary labours in this department of the Port Folio, it is fre-

quently incident to the Editor to announce a work to the public, with a view of obliging some *literary merchant*, as Mr. Hayley terms a bookseller. On such occasions it is expected from every editor, that if he cannot warmly commend, he may not acrimoniously condemn, but advance in the path of praise to the utmost verge of candour. The editor has been violently censured for this; with what justice let Candour herself decide, when he states, with the confidence of Truth, that no *mercenary* motive has ever stimulated him in this behalf, but to promote the interest of others, and to extend the lines of literature in his native country, have been his cardinal objects. For this service, whatever may be its worth, he has received no other return than the sneers of some, and the curses and ingratitude of others.

On the present occasion, when he strives to call the public attention to a work, in great forwardness, entitled, **SELECT SPEECHES, FORENSIC AND PARLIAMENTARY**, with illustrative notes and remarks by N. Chapman, M. D. he cannot by the most illiberal critic be charged with writing a puffing paragraph for the bookseller, or obtruding a foolish book upon the public. An intimate persuasion of the value of such a work, and an ardent attachment to its ingenious and discriminating Editor, unite to urge us to omit no effort to make its circulation extensive as the geography of America. In the leading volumes, the student, the lawyer and the statesman will find some of the most brilliant specimens of eloquence, which, within the last half century, have, at the bar, or in the Senate House of Great Britain, delighted, roused, defended, or governed mankind. The names of CHATHAM, BURKE, PITT, TOWNSHEND, CHARLES YORKE, LYTTELTON, FLOOD, GRATTAN, CURRAN, &c. need only to be mentioned, to give every reader a full assurance of the value of this portion of the work. In the concluding volumes, the Editor, according to the dictates of his own judgment, in alliance with the deliberate opinion of the author of this article, will insert some of the speeches of the

olden time. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of the politics of Charles I; but whatever might or may be thought of the nature or tendency of his maxims of government, it was notorious to the most prejudiced Puritan then, as well as to every polite scholar now, that this ill-fated Prince was one of the most accomplished writers and speakers in his kingdom. My Lord Falkland, Earl Strafford and many of their illustrious contemporaries will furnish many admirable models of speech. To prevent every invidious, and to rescind every party objection, to pay a full tribute to Impartiality, and make an acceptable sacrifice to Candour, the most brilliant orations of *Tom Totherside** will be fairly inserted. Among others, Waller's famous speech on the impeachment of Judge Crawley; of which popular, highly animated, and truly classical harangue, the bookseller boasted that he had sold *Forty thousand* in one day.

Nor shall the orators of America be passed over with contemptuous or ignominious silence. Full justice shall be done to the Genius of our country. If our *writers* form but a small company, the regiment of *speakers* is certainly full. We know no very forcible reason to prevent genuine Patriotism and honest Enthusiasm from comparing America to Athens, not much to the disadvantage of the former.

We conclude this annunciation, with expressing our belief that gentlemen of the legal profession, scholars in general, and politicians of every party will purchase this work; and in the great objects of amusement and instruction, we are convinced no subscriber will be disappointed.—In our country, eloquence is synonymous with civic Honours, Wealth, Dignity and Power. In the last particular, its potency is that of a magician. "It wields at will our *ferce demagogue*." It "shakes the arsenal," and *thunders* to the utmost verge of our political sky, as Demosthenes

—"*fulmin'd* over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

* Colman's Connoisseur.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

Having relinquished the lighter devotions of the Muse, for the severity of professional application, I am about to sacrifice, on the altar of *interest*, those little effusions which owe their birth to a fond but mistaken enthusiasm. Should the following unfinished *morceau*, which I have rescued from the assemblage, be considered worthy of a place in *your Port Folio*, I shall consider the destruction of *my own* a less painful sacrifice. It was written some years since, under the pressure of a sentiment which I shall ever dread, yet *delight* to think of. Yours, &c.

B.

SORROW'S SOLITUDE.

A FRAGMENT.

sparges
Lachryma favillam.

HOR.

TO MYRA.

Myra, thy well attemp'd soul
Hath only *dreamt* of grief's control.
I see thee move serene the while,
(A world submissive to thy smile)
Fashion's starry train among,
Fairest of the beauteous throng;
While wishing thousands vainly try
To wake the spirit of a sigh—
If from the world thou *ever* dar'st to stray;
To court the sudden maze of thought,
That Fancy's hermit hand hath wrought;
Oh, let the Muse conduct thy pensive way
O'er hollows deep, and mountains rude
To *sorrow's solitude*!—
Hark! from yon ivy-mantled tow'r
The pausing bell bespeaks the vesper near;
Soft flows the requiem of the parting hour,
In holy sadness stealing on the ear!
Imperfect from the yew's deep shade
That oft, the step of sadness hath betray'd,
Glooms the dire gateway on the sight;
While shrowded in a deeper night,
Far stretch'd beneath unmeasur'd valleys lie,
And mountains vast and drear ascend the
distant sky.
Oft mid these haunts (as stories say)
Is heard the faint re-echoed scream;
Oft o'er the cliff-obstructed way
Flits the lone taper's midnight gleam,
That lights the spectre step of woe,
To its dark purpose in the vale below!
Cowl-shrouded guilt, with hollow eye,
Afraid to live, afraid to die.
And cloister'd *Frenzy* pointing to the tomb,
And pale Despondence often there,
Stalk dimly thro' the magic gloom,
To woo the spirit of Despair!

Ha! see!

Yon pale form bending o'er the stream,
Where the rude cliff plunging past
Its thunders mingle with the blast—
Unheeded sweep the night winds by,
Fast the gath'ring damps descend;
Deadly gleams her sunken eye,
And streaming to the air her idle tresses
blend.

Hist! in the pausings of the gale,
That seems to listen to her tale,
How steal the hallow'd accents on the ear.
"Dreams of my youth, farewell! forever
flown,
Friendship's fond smile and rapture's fairy
throne!

Oh can ye live by maniac-mem'ry sway'd,
That raves o'er wastes of immolated joy;
O'er visions blasted, love's young sigh be-
tray'd,

And all that Fate can cherish or destroy?
Relentless Fate! oh give me back the past;
Hope whisper'd once its joys were meant to
last,

But ah, she whisper'd only to deceive,
And wretched——only lives to grieve!
Oh, sure 'tis cruel to resign
All that I once imagin'd mine!

Mine *be* that all kind mem'ry in thy pow'r,
Tho' tortures mingle with thy trance,
Yet give! oh give the backward glance,
Restore Joy's mimic hour!

Oh let me cease to *be*, but ever *seem*,
And still deluded woo delusion's dream;
Live in the parted hours that void of care
For others wept, but knew not *self*-despair,
When even *this* deserted form was blest,
By lovers flatter'd, and by friends carest;

While o'er the sportive dawnings of my
youth,

Pleas'd with my artless innocence and truth
Maternal fondness smil'd—
And as the breath'd for me a pray'r,
Look'd virtue through the pious tear,
And Heav'n's bright transcript fashion'd in
the child.

Yes! well does mem'ry picture to my view,
Departed Mother! when thy gentle form
Yet unsubdu'd by mis'ry's storm,
Rose like an angel on the eye,
And seem'd conversant with the sky—
Oh what an angel did I lose in you!

The sigh I breath'd united souls with thine.
And scarce a tear you shed, but mixt with
mine;
Tow'r'd Heav'n I soar'd, encircled by thy
pray'rs,
And made 'thy candid breast the pillow of
my dares!

Ah, they were cares, to those that now oppress
Thy sinking child, mere fictions of distress—
Ah, those were joys to nought but Heav'n allied,
And Heav'n resum'd them when my mother died!

Benignant Heav'n! that snatch'd me from her eye
E'er this fond heart had yielded love a sigh—
And yet perhaps that heart had never stray'd,
Blest in her pray'rs, and by her counsel sway'd;

Still had I flourish'd innocent as fair,
And frown'd reproach to death, or smil'd away despair.

Oh, lov'd remembrance! could thy arts revive

These faded hours, and bid their raptures live!—

Ah no!—I hear!—'tis Heav'n's too just decree—

"They live to virtue, but they die to thee."
Oh grant me then, 'tis all of earth I crave,
Some unknown, silent, solitary grave!

Grant me the cavern's deep enshrouding gloom,

'Twill yield my woes at least a transient tomb!

Welcome the dusky silence of the vale,
Thou semblance of my fate, black midnight, hail!

Willing I shun offended virtue's eye,
And blushing weep my crime, nor ask a sigh,

Yet spare reproach!—oh spare the wretch that lies

In self-reproach o'erwhelm'd, despairs—and—dies."

Ill-fated girl; e'en death's last throb release,
Oh that the muse could antedate its peace!
Could call some spirit from the realms of air,

Soft as thy sigh, and as thy bosom fair—
But ah! I see—the heart long taught to know

The iron anguish of neglected wo,
By love deluded, and by love unblest,
Already hastens to its Heav'n of rest—
One little moment, and its pangs are o'er,
'That pulse forgets to throb; that eye is moist no more!

'So the bold stream, on which thy gaze was thrown,

Whose tumbling honor half deceiv'd thine own,

From rock to rock recoiling tears its way,
Thro' nights of shade, and caves unknown to day,

Till the last verge one moment stays its flight,

Then flashing headlong on the light,
To wonted peace the billows all subside,
And gently steals the unmolested tide.
O'er spring-enamour'd plains pursues its way,

And vales made fertile by its fost'ring sway;
Reflects the beauties that its waters lave,
* And Heav'n's bright features dancing on its wave.

Ill-fated girl! tho' not one kind reprieve
From lips of ice thy suppliant fame receive,
Mayhap 'twill flourish, when their chaster breath

In wearied venom sighs the sigh of death—
For tho' no arts could, living, make thee fair,
Not ten long years of penitence and pray'r—
(Ah deep's the sigh, and bitter too the tear,
The world ne'er saw, or seen deems insincere)

Shall some impassion'd Bard, to sorrow just,
Rekindle virtue from thy sleeping dust!
Sing of thy woes, till pride forget to spurn,
And love's last victim watch thy sainted urn!

LODINUS.

* This allusion the author unconsciously interwove with lines written by him at the Falls of the Passaic.

EPIGRAMS.

A Cure for Impudence.

As a company of Mrs's. and Messrs. one day
Were ambitiously striving their wit to display,
The question was rous'd, when the precepts of old

Forbade ev'ry lady her age to unfold.
A pert forward female, by insolence fir'd,
Of a youth who as yet had not spoken, enquired,

What reply should I make, taciturnean sage,
Were some person desirous of knowing my age?

Reply, said the youth, by her insolence pain'd,
That you have not to years of discretion attain'd.

A limb of the law of a rustic requir'd,
Sir, your meaning of justice repeat;
Its a work cries the clown for which lawyers are hir'd,
But a work which they seldom complete.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.] Philadelphia, Saturday, November 29, 1806. No. 47.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 183.

'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of Fancy, and a dream of woes :
Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony, dispos'd aright ;
The screws revers'd (a task which, if he
please,
God in an instant executes with ease,)
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go
loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and
use.

MR. SAUNTER,

SIR,

MY friend Charles C—, who some-
times lounges an hour or two in
my chamber, has just left me. Fre-
quently the vividness of his wit contri-
butes in no small degree to dissipate
the gloom of a solitary student's winter
evening ; but, it is not unusual for us to
part without having exchanged a word.
He knows where to find a segar ; and
while he enjoys this sweet solace and
some favourite author, he pays me the
compliment of saying he wishes for no
better society. Our dispositions being
rather congenial, we can sit down and
raill at the sex in good set terms, when
a frown has chagrined, or descant on its
loveliness where a smile has exhilar-
ated.

I scarcely know a man who has more
forcibly won my regard, nor one whose

situation so strongly appeals to the sym-
pathy of his friends. At an early age
he lost his parents, and he soon learned,
that

When misery comes, it comes not singly.
The fraud of dishonest guardians quick-
ly followed the series of misfortunes
which death had commenced, and poor
Charles was thrown on the world, the
architect of his own fortune. Although
he had not completed his collegiate
education, he applied himself to the
study of the Law, as that profession
displayed, to his ardent ambition, the
most brilliant rewards of industry and
ability. His lively imagination became
chastised into sober reflection, and its
excursive spirits, that would have soared
to the very summit of the double moun-
tain, was taught patiently to explore
the recesses of that fathomless well, from
which the sage Coke directs his "good
son" to draw "according to the depth
of his understanding." By a steady per-
severance in such resolutions he passed
his noviciate with honour to himself,
and appeared at the Bar with the flat-
tering approbation of his instructor.
But those bright prospects, which hope
had portrayed, and fancy had vividly
coloured, were soon to be tarnished by
the rude daub of disappointment. He
had perused, with a scrutinizing eye, the
most accurate models of eloquence
which antiquity had produced and time
had preserved. His taste was discipli-
ned by the precept and the examples
of such matters, and his orations, at once
argumentative, classical and elegant,

S s

would not have disgraced an Atheian portico. But what was his astonishment at finding sound substitute for sense, declamation for reason, and the lowest expressions selected from the vocabulary of the rabble mob, instead of those passages, which he had been told, illustrated and ornamented the pleadings of the advocate! He found that chicanery supplied the place of candour, meanness of liberality, sophistry of argument—that the pure ermine of justice had been soiled by political partialities, in short, that the *money-changers* had usurped the temple of Justice.

His heart, alive to the finest feelings of which our nature is capable, revolted from such men. Hope no longer brightens his brow, for it is cast down by dejection; that ambition has no charms for him which is so liable to reproach, and he has no wish for the possession of a fortune which is subjected to the suspicion of being the purchase of fraud.

Such has been the substance of many querulous complaints which have made the shades of night seem yet more sombre, and which I cannot yet banish from his mind.

This evening he opened Cowper, and often turning over a few pages, he pronounced the passage I have quoted, with such an earnestness and enthusiasm, that I suspected it was to be followed by some commentary. I was not disappointed, but found his old complaints were to be repeated.

Do you know, said he, that I am quite wearied with my profession? I almost faint at the prospect of being obliged to wear away my days and nights in digging in the lead-mine of Law. Man is truly a *harp*, and I find the harmony of my mind is too exquisite for the rude jargon of juridical litigation. I confess to you, my friend, that the *screws* which govern it are miserably reversed indeed, when I see men, who, as Martial says, hire out their words and anger,

Verba et iras locant,

to silence the feeble murmurs of complaint, or give new energy to the arm of oppression. This is *no forgery of*

fancy—no dream of woes which have no local habitation but in the perturbed brain of an enthusiast. Sad realities stamp the vision with the impressive seal of truth. I have contemplated the scene until I can bear it no longer. I avoid this polluted stream of venality, for neither *my poverty* nor *my will* consents to sully the pride of independence by stooping to gratify the cupidity of vice.

But the silent and incessant congratulations of a good conscience, though most salutary food for the mind, furnish no nutriment for the body. That insatiable monster, at once the minister and the slave of every vice that flesh is heir to, murmurs under the dominion of Conscience. He complains that he devotes himself to her service in the sultry heat of summer, and defies the nipping blast and pitiless storm of winter, and yet, when he expects to enjoy some repose for his wearied limbs, this worst of all bed-fellows, this cursed Xantippe, reproaches him while waking, and even haunts his dreams when he slumbers.

To pursue your own figure, my good friend, said I, interrupting this victim of discontent, you never imbibed a more erroneous opinion than that your profession cannot be pursued without the most perfect cordiality between the actions and the conscience. It is highly imprudent thus to resign yourself to all the romantic suggestions of a fastidious mind. Reflect that while your objections may apply to very many of your profession, it yet merits not the indiscriminate censures you have pronounced. You will find in it many whose splendid talents ornament the Bar, whose learning adds dignity to the bench, and whose private qualities reflect additional lustre upon their characters when they suspend the *war of words* to mingle in the social circle. It is true that the just complaints of some and the envious malignity of others have somewhat sullied the fair fame of your vocation. But recollect that you have yourselves in some measure created the evils you lament. Your Indulgence has permitted many, too many, to be clothed with your privileges and

to abuse your dignity. There is the same proportion of good and bad men in your profession, that there is of vice and virtue : and this is the order of society. There are empirics in Medicine, knaves at the Customs, and even the sanctity of the Pulpit has not preserved it from hypocrisy. All that we can do is to attract distinction from the multitude by conspicuous merit, to command respect by striving to deserve it, and to exact homage from vice by doing fealty to virtue.

Your profession is the exuberant Exchequer which has furnished the best talents to the Legislature of your country, given sagacious statemen to your councils, and has even produced the bravest warriors in the day of peril. Cease then to unite in the clamour of a senseless croud against the most important class of the community. It is the only trait of Jacobinism you possess.*

Let me endeavour to fortify the resolution I would impress upon you, by placing a real Lawyer before your eyes. His habit is Castilian, his eloquence is Grecian, his purse is like that of the good Samaritan. He never flatters his clients by the delusions of hope when the issue of his claim is dubious, nor will he prostitute his honesty by making his talents the pandar of injustice. His abilities are even gratuitously employed to support the weak and succour the distressed. They are equally prompt and bold and skilful to detect knavery and pour the voice of reproach on the audacious front of impudence and oppression. He is sedulous of the approbation of the good, but he disdains the loudest plaudits of an ignoble and vicious mob. Such a man is P—. Imitate his virtues, and enjoy his reputation.

SEDLLEY.

* "First let us kill all the Lawyers," said Jack Cade; and the denunciation of this factious rioter has been repeated by many a similar scoundrel in our own country, particularly in this State. In the New-England states they are wiser. They know the *strong hold* against the encroachments of power or the licentiousness of Democracy.

Ad Lyram suam.

Paschimur—

HOR.

Awake, awake, my dulcet lyre;
Let Love your tuneful strings inspire!
LEYRIDA claims a votive song,
To her and love your notes belong.
Oh! whisper softly in her ear,
The anxious care, the timid fear,
That e'er disturbs the youthful breast,
Torn by love, depriv'd of rest.
Sing the joys on love that wait
Tell the pains that follow hate:
Oh kindle quick that genial flame
I feel, but, ah! I dare not name.

And shall no pulse with rapture beat!
Shall no cheek feel the blushing heat!
No chaste desires tumultuous rise!
No passion beam from her bright eyes!
—Alas, alas, 'tis but a cheat,
And I but clasp a dear deceit!
'Tis the lover's fleeting dream
That quickly flies the morning beam!
'Tis the wave by breezes tost
That in another wave is lost!
'Tis the wind that round me plays,
But never for an instant stays!

Yet sing of love, my faithful lyre,
'Tis joys alone your strings inspire.
And learn some sweet persuasive art
To lure the lovely Leyria's heart;
Then, best of Lyrists, I shall reign,
Happiest lover on the plain.

SEDLLEY.

Banks of the Monongehela, Nov. 1806.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 20.

Omnia fata laborant.

LUCAN.

I have been long pledged, to my reader, to bring to a conclusion the political reflections in which I have indulged; and I might now devote myself to a full developement of the ideas which I had proposed to myself to submit. But, the lapse of Time itself has served me; and accomplished all I had designed to attempt, and infinitely more than I could have performed. When I first entered the field, there was, if I mistake not, solitude and silence; no one was on the ground, and no voice was heard.—I allude to the question of foreign policy, and the intimate connection of American prosperity with European affairs.

There were those, indeed, the least, the lowest, of the dreamers of dreams, who employed themselves in an effort, either to lull the country into a fatal indifference, or to persuade it that the increase of French dominion threatens it with no disaster; and to these men, dangerous as they were, no reply was given. Time, however, as I have said, has accomplished all. It has, I suspect, afforded lessons by which many have been undeceived; and it has brought forth strenuous and able assertors of the truth. I, therefore, am satisfied, and retire. Warning has been given, *while time is*.

There are even persons who entertain so strong a sentiment of the similarity of the interests of the British empire, and the American (so far, at least, as respects the common enemy of all empires) that they have not hesitated to propose an alliance, offensive and defensive. I am not prepared to go this length; nor do I see, in the present situation of this country, and in the spirit of its government and polity, how such an alliance could take effect. What I require is, that this sentiment should pervade our politics, and give the bent to our measures. I have already dwelt on the political importance of commerce, and the possibility of commercial warfare; and I call upon America, not to sacrifice, to mercantile avarice and counting-house animosity, the greater and more lasting interests of the nation. I call, further, for a system of commercial policy, calculated to give Great Britain the advantage, rather than otherwise, over the universal foe.

That France is, of a truth, this universal foe, is the proposition to which, as I have intimated, a pretty general admittance is given. In reality, not a moment has escaped, since that in which the Treaty of Presburg was signed, and till the present, in which facts have not crowded upon facts, to develop this unbounded hostility. It is a remark, which presented itself long ago, that France, while she professes to be at war with Great Britain, employs her arms only against the continental states. The war with Great

Britain is but a covering; a pretext for quarrel, extortion and aggrandizement. — A second remark is this, that the warfare of France has ceased to have even a nominal exclusive object. It is altogether revolutionary. With a different cry, it treads in the Jacobin's steps; and France, with her regular and imperial government, is at this moment as much to be dreaded, by all other regular governments, as in the day of her wildest disorder.

It is an additional source of apprehension, that the measures of France are as wise as her means are efficient. When her enterprizes appear extravagant, it is only because, to ensure their fortunate issue, there is requisite an extent of power of which we find it difficult to entertain a conception. What is proposed is accomplished, and what is accomplished is useful to herself.

It is thus, that, while we see with dismay the present acquisition, and probable future consequences, of the Federation of the Rhine, we cannot withhold from it our admiration. The mere selfishness of France is, as we well know, the only motive; and yet the most liberal theory, the most exalted philanthropy, could perhaps have desired no more. The terms of the concordat, obtained, for the federated states, from the pope, are so many public blessings; nor ought we to bestow a meaner title on the twenty-fourth article of the treaty of federation; by which the petty feodalities are swept away; and yet both these measures, politically speaking, have, for a principal, and perhaps, primary object, to strengthen the hands of the respective sovereigns, and, finally, those of him to whom those sovereigns bow.

It is the same with the assembly of the Jews of France, a measure which, like the former, is a real gem in the crown of Napoleon. The barbarities to which the Jewish people have been subjected throughout Europe, while it has dishonoured the character of their enemies, has necessarily injured their own. Surrounded on all sides by contumely, made to submit to the most cruel insults, and denied so many of the rights of citizens, we are not to

wonder, if, while every generation has produced thousands of virtuous Jews, very many of their brethren have been worthless; for, where is the people, whom, for the most part, ill usage will not render base? The Jews, residing in France, Napoleon, by their deputies, assembles, lifts from the dust, distinguishes by public honours, and questions concerning their condition. Some of his questions may be thought a little embarrassing; but they are all such as he has an undoubted right to ask.

If this proceeding be viewed only as subservient to municipal amelioration, it is one which reflects the highest honour on the government by which it has been adopted, and which is calculated to extend its influence far beyond the boundaries of the French empire. To the philanthropist, it promises the benefit of the Jews dispersed through every Christian state; to the politician, alas! it portends the furtherance of Napoleon's ambition.

But, if we are to believe the rumour of the restoration of the Jews in Palestine, what have we not to fear?—and, to believe it, requires no stretch, whatever, of credulity! If Napoleon actually restore the sceptre to Judah; if he actually make himself its Messiah; if he find an heir for the throne of David, and if he send Sebastiani to dictate in Jerusalem—if he do this, where is the Turkish empire?—Between the French in Dalmatia, and the French in Judea!—And where is Egypt, the darling object of avidity?—Separated from Judea only by the sands of Syria!—Napoleon will rebuild the Temple; Napoleon will demand every acre of ground at any time possessed by a Jewish king; he will demand the surrender of adjacent provinces; he will secure the best sea ports; he will appear the friend of mankind, by stipulating for the equal rights of Jewish, Christian and Mahomedan citizens throughout the Jewish territories; and he will protect the regenerated kingdom by a French force, augmented as he pleases, and ready to shut the Bosphorus against the Russians, to storm Constantinople, or to march into the Delta. He will thus open a trade with the interior of Africa,

and he will encourage the purchase of slaves, from Gurgistan on the one side, and from Ethiopia on the other.

To what I have said, of the wisdom of France, it is proper to subjoin some notice of other causes of her success. When historians, at some future day, shall attempt to portray the momentous epoch in which we live; when, not content, like ourselves, to gaze on insulated facts, and to hear random invective; when they shall seek to elucidate what they will name a new era in the annals of the world; then, as I think, they will conclude, that the political state of Europe co-operated, with the French government, to bring about that increase of empire which we see, and that which I believe is yet to come.

I. The people of continental Europe groan under a multitude of barbarous institutions, the work of ancient times, and worn out of all reputation, but so interwoven with the existing governments that it is dangerous for those governments, however well disposed, to attempt their removal. Established governments well know, that even the most salutary reform may produce more evil than the continuance of what is most offensive. At the least, they know that their own ruin may be no improbable reward of their philanthropy; and a risque like this it is scarcely to be expected that they should seek.

With a new and revolutionary government, on the other hand, the case is entirely different. Force is its natural weapon; reforms are expected from it; violence to establish usages are suffered, as of course; the moment is favourable: 'To-day,' says Labruyere, 'you may deprive this city of its franchises, its rights and privileges; but, to-morrow, think not even of altering its signs.' Vous pouvez aujourd'hui ôter à cette ville ses franchises, ses droits, ses privilèges; mais demain ne songez pas même à réformer ses enseignes.—So much for the adventitious facilities of political reform.

From what has been said, it follows, that there exist evils under the old governments of Europe, such as might be remedied. That they might, we need only to appeal to the Federation

of the Rhine. The present practice of the new governments *may* be worse than the practice of the old ; but the established principles are better.

II. But, not only the people, the princes also of Europe languish under the shackles of the ancient institutions. The princes of Europe suffer so much from the aristocracy and the priesthood, and are checked and thwarted by so many, and, at this time, so idle corporate privileges, that the exercise of their natural functions is more than half prevented. How deeply the king of Sweden has felt this, we see in the revolution of Swedish Pomerania ; how anxious Austria is to free herself, we learn from the proposed revolution in the government of Hungary. But, on the danger of these revolutions, dangerous always, but especially when proceeding from established governments, I have already touched. It is not only that he who begins innovation cannot calculate upon where it will end, but that, as I have said, ancient masters begin it under peculiar disadvantages. We are commonly disgusted by a change of system, in those to whom we are accustomed ; but, with new faces, we find pleasure in new manners.—Nor is this all. There is danger from without, as well as from within. Every change makes two classes of discontented men ; those who object to the change itself, and those who object to all change whatever. Now, to these two classes, an enemy, like France, addresses itself ; it foment their passions, it raises them against their government ; and, after this, a sovereign is told, that his own imprudence destroyed him. It will be thus, if the king of Sweden should lose Pomerania, the plundering of the privileges of which is described, by French politicians, as the only fruit of his armaments ; and it will be thus, if Austria should lose the crown of Hungary, where her measures will no doubt be vilified by France, but where she is effecting what, alone, applied to all her dominions, can retrieve and save her ; can give her means and strength to cope with France, the government of which labours under no similar difficulties.

There remains to be mentioned still another source of French prosperity, and this is, the high state of the arts, in France, and even their anxious application to the purposes of political ambition. They give her power, and they give her reputation.

Such, then, and so assisted, is the enemy of the liberties of all mankind. We too are threatened ; for who is there that is not ? and where shall we look for defence, but in the resources of Great Britain ? She, as I have before asserted, possesses power equal, though not homogeneous, with that of France ; and she bids fair to last—as long as France can last.

Great Britain is our only hope. Shall we expect any thing from a fourth coalition ? Nothing, save the increase of the French empire. Will Prussia, humbled by her villany, or Russia, humbled by defeat, will either or both of these, with Sweden to help, deliver Europe ? While they are assembling on the frontiers, and collecting magazines, Napoleon, wisely and justifiably, will throw himself into Vienna, and give the final blow to Austria ; wisely, because he may thus appal his enemies, and justifiably, because, in the event of his defeat, Austria will infallibly join the allies. Europe, perhaps, must be delivered by events of which no germ is yet to be discerned ; but, be it delivered when it may, it must be the work of one man or of one people, and never of a coalition.

Great Britain is our only hope. But for her, what would be the bounds to the humiliations and injuries that we must at this moment submit to ? Let it not be supposed, that, in conceiving the possible reduction of the United States beneath the sceptre of Napoleon, I allude only to the conquest of the country by force of arms. Warfare of this kind the Americans would easily face ; but Napoleon has surer means. He works by emissaries, accredited and unaccredited. He would harass us with vexatious demands ; and, if these were refused, he would speedily render the government odious to the people ; if they were granted, his conquest would be complete. He would subdue us, not

by foreign levy, but by domestic treason.

Against this calamity, let me again repeat it, Great Britain, in our present situation, and in the present situation of the world, is our only hope. With her, Freedom makes a stand; but, let her be surrendered, and where shali it make a second? Not on the shore of the Atlantic, nor on the bank of the Mississippi, nor chin-deep in the Pacific.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[CUMBERLAND, during his mission to the Court of Spain, had frequent opportunities to see what was most remarkable in that romantic country. But he appears to have been more studious of the character and manners, than of the landscapes of the country. His description of the person and talents of Tiranna, a gipsy actress, of powers almost supernatural, will doubtless please our readers.]

I was not often tempted to the Theatre, which was small, dark, ill furnished and ill attended; yet when the celebrated tragic actress known by the name of Tiranna, played, it was a treat, which I should suppose no other stage then in Europe could compare with. That extraordinary woman, whose real name I do not remember, and whose real origin cannot be traced, till it is settled from what particular people we are to derive the outcast race of gipsies, was not less formed to strike beholders with the beauty and commanding majesty of her person, than to astonish all that heard her, by the powers that nature and art had combined to bestow. My friend, Count Pietra Santa, who had honourable access to this great stage heroine, intimated to her the very high expectation I had formed of her performances, and the eager desire I had to see her in one of her capital characters, telling her, at the same time, that I had been a writer for the stage in my own country: in consequence of this intimation, she sent me word that I should have notice from her when she wished me to come to the theatre; till when, she desired I would not present myself in my box upon any night, though her name might be in the bill; for it was only when she liked her part, and was

in the humour to play well, that she wished me to be present.

In obedience to her message, I waited several days, and at last received the looked-for summons. I had not been many minutes in the Theatre before she sent a mandate to me to go home; for that she was in no disposition that evening for playing well, and should neither do justice to her own talents nor to my expectations: I instantly obeyed this whimsical injunction, knowing it to be so perfectly in character with the capricious humour of this tribe. When something more than a week had passed, I was again invited to the Theatre, and permitted to set out the whole representation. I had not then enough of the language to understand much more than the incidents and action of the play, which was of the deepest cast of Tragedy; for, in the course of the plot, she murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead on the stage, lying on each side of her, while she, sitting on the bare floor, between them (her attitude, action, features, tones, defying all description) presented such a high wrought picture of hysteric phrenzy, *laughing wild amid severest woe*, as placed her in my judgment at the very summit of her art; in fact, I have no conception that the powers of acting can be carried higher; and such was the effect upon the audience that, whilst the spectators in the pit, having caught a kind of sympathetic phrenzy from the scene, were rising up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain, and a catastrophe, probably too serious for exhibition, was not allowed to be completed.

A few minutes had elapsed when this wonderful creature, led in by Pietra Santa, entered my box; the artificial paleness of her cheeks, her eyes which she had dyed of a bright vermilion round the edges of the lids, her fair arms bare to the shoulders, the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profusion of her dishevelled locks, glossy black as the plumage of the raven, gave her the appearance of something so more than human, such a Sybil, such an imaginary being, so awful, so impres-

sive, that my blood chilled as she approached me, not to ask but to claim my applause, demanding of me if I had ever seen any actress that could be compared with her in my own or any other country. "I was determined," she said, "to exert myself for you this night; and if the sensibility of the audience would have suffered me to have concluded the scene, I should have convinced you that I do not boast of my own performances without reason.

The allowances which the Spanish Theatre could afford to make to its performers were so very moderate that I should doubt if the whole year's salary of the Tirannâ would have more than paid for the magnificent dress, in which she then appeared; but this and all other charges appertaining to her establishment were defrayed from the coffers of the Duke of Osuna, a grandee of the first class, and commander of the Spanish guards. This noble person found it indispensably necessary for his honour to have the finest woman in Spain upon his pension, but by no means necessary to be acquainted with her; and at the very time of which I am now speaking, Pietra Santa seriously assured me that his excellency had indeed paid large sums to her order, but had never once visited, or even seen her. He told me, at the same time, that he had lately taken upon himself to remonstrate upon this want of curiosity, and having suggested to his excellency how possible it was for him to order his equipage to the door and permit him to introduce her to this fair creature, whom he knew only by report and the bills she had drawn upon his treasurer, the Duke graciously consented to my friend's proposal, and actually set out with him for the gallant purpose of taking a cup of chocolate with his hitherto invisible mistress, who had notice given her of the intended visit. The distance from the house of the grandee to the apartment of the gipsy was not great, but the lulling motion of the state-coach and the softness of the velvet cushions had rocked his excellency into so sound a nap, that when his equipage stopped

at the lady's door, there was not one of his retinue bold enough to undertake the invidious office of troubling his repose. The consequence was, that after a proper time was passed upon the halt for this brave commander to have waked, had nature so ordained it, the coach wheeled round, and his excellency, having slept away his curiosity, had not, at the time when I left Madrid, ever cast his eyes upon the person of the incomparable Tiranna. I take for granted my friend Pietra Santa drank the chocolate, and his excellency enjoyed the nap. I will only add, in confirmation of my anecdote, that the good Abbé Curtis, who had the honour of having educated this illustrious sleeper, verified the fact.

For the Port Folio.

Mr. Oldschool,

The elegant ballad, which is the subject of encomium in your 39th number, was written by an itinerant player, of the name of COLLINS, and introduced by him into a species of entertainment to which he gave the title of "Collins's Evening Brush for rubbing off the rust of Care." He sang it always in character; and though I was at that time very young, the sentiments of this song, and his manner of uttering them, made an impression upon my mind which to this day I cannot recollect without pleasure. I procured, at the time alluded to, a copy of his "Blind Belisarius," which I left on the other side the Atlantic: but the exact words are fastened upon my memory; and I herewith send you the song as it originally came from the author. You will find the variations considerable, and the beauties more numerous than in that which has appeared in the Port Folio. I had almost forgotten to mention to you that this Collins is the author of "The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess," in England a very popular ballad.

JOHN YORKSHIRE.

"*Date Obolum Belisario.*"

O Fortune, how strangely thy gifts are awarded!
How much, to thy shame, thy caprice is recorded!

Since the wise, great and good, of thy frowns
seldom 'scape any :

Witness blind Belisarius, who begg'd for a
halfpenny.

Date obolum Belisario.

He whose fame for true valour was spread
far and wide, sir,
In whom none—but his country—his praise
e'er denied, sir,
By his poor faithful dog was through Rome's
city led, sir,
With one foot in the grave—forc'd to beg
for his bread, sir.

Date obolum Belisario.

As a young Roman knight was by chance
passing by, sir,
The old soldier's appearance at once caught
his eye, sir;
And his purse in his helmet he dropt with
a tear, sir,
Whilst the veteran's sad story attracted his
ear, sir.

Date obolum Belisario.

"I have fought, I have bled, I have con-
quer'd for Rome, sir;
I have crown'd her with laurels that for ages
will bloom, sir;
From her foes' harsh dominion I've raised
her to power;
I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my
dower.

Date obolum Belisario.

"I no soldiers e'er risk'd by attacking at
random,
Nor vict'ry insur'd with a *nil desperandum!*
But, whenever I fought, I made both friend
and foe know
That all my design was *pro publico bono*.

Date obolum Belisario.

"I no colonies lost by attempts to enslave
'em,
Nor of Roman's free rights, ever strove to
bereave 'em;
Nor, to bow down their necks to my pride
or my pleasure,
Have an empire dismember'd, or squander'd
its treasure.

Date obolum Belisario.

"Nor yet, to enrich or ennoble myself,
sir,
Have my motives been tarnish'd by base
views of pelf, sir,
For such sordid designs I've so far been
from carving,
Blind and old, I've no choice—but of beg-
ging or starving.

Date obolum Belisario.

"Now if hero or statesmen should hear
his relation,
Whose deeds have still been for the good of
the nation,

Who, though feeble and blind, should like
me grope his way, sir,
The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn
night to day, sir.

Date obolum Belisario.

"But if, wanting that light, at the close
of life's spark, sir,
He at length comes to take the great "leap
in the dark," sir,
He may wish, while his friends wring their
hands round his bed, sir,
That, like blind Belisarius, he 'd begg'd for
his bread, sir.

Date obolum Belisario.

New-York, Oct. 22, 1806.

AFFECTATION.

Of all the borrowed varieties of cha-
racter, under which human weakness
chooses to cloak its ignorance, an af-
fection of learning seems to fit it
with the worst grace. And nothing of-
fends a man of taste sooner than to hear
pronunciation and delivery mangled as
it is in the mouths of those people who
affect the language of good breeding,
without knowing what constitutes it. A
man may have a tolerable idea of good
language from books, but he must have
a thorough acquaintance with the com-
mon talk of good company, before he
can deliver himself with ease and ele-
gance on every occasion. Affectation
belongs to the pedant, the clown, and
the "travell'd fool;" a civil well bred
man scorns to be guilty of such vulgar
meanness. An affected beauty never
creates admirers; so it is with the gen-
tleman and the scholar. Good breed-
ing is no borrowed species of cha-
racter, it is a native simplicity and
elegance; the man with all his fa-
culties at perfect command. People
the most guilty of this ridiculous and
vulgar error are those whose educa-
tion and calling have deprived them of
every fashionable benefit; those who
have been ranked with servants, illite-
rate and clownish. They hear the lan-
guage of their superiors, and attempt
to imitate it: and I assure you, Mr.
Editor, that I am never more com-
pletely wretched than when doomed to
hear the braying of those civil jack-as-
ses. They possess, indeed, one strik-
ing property, and that is—a facility of

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coining new words and expressions, in violation of every rule of pronunciation and syntax whatever. To be long in company, with one of these curious beings, a person either ought to have no ears at all, or to possess the stoic patience of Socrates; for it requires a larger portion of good nature to bear with it, on every occasion, than what generally falls to the common lot of men. Now, as I am getting pretty well into my subject, I shall endeavour to illustrate it with a circumstance which took place a few days since.

During a ride in the stage coach, between here and the city of New-York, we had a character of this disagreeable stamp in company. Our would-be erudite, and, as it seems, "travell'd fool," was endowed with an excellent memory and loquacious tongue. He could repeat many anecdotes of *larned* men of *vast responsibility* and *authenticated eddycation*, &c. Indeed, I was some time at a loss whether to pronounce him most fool or knave. However, as I am somewhat reserved in my habits, and not seeming at all inclined to take the trouble of translating his nonsense into English, I very deliberately bent my head forward to my knee, to disengage his attention, by pretending to fall asleep. But our companion was not the less talkative; while he had any one to listen, he was determined not to be silent. We were entertained with a history of his adventures in England, Ireland, France, and Italy. He gave us very *pathetic accounts* of *furren larnin*, of *geography built on supphustitions*; told us how he got his information of the *most grandest wonders of nater*, &c. and related many particulars attending the *misfortunate* death of the late king of France. The simpleton continued his rant in a tone of the pertest vivacity, and was incapable of correction, either in point of fact or mode of expression. At length I whispered to my companion that it would be advisable to heave him overboard, for murdering English, as it was clear enough that this was the language he meant to deal in.

I am well assured that if these ignorant coxcombs could see their fault

in its true colours, they would never make use of their "*high-flown*" medley which they render into complete nonsense. A man is not despised because he is illiterate. It is the corruption of his heart and prostituted abilities which make him the object of contempt. The writer of these remarks is well acquainted with a character who acts a very conspicuous figure in the literary world, and who, nevertheless, is ridiculed in almost every company for his affectation to appear more than usually well bred. The same person, too, is very apt to criticise affected airs in others, but cannot correct his own.

The reason is obvious enough. When we depart from the native simplicity of our manners, we appear ridiculous. I have seen a countryman excite the risibles of a lady by dropping a very handsome courtesy before her. In all cases borrowed airs, carriage, and modes of speech foreign to our everyday custom, are liable to be awkwardly executed whenever we attempt them. Common sense, the good sense of mankind, should be the regulator of our actions, and while we pursue its dictates, we shall beat the common track of humanity with prudence, and consummate our social career, under the auspices of well-pleased society.

ALMA MATER.

NUPTIAL.

Married, at Baltimore, on Thursday Evening, the 30th October, by the Rev. Mr. Inglis. Jonathan Meredith, jun. Esq. late of Philadelphia, to Miss Hannah Haslett, Niece of George Salmon, Esq. President of the Bank of Baltimore.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

To a rare accident we are indebted for the following song, which is justly celebrated among the convivial circles of England. The second stanza exhibits a brilliant proof of the author's genius.

*Captain Morris's celebrated Drinking Song,
"And this I think's a reason fair to fill my
glass again." Sung by Mr. Dignum, Mr.
Taylor, and Mr. Munden.*

(Never before published.)

I've oft been ask'd by prosing souls,
And men of sober tongue,
What joys there are in draining bowls,
And tipping all night long;
But though these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I drink till morn,
And fill my glass again.

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives,
Life's picture's mellow made;
The fading lights then brightly live,
And softly sinks the shade.
Some happier tint still rises there,
With every drop I drain,
And that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

My muse too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take;
But round the bowl he'll sip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake:
Then, if the nymphs will have their share,
Before they bless the swain;
Why that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

In life I've rung all changes through,
Run every pleasure down,
'Mid each extreme of folly too,
And lived with half the town;
For me there's nothing new or rare,
Till wine deceives my brain;
And that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

There's many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold;
But wine awhile drives off Despair,
And bids gay Hope remain,
Why that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

I find too, when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I'm prosed by some dull reasoning ass,
Who treads the path of care.
Or, harder still, I'm doom'd to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain;
And that I'm sure's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

Though hipp'd and vex'd at England's fate,
In these convulsive days,
I can't endure the ruin'd state
My sober eye surveys.
But through the bottle's dazzling glare,
The gloom is seen less plain;
And that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

But now I'll tell, to end my song,
At what I most repine;
This war has been as other wars,
No friend to good Port Wine:
For Port, they say, will soon be rare
As juice of France and Spain,
And that I think's a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

In the following quaint stanzas, the
curious reader will find sound philoso-
phy and easy poetry.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far excels all earthly bliss,
That God or Nature hath assign'd.
Tho' much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.
I see how Plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as set aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.
No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye.
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why? my mind despiseth all.
Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they give, I live.
I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend,
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
My wealth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clear, my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I.
I joy not in no earthly bliss;
I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what care is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.
I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill,
In greatest storms I sit on shore.

And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not, where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will,
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

Ne court, ne cash, I like ne coach;
Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall.
This is my choice: for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

In a very well written book, the Devil upon two sticks in England, Asmodeo, the subtle Demon, whose origin we find in Lé Sage, thus alludes to the murder of Charles I.

When they came to Whitehall, that superb building, says the Demon, is part of a royal palace, and remarkable for having been the Theatre of one of the most striking events of modern history. On a scaffold in the front of this building, Charles the First, an unfortunate sovereign of this country, was doomed to lose his head by the hands of a public executioner, and on the condemnation of a *self created* tribunal of his own subjects. It is called the Banqueting-house; and did, indeed, produce an unexpected feast to glut the *republican zealots* of the last century. I must now claim your attention, said Asmodeus, to that little man, dressed in blue, who looks up so attentively to the building, and, pulling off his hat, makes a most reverential obeisance as he passes. I presume, said Don Cleofas, he is some great admirer of architectural beauty; and it is in this manner without doubt that he manifests his veneration for a *chef d'œuvre* in his favourite science. It was impossible for you to guess, unless you were inspired, that this **silly man* is nothing more than a *zealous republican*, who offers this mark of respect to the edifice before us, whenever he pass-

* Though the Devil is usually considered the *Father of lies*, in this instance his assertion is the very echo of truth; and the Demon with a degree of acuteness, such as might be expected from the received opinions of his genius and sagacity, declares that a *fool* and *zealous republican* are synonymous terms.

Note by the Editor.

es it, because it was the *scene of a royal execution*. He is a tradesman of this city, who fancies himself a *very profound politician*. Though he would not scruple to tread on the neck of a King, he does not discover the least delicacy when an occasion offers, in *charging home on the purses of his subjects*. But this is not all. The fine equestrian statue just before us is a representation of the unhappy monarch we have already mentioned. And that is an object, interrupted Don Cleofas, which the *little republican tradesman* would, I suppose, avoid with the utmost precaution. By no means, answered the Demon; for he has more than once risked a fractured limb from the passing carriage, in order to discharge his rheum upon the pedestal.

Whatever quarter of the globe we come to, we shall find new reasons to be satisfied with Europe. Its rivers furnish all the plenty of the African stream without its inundation; they have all the coolness of the Polar rivulet with a more constant supply. They may want the terrible magnificence of huge cataracts, or extensive lakes, but they are more navigable and more transparent; though less deep and rapid than the rivers of the torrid zone, they are more manageable, and only wait the will of man to take their division. The rivers of the torrid zone, like the monarchs of the country, rule with despotic tyranny, profuse in their bounties and ungovernable in their rage. The rivers of Europe, like the kings, are the friends and not the oppressors of the people; bounded by known limits, abridged in the power of doing ill, directed by human sagacity, and only at freedom to distribute plenty and happiness.

Boileau used frequently to assert in conversation that the sorrows, complaints, miseries, joys, &c. of love would afford the best materials for comedy, for that love was a passion would reduce its votaries of both sexes to a second state of infancy. He used to repeat some lines out of plays, in which love had borne too much share; this recital

he rendered more ludicrous by his infantine manner of pronouncing these amorous passages.

Boileau was in company with some ladies, when the conversation turned on the conquest of *Mons*, by Lewis XIV. The poet at his departure was vehemently pressed by one of the ladies to compose two distichs on the taking of *Mons*. He complied with her request by the following verses.

Mons étoit, disoit-on, pucelle,
 Qu'un Roi gardoit, avec le dernier soin;
Louis le Grand en eut besoin—
Mons se rendit; vous auriez fait comme elle.

Imitated.

Mons, like a lovely favourite maid,
 Safe under royal eyes protected;
 Till *Louis*, of immortal fame,
 The taking of the town projected:
 And soon the citadel obey'd;
 You, madam, would have done the same.

The oration, which Boileau delivered upon his being chosen into the Royal Academy at Paris, did the author no credit, and produced the following lampoon.

Boileau nous dit, dans son écrit,
 Qu'il n'est pas né pour l'éloquence;
 Il ne dit pas ce qu'il en pense:
 Mais je pense ce qu'il en dit.

When Boileau modestly confesses
 In eloquence he does not shine,
 Not his own judgment he expresses,
 But very fairly tells you mine.

M. Barbin, whom Boileau employed as his bookseller, one day invited the poet to his country house, of which, though the rooms were very small, *Barbin* was very proud. After dinner, the pompous tradesman shewed the Satirist his garden, which, in proportion, was as small as his house. Holla, cried the Bard aloud to his coachman, put to the horses—Do not be in a hurry, said the host; where are you going, my good Sir? I am going, replied Boileau, to get a little fresh air at *Paris*.

During Boileau's last sickness a person begged leave to read to him a new tragedy; the Satirist listened to the two first scenes, and then exclaimed, why do you wish to hasten my end?

Boileau one day met the servant of his friend, who had been long and frequently afflicted with the gout. On enquiring how his master was, whom he knew to be of an irritable temper, the valet replied that his master was then under a fit of his old complaint. He swears a good deal then, observed the poet. O yes, Sir, said the servant, with simplicity, it is the only comfort poor master has in his illness.

The man of great genius is the first person to discover his own faults, and the last to pardon them. Of all the criticisms, observed Boileau one day, which hurt me the most, are those which my own judgment makes on my own works.

The earth is in continual change. Its internal fires, the deviation of its rivers, and the falling of its mountains, are daily altering its surface; and Geography can scarcely recollect the lakes and the valleys that history once described.

France has been renowned for politeness before all traces of politeness as well as humanity were banished from the nation. I have heard it remarked however, says Dr. Moore, by some who have had opportunities of comparing the characters of the various nations of Europe, that though Frenchmen were more polite than their neighbours by art, yet they were less so by nature, owing to an impetuosity of temperament, which, on the shadow of provocation, makes them forget restraints of every kind and hurries into imprudencies and difficulties from which every submission and adulation cannot extricate them.

A SENSIBLE REASONER.

A Traveller expressed his surprise to an inhabitant of Lisbon that they should have ventured to raise their houses to such a height in a town so lately overthrown by an earthquake.

It is because it has been so lately overthrown, he replied, that we venture; for as other capitals in Europe deserve an earthquake as much as Lisbon, it is

reasonable to believe that they all will be overthrown in their turn, according to their deserts; and, of course, it will be a long time before it comes round to Lisbon again.

A young Oxonian (who had an insuperable aversion for opening a book because he had been obliged to read so much at school) was assured by his tutor at Oxford that our most refined pleasure and the most permanent happiness of life proceeded from our ideas; but that they were not innate.

I am sorry for it, replied the young Oxonian; for if they had we should not have been put to the trouble of reading for them.

The transmigration of souls, says the sprightly Goldsmith, is no doubt false and whimsical; but nothing can be more certain than the transmigration of bodies: the spoils of the meanest reptile may go to the formation of a prince, and, on the contrary, as the poet has it, the body of Cæsar may be employed in stopping a beer barrel.

Our progress in the knowledge of nature is slow, and it is a mortifying consideration that we are hitherto more indebted for success to chance than to industry.

Copied from a provincial print—Married, a few days ago, Mr. Simmons to a lady whose name has been *misaid*.

A barber at Portsea has the following curious inscription over his door:—"Chins operated upon without laceration, or incision, by Simon Fraser, shaver to the *Philanthropic* society."

Taxation is confessedly one of the most difficult branches of Administration, to know the exact weight of impost that every subject will bear.—The Arabian proverb, in allusion to this, says, "it was the *Camel's hair* that broke the *Elephant's back*,"

Cooke is very indifferent about his *benefit*, as he never fails to have a bumper. He has, however, for some time past, been studying the part of *Sir Toby Belch* and the *Drunkard*.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The scholar and gentleman to whom we are indebted for letters from Italy, a country so powerful in its claims upon every liberal and inquisitive mind, is most gratefully thanked for the pleasure and instruction we have derived from his picture of Florence. This picture is not less pleasing to the public than to ourselves, and, to continue the allusion, we hope that the exhibition may not suddenly cease.

The poetry of L. is too much in the style of Crambo. He wings his flight only in the middle region. He does not fly

Mazonii carminis alite.

The politics and pursuits of Gracchus are not at all to our taste. He is engaged in the pursuit of a phantom; unhappy that wretch who courts the *drab* popularity.

*Nescius auræ
Fallacis! Miseri quibus
Intentata nites.*

H. is kindly received.

A. B. is well approved.

Q. is not destitute of ingenuity, but his Satire is too malignant and personal.

We shall advert to the hint of *Scrutator*.

C. shall not find us inattentive to his deserts.

He with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch his conquests over half his kind;
To him each *rival* shall submit,
Make but his *riches* equal to his wit.

The ingenious writer and sensible politician who styles himself "*COLUMELLA*," is very respectfully informed, that a review of his valuable pamphlet will very shortly appear in the *Port Folio*.

The amiable and elegant translator of the third Satire of Juvenal and the author of many other meritorious pieces of poetry will soon, we hope, have reason to acknowledge that we are not blind to his literary talents, nor deaf to the voice of friendship.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the Port Folio.***MR. OLDSCHOOL,**

I have casually met with a little volume of posthumous poems, from the pen of an extraordinary youth, by the name of Spierin. He was a native of the state of New-York. His father was professionally a clergyman, and pursued the business of instruction for many years after his arrival in this country. Soon after the birth of this, his eldest and only boy, he removed to South Carolina. He took the education of his son into his hands, and was the only instructor he ever had. The progress of George was singularly and prematurely brilliant. At the age of 7, he read Cæsar's Commentaries, and before he had attained his ninth year, he compleated the works of Horace. From his earliest infancy, he took no delight in the sports of his youthful companions, and he was often known to steal from their pastimes, to wander with a friend, and listen to the stories of the Iliad. "He possessed," says his biographer, "a dignity of demeanor, and an energy of character, which commanded the respect and admiration of all who knew him." He died while in the study of the law, promising to have become one of the brightest gems in the regalia of Justice. At the early age of 16 years, and 8 months, he was committed to the tomb. He fell a victim to the ravages of the yellow fever; and was interred on Sullivan's Island, opposite the city of Charleston.

By his "Eliza's Grave," a chaste effort of taste and sensibility, the following trifle was occasioned. It is the humble offering of a younger and a ruder minstrel, to

THE TOMB OF GENIUS.

Where the chilling north wind howls,
Where the weeds so wildly wave,
Mourn'd by the weeping willow,
Wash'd by the beating billow,
Lies the youthful poet's grave.

Beneath yon little eminence,
Mark'd by the grass green turf,
The winding sheet his form encloses,
On the cold stone his head reposes,
And near him foams the troubled surf.

"Roars around its base the ocean,"
Pensive sleeps the moonbeam there,
Naiads love to wreath his urn,
Dryads thither hie to mourn,
And fairies' wild-notes melt in air!

O'er his tomb the village virgins
Love to drop the tribute tear,
Stealing from the alleys round,
Soft they tread the hallow'd ground,
And weave the wild-flow'r chaplet there.

By the cold earth mantled,
Peaceful sleeps he here alone,
Cold and lifeless lies his form,
Batters on his grave the storm,
Silent now his tuneful numbers,
Here the son of genius slumbers,
—Stranger! mark his burial stone!— P.

TO MY HARP.*For Sept. 4th, 1806.*

One year, sweet friend, has roll'd away,
Since first in school we met;
I've tun'd thee almost ev'ry day,
Now to a dirge, and now a roundelay,
And am not weary yet.
When little joys would intervene,
The faithful night of woes,
Thy lay would hail the hour serene;
And gild it as it rose.

And then thy notes would warble glee,
But transient was the guile,
For tears were far more sweet to me
Than pleasure's wanton smile.
And when Columbia's goddess came,
And fann'd the patriot fire,
Loud notes of ardour shook thy frame,
And harsher sounds of ire.

But when I view'd the orphan boy,
The victim sad of wars,
I curs'd this fury to destroy—
This bloody-handed Mars.
And when I saw the weeping maid,
Beside the gloomy bier,
Where cold her youthful love was laid;
I gave—'twas nought—a tear.
Sometime beneath the hill alone,
While shed the dews of ev'n,
Thy chords would seize a rapturous tone,
My soul would wing to heav'n.

One year, sweet friend, has roll'd away,
A year of pensive grief,
I sigh'd and thrumm'd the plaintive lay,
And scarcely wish'd relief.
When first my fingers touch'd the strings,
Tho' natively and rude,
I warbled from a sweeter spring;
'Twas love and gratitude.
And oft did friendship lend the fire;
O Raymond, 'twas to thee,
Forever shall the theme inspire,
'Tis unison with me.

How oft, my Raymond, have we stray'd
The verdant vales among,
Or 'neath the mountain forests shade,
In happy concert sung.
Then life appear'd a varied field,
Where thornless roses grew,
And ruder blasts to Zephyrs quell'd,
In gentle measures blew.
Tho' often rugged rocks were seen,
And barrens pain'd the sight;

Yet still a path I saw between,
 To lead the trav'ler right.
 And on the flowery rode afar,
 Rose pleasure's golden dome,
 Hope guided like the polar star,
 And beckon'd me to come.
 My limbs were agile then and light,
 I bounded like the fawn,
 But ah! the flower has met its blight:
 The eve has met the morn.
 Now wan consumption's icy hand,
 Has grasp'd the vital seat;
 Adieu the joys which fancy plann'd,
 When vigorous and fleet.
 And must the flow'r of bright sixteen
 Be cropt and rotting low?
 All fall alike, the brown and green,
 For God hath will'd it so.
 Methinks a whispering spirit says,
 (A voice we all must hear)
 "Short is the remnant of thy days,
 "Thy hour is drawing near.
 "Groan not when life's frail thread shall
 serve,
 "Nor loathe the house of clay;
 "The prophets, do they live for ever?
 "Our fathers, where are they?
 A little while I'll tune thy strings,
 My parting hymn below,
 Then bid adieu to earthly things,
 To wretchedness and wo.
 Then shall this vital spark of fire,
 Wing to a bright abode,
 And thou shalt rise a sweeter lyre,
 To glorify my God.
 One year, sweet friend, has journey'd by,
 And left us still below:
 But the next autumn's sober eye
 May wander o'er the green mound where
 we lie,
 The resting place of wo.

CARLOS.

TO THE EOLIAN HARP.

Plaintive trembler, wild and airy,
 What sweet minstrel of the sky,
 What light sylph, or wandering fairy,
 Sweeps the notes of melody.
 O'er his downy pinions riding,
 Zephyrus wantons, deftly round;
 O'er thy chords, enraptured gilding,
 Breathes the pensive soothing sound.
 Now he thrills a sweet revival,
 Sighing wild Eolian lay:
 Now in notes no hand can rival,
 Sinking, falling, dies away.
 Flowing in harmonious measure,
 Melody like them to hear;

Orpheus' self might smile in pleasure,
 E'er Minerva lend an ear.
 Whirling, howling, rude and shivering,
 Boreas raging loud and bold,
 Sweeps thy strings all wild and quivering,
 With his icy fingers cold.
 Now, again, relenting, dying,
 Low the mellow breathings roll;
 Sounds, to soothe the mourners sighing,
 Calm the tempests of the soul.
 Hidden hand, which flies so wildly
 O'er their simple chords divine,
 Bend my harp with fingers mildly,
 Teach my hand to equal thine.

CARLOS.

THE BIRTH OF A SIGH.

Pity, once, with tear-bright eyes,
 Sought a bower's fragrant shade,
 And all the beauty of the skies
 Adorn'd the meek and pensive maid;
 When lo, a rosy cloud appears,
 Such as decks the orient day,
 And Cupid, God of tender cares,
 Swiftly wings his purple way.
 Not as wonted, smiling sweet,
 His brow declared some latent grief,
 When thus a suppliant at her feet,
 He humbly spake, and begg'd relief:
 "O nymph," propitious to my prayer incline,
 A portion of thy power impart,
 That hence the welcome task be mine,
 "To soften not to wound the heart."
 The goddess heard, and straight replied,
 While beam'd compliance in her eye,
 Thy power be hence with mine allied,
 The pledge I grant shall be a sigh.

C. F.

EPIGRAMS.

Proof positive.

"My Celia's willing chains I wear,"
 Sigh'd love-sick—"true," answer'd John,
 "Willing they must be, for I swear,
 "Her charms could never force them on."

Comfort.

If that poets succeed best in fiction, is
 sooth,
 Despair not, Dick Dogg'rel—you ne'er told
 a truth.

* Long, Pity, let the nations view,
 Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
 Collins's ode to pity.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
 in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO.

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, December 6, 1806.

No. 48.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

REVIEW.

An Inquiry into the Effects of our Foreign Carrying Trade upon the Agriculture, Population, and Morals of the Country, by Columella, pp. 61. *New-York: printed by D. and G. Bruce for E. Sargeant, No. 39, Wall-street, opposite the Branch Bank.* 1806.

Every man who lives and trades under the protection of a community, is obliged to consider whether he hurts or benefits those who protect him; and the most which can be indulged to private interest is a neutral traffick, if any such can be, by which our country is not injured, though it may not be benefited. JOHNSON.

THE substantial is so often distinct from the specious, that whoever applies to the latter the touchstone of analysis is entitled to our thanks: his own conclusions may be wrong, but he put us in the way for the right.

In nothing, more than in questions of political interests, have we need of this investigation; and still higher is its degree of value when commerce is connected with those questions. Ill-judged national contests, in the opinion of the writer before us, 'commonly arise from one or more of the following mental infirmities; *misapprehension, passion, or a false sense of honour:*' all this is applicable to politics in their simplest form; but, when commerce is concerned, we must add, the cravings of avarice, the *appearance* of gain, and the clamours of a junto of interested individuals; a multitude, if we listen to their tongues; a handful, if we estimate their importance.

It is the object of the *Inquiry* to ascertain the value, as it respects the nation at large, of that *foreign carrying trade*, in defence of which a party would plunge the country into hostilities with Great Britain. For his own part, he is of opinion, 'that Great Britain is very willing to let us enjoy unmolested more of this trade, than is beneficial to us.' p. 60.

The author of the present pamphlet, though he do not conceal an opinion favourable, if not to the rights, at least to the interests, of Great Britain, enters into no discussion of this nature. His inquiry is into the *interests* of the United States; and, with this view, he analyses the *effects of our foreign carrying trade upon the agriculture, population and morals of the country*, previously assuming, what he is justly entitled to, that these are the three bases of public prosperity.

'By our foreign carrying trade, is understood, in the following pages, all that portion of our commerce in which our shipping is employed to transport the produce of one foreign country to another; whether the cargoes of this produce be acquired by our own or a borrowed capital, or whether our vessels be merely hired out as carriers to others. In other words, all that portion of our tonnage which depends for employment upon the surplus produce of other countries, without affording any vent to our own, is prosecuting what is here meant by the foreign carrying trade.' p. 4.

A broad line of distinction is to be drawn between this branch of commerce and that which consists in the export and import trade; and the jet

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of the argument is this, that, 1, the foreign carrying trade has all the bad qualities of commerce in general, without returning the ordinary benefits; and, 2, that it has evils, and those of considerable magnitude, peculiar to itself. These positions we are of opinion that the author has established, in an extent sufficient for his purpose.

Among a people, like that of the United States, limited in its numbers, and almost unlimited in fertile territory, nothing can be more certain, than that its primary interests are agricultural. With such a people, commerce has no motive, except the passion for luxury, or at least the acquisition of articles not absolutely indispensable.

It is equally certain, that, by such a people, a commercial marine must be maintained and navigated only by the hands which might be employed in agriculture; that is, in the furtherance of its primary interests.

On the other hand, this commercial marine is itself subservient to agriculture, inasmuch, first, as it transports the produce of the fields to the best market, and consequently raises it to its highest value, &c. secondly, as, by detaining the amount of the costs of ship-building, seamen's wages, &c. within the nation itself, it adds, to the common capital, what would otherwise be paid into foreign hands, and one portion of which capital is immediately employed in agricultural improvements, a second *mediately*, as devoted to the extension of commerce, and a third still *mediately*, as given to luxury, or increased expense of living, from which (for here we differ essentially from the author of the Inquiry) agriculture receives advantages, real, though more or less remote.

But, the *foreign* carrying trade is not entitled to arrogate to itself the whole of this favourable character. It strikes at the interests of agriculture, which have been admitted to be the primary interests of the nation, by drawing off hands and capital to the creation and exercise of a commercial marine which is proper to itself, that is, which is created and maintained for the foreign carrying trade alone. Now, what is the

return, what is the compensation made to agriculture; that is, to the primary interests of the nation? Does it multiply or select markets for the produce of the country? This it obviously does not; but, it gives employment to a number of hands, and brings a sum, greater or less, into the coffers of those concerned, and therefore into the coffer of the public, and which, *immediately*, or *mediately*, is added to the agricultural capital.

It appears then, that the *foreign* carrying trade contributes something to to the national wealth, but that it is questionable whether it do not take more away. As to the employment it gives to individual industry, this is not to be reckoned as an advantage, since, the employment not being wanted, because industry has elsewhere a more useful object, the nation is not served, but rather diverted from its truer interests.

This is a strong consideration, and one which may reasonably cool our zeal in behalf of a trade for the support of which it is attempted to induce us to enter into hostilities prejudicial to us as soon as commenced, and of a nature to prove our ruin. What the author of the Inquiry advances, on the national utility of the wealth acquired by this trade, and on the injuries sustained from it by morals, is founded on views not sufficiently comprehensive, and such as end only in decrying civilization in general. The same may be said of the argument 'that the trade in question affords but little revenue to the government.' If it increase the agricultural and commercial capital, it adds proportionably to the revenue of the government. It increases the amount of the exports and imports.

Various other reflections are offered in the course of the Inquiry, and, with the exceptions we have made, they abound, as we conceive, in good sense and information. When the author errs, it is through too close an adherence to the system of Adam Smith.

This pamphlet, as we have said, is seasonable, and it fully deserves attention. We had rather hear of *men of influence* than of *influential men*, and the

Scotch use of *will* and *would* is a solecism for which there is no defence; but the Inquiry is the production of an able pen. We cannot lay it aside, without extracting two passages, by which we are more particularly struck.

I. It is not on agriculture alone that the *foreign* carrying trade may exercise a malignant influence. It may injure our own carrying trade:

'The agricultural interest of our country is thus immediately affected by the number of mercantile adventurers which the extension of our trade allures from all parts of the country to the sea-port towns; and by the number of labourers which it employs in mechanical operations connected with the shipping; most of them would otherwise naturally and necessarily have devoted themselves to agriculture. And it admits of a question whether this evil be not likewise attendant upon our carrying trade. Does the great foreign call for our tonnage leave a sufficiency for our natural commerce? Phocion says it does not, that the produce of our country is left rotting in our stores while our merchants are employing their vessels in the service of foreigners. It may also be demanded, whether, while we hire out our flag in the service of others, to carry on a trade depending upon the fluctuating state of European politics, we are not opening a door for the admission of foreigners into that department of our commerce which is of the most permanent benefit to the society.' p. 16.

II. It may even advance the prices of foreign commodities among ourselves, by encouraging foreign manufactures and produce. The arguments on this head are such as should also be recommended to those, who think Great Britain blind to her real interests, when she desires to deprive America of a trade which, say they, enriches us, and therefore enables us to extend our traffick with herself:—the answer is, that it enriches her enemies still more.

'It is generally asserted that a manifest advantage to our country results from one part of what is here included under the name carrying trade. The war which rages among the European powers has choaked many of the channels through which their various productions were wont to find vent—they are consequently glad to discover any new channels through which to pour with advantage the products of their industry. On account of the commercial privileges which our neutral flag affords us, there are great quantities of European goods imported into this country, and re-shipped by our

merchants for the colonial markets. Thus, it is said, our sea-port towns become emporiums for the different productions of the globe. Every American merchant who purchases, or obtains credit for, a cargo of European manufactures endeavours to dispose of as great a part as possible at home, and what he cannot sell for a sufficient profit at home he sends to the colonial markets. He is equally desirous of selling in his own country the return cargo of colonial produce; and he willingly accepts a profit somewhat lower at home for his commodities than he might obtain in the foreign market, because he is thus relieved from the risque and trouble of exportation. In consequence of this system, it is said, we have our markets stocked with the productions of Europe and of the American colonies; we enjoy the first choice of the greater part of the conveniences and luxuries of life, which are wasted across the Atlantic; and we procure them at a cheaper rate than any other purchasers. That we enjoy these advantages beyond any other nation, is probably true. But the just method of estimating the advantages and disadvantages of this trade is, not merely to take into consideration our present condition compared with what it was before an opening was made for this trade, but to compare this present condition with what it would have been, had we never engaged in the carrying trade.

'It is manifest, that, while the European productions which are sent to this country for the purpose of being re-exported, and the colonial produce which our vessels bring in return for them, have an unrestrained entrance, by means of our flag, into markets otherwise prohibited, the price in our ports will be regulated by the price which they can command abroad. If the markets for those productions were more confined, the European venders would be obliged to dispose of their merchandize, and the colonists of their produce, at a lower rate than they do at present; consequently, if our vessels did not afford this extensive sale to the European manufactures and to the colonial produce, which the present situation of affairs would not permit to either without our aid, the great body of our people would purchase these conveniences and luxuries at a more moderate price than they do at present. The manufacturers, on the one hand, and the colonists, on the other, would be discouraged from exerting their usual industry; but the decrease of their industry would not be in as great a ratio as the diminution of their profits; because any long-established productive labourers would rather endure a great diminution of their gains, especially if that diminution were likely to be but temporary, than suffer any material derangement in the conduct of their affairs." p. 20.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[The ensuing article, translated from the French, contains a sketch of the life of one of your wild dreamers, nodding in the arm chair of speculation, and, amid the fumes of a heated head, and the crudities of a bad digestion, fancying that, in the distance, a sort of *shadowy Commonwealth* may be perceived.]

James Harrington, an English political writer, was born in 1611. He was, the descendant of an ancient family in Rutland, and travelled through France, Holland, Denmark, Germany and Italy; refusing to kiss the Pope's foot, and when the King of England demanded the reason, he replied, in the true spirit of a cavalier, that a man who had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand ought not to kiss the feet of any one. This ingenious reply procured him the place of gentleman of the bed chamber, which his sovereign Charles I was pleased to grant. In this service he accompanied the Prince in his first expedition into Scotland. After the deplorable death of that illfated Prince, he secluded himself in his study, and conversed only with his books. His enemies having described him as a dangerous and disaffected person, he was in 1661 first imprisoned in the Tower with the Earl of Bath, and then in the Island of St. Nicholas in the vicinity of Plymouth. A physician, bribed, it is said, by his enemies, prescribed to him poison in his coffee, of which he swallowed so copious a dose, that he lost his senses. The Earl of Bath obtained his liberty, but poor Harrington was now nothing but a mere machine. He died at Westminster, the 17th Sept. 1677, aged 66. His *Political Maxims* were, in the third year of the republic, translated into French, and published in 18mo. by Didot the younger. His works collected by John Toland, were superbly printed at London in folio in 1700, and reprinted in 1737. His principal performance is a *Reverie*, entitled *Oceana*. This exhibits the plan of an *ideal Commonwealth*, and abounds in ingenuity, invention and *absurdities*. His style is neither easy nor flowing, but his subject is important. This work was not at all to the taste either of the fanatic

Cromwell, or his minions. A host of critics assailed the *Oceana*, and Harrington was not slow to reply. His vindication is inserted at the end of his works. Of this visionary politician, Montesquieu acutely remarks that he sought liberty, but mistook the Goddess, and that he must needs found a Chalcedonium, with a Byzantium before his eyes.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I know not whether it be with the greater pleasure that I have recognized the signature, H, in the Port Folio, or that I have read the very sensible letter to which it is subscribed. Your correspondent has taken the part I wished; he has replied rather than complained. It was thus that I thought he ought to have faced his former critics, and, in so doing, perhaps have brought Mr. Colon to a full stop, and left his partner not a foot to stand upon.

But, in that controversy, with the details of which, however, he must excuse me, if I am still without leisure to make myself acquainted, I perceive, according to H himself, that he has relied on at least one plank which cannot bear him. The rhymes, or pretended rhymes, to be found in the best English poets, are often no rhymes at all. The best English poets are, in this respect, no standard. Modern poets, in other points seldom the best, are almost in all instances accurate in their rhymes; and, in this, they are to be followed.

Again, your correspondent endeavours to set me myself at loggerheads with Messrs. Colon and Spondee (if the gentlemen still keep *shop*, or are even in existence), because I have allowed *wears* and *tears* to be good rhymes, while they say, that *wear* and *fear*, *esteem* and *blame*, are Irishisms. I have indeed shown mercy to *wear* and *fear*, &c. on the principle that the orthography is the same; but, ought *esteem* and *blame* to be mentioned at the same time? Is there any possible defence for these, except, perhaps, the wretched one of precedent? Truly, I

do *estame* these *rhymes*, to have a little bit of the brogue!

When your correspondent heaped Messrs. Colon and Spondee and humble me together, under the denomination of *such critics*, I am confident, that, whatever may be the unalterable force of the phrase, he did not mean to treat any one of us with disrespect; and this the more, because he is alive to the impropriety of calling names. But, from the vice thus mentioned, notwithstanding some bearable features, H hardly thinks that *Metoicos* is free. Yet it was surely wrong, where the text was incomprehensible, gratuitously to suppose me guilty of this error; when he and the Young Man recollect that the *sensitive-plant* is a *mimosa*, they will perhaps acquit me of calling names, or at least of names not to be reconciled with, what an old English writer has beautifully called, the *humanitie of words*.

H and myself are still divided, as to the sense of the third stanza,* and as to the general scope of the ode. On the first question, Mr. Oldschool, I must already have so far exhausted your patience, that I will presume to add but little. He asks, why should Horace be *ashamed*, because an intoxicated rival maltreated his mistress? I am not able to refer to my former letter, and rely therefore on H for the faithful citation of any words I may have used; but I know that what was and is, my opinion, imputes to Horace only a very natural sentiment. I suppose him to love Lydia, and therefore to feel strongly her exposure, amid drunken revels. The whole truth of the case is, that Horace speaks of her shoulders as disgraced or degraded (*turparunt*), but does not tell us in what manner. He says nothing of blows; and the question is, whether blows must be implied?

H tells us, that he believes no instance can be produced, where Horace has spoken of nakedness as a deformity. I can take his word; but my inquiry is, whether to *strip naked*, to *expose*, may never mean to *disgrace* or to *degrade*?

H is not willing to say, that to mention the lesser outrage after the greater is not an anticlimax in composition;

but he believes, that, upon most occasions, the greater would be first mentioned, by an angry or injured man. If this be so, then it is no anticlimax in composition; for composition has no law, but this, to adhere to the natural order of things.—But, your correspondent suddenly disengages himself from the debate, and pronounces, that my construction will not bear examination; and, as he immediately afterward levels against me the old story, that *it is easier to find fault than to mend*, I cannot help suspecting, in this place, something of the hyper-irritability, &c. &c. &c. It is true, that in favour of the ladies, he is willing to give up the point; but I hope to keep the point and the ladies too!

H is sorry that *Metoicos* is offended at the introduction of *fluid*; and his defence is, that the *idea* is in the original: but, my objection was and is, not to the idea, but to the word; and I say, that *lips imbued with Venus' nectar*, and *lips imbued with Venus' nectareous fluid*, are expressions of very unequal beauty. He does me right where he adds, that *Metoicos* thinks it inconceivable that *Venus* should imbue kisses in this fluid; but he endeavours to show, that lips and kisses are perfectly synonymous, and warns me not to be too strict as to the literal meaning of every poetical expression. On these topics I shall be as brief as they will allow; but, foreseeing that some degree of expansion will be necessary, I should avoid them altogether, did I not know them to be important.

The nature of poetical language is so much misapprehended, even by those, who, because they undertake to treat of it, ought to understand it best, that it will be useful to say a few words of its real principles. Poetical language is not a random dialect. Its literal meaning is to be as rigorously examined as that of the plainest prose, or even the terms of a mathematical problem. Whatever be the range of the imagination, language is good for nothing, unless it strictly express the idea which it is intended to convey. Instead, therefore, of saying, that we are not to *confine every poetical expression to its strict literal*

meaning, we ought to say, that every poetical thought is not to be confined to strict physical truth. This must be what is intended by H; and, on this, it will be worth while to bestow some reflection.

The position is entirely correct; but its meaning and value are often much misconceived.

What are poetical thoughts? Thoughts, not limited to the entertainment of the ideas immediately derived from natural objects, but pregnant with feeling and imagination. But, is the imagination subject to no laws? Assuredly it is; and the first in this: That, though it may rise above nature, it must never give it the lie; it may add to nature, but it must never reverse it; it must not place upon its head, that which nature has placed upon its heels; and the reason of all this is very plain: that imagination is wild, is lunatic, which proceeds in any other order, than from the known to the unknown. The story of the ship, the nails of which sprung from her sides, as she approached a rock of loadstone, is a complete example. Nothing is here represented as contrary to nature; the degree only is heightened. The imagination conceives more than nature is known to warrant; but not what which nature is known to disprove. The loadstone, the iron nails, are invested each with only their natural properties.

But, for still further illustration, let us suppose, that the same phenomenon were said to have been produced by the singing of a bird. What then? the imagination would still have but conceived more than nature is known to warrant, and not any thing contradictory to herself or her laws.

After thus marking out, in the hasty manner, one of the principles on which we are to judge of poetical thoughts, I return to lips and kisses; and I am to show, why kisses cannot be imbued with any thing. The reason is this, a kiss is an action, not a substance; and it is not within the sphere of the imagination so to alter the nature of things as to make a substance of an action. Must I add, that a substance only can be made the subject of

an action! A noun, like *kiss*, denoting an action, may always be attended by an adjective, but never by a verb: thus, we say, a *humid kiss*; but, to *imbue* a kiss, is quite another thing.

I hope it will not be disputed with me, that a kiss is an action, and not a substance? when I ask for a kiss, do I ask for a substance, or for the performance of an action? Whether I say, Give me a kiss; or, Give me a kick, it is an action that I want; and, that actions are not capable of being made the subjects of other actions, I am confirmed in believing, from this, that I can recollect no instance of a verb, in company with the name of an action, except in that single phrase, which so much adorns the English vernacular—to *fetch a walk*.

Mr. Oldschool, after thus turning your thoughts, you will not, I think, agree with H, that *sweet kisses* are words without any meaning, unconnected with an idea of the lips from which they are received; seeing, as you must, that *hard kicks* are words with a great deal of meaning, though totally disjoined from all idea of the foot by which they are given; nor will you, as I venture to promise myself, yield your ear too freely to the inference attached, and attempted to be supported by authorities, that lips may be set for kisses, and kisses for lips, *ad libitum*. There are cases in which they may; but, I think it will appear, from what I have advanced, that there are those in which they may not, and that the *oscula quæ Venus imbuat* are of this inconvertible class.

But, H, not content with a war of posts, makes an attack on my whole line. He disagrees with me concerning the tenor and intention of the ode. He will not allow that it was designed to inspire a wanton with sentiment, and reclaim her to love. Lydia, he says, was a coquet, and only amused herself with teasing Horace, about Telephus' sweet neck. H may be right; but, when he argues *ex absurdo*, I am satisfied that he is in the wrong. Lydia might be a wanton, and Horace have a strong sentimental attachment for her; and he might be enraged and grieved,

not, as H is pleased to say that I infer, because Telephus had been permitted to look upon her naked shoulders, but because she was lowly exposed and insulted; he might so feel the degradation of a wanton, and he might even wish to reclaim and marry such a wanton: all this might be, because such things have been, and because, in a poem, which I shall produce, a man, whose splendor of genius and warmth of feeling justify me in naming him with Horace, has expressed himself in the very tenor which I attributed to this ode. Lord Bolingbroke addressed the lines which follow to Lucy Atkins, who, at the time of his youth, was a celebrated courtesan:

Dear thoughtless Clara! to my verse attend;
Believe, for once, thy lover and thy friend!
Heaven to each sex has various gifts assign'd,
And shown an equal care of human kind:
Strength does to man's imperial race belong;
To yours, that beauty which subdues the strong;
But as our strength, when misapplied, is lost,
And what should save, urges our ruin most;
Just so, when beauty prostituted lies,
Of bawds the prey, of rakes the abandon'd prize,
Women no more their empire can maintain,
Nor hope, vile slaves of lust! by love to reign:
Superior charms but make their case the worse,
And, what should be their blessing, proves their curse!
O nymph, that might, reclin'd on Cupid's breast,
Like Psyche, soothe the god of love to rest;
Or, if ambition mov'd thee, Jove enthral,
Brandish his thunder, and direct its fall,
Survey thyself! contemplate every grace
Of that sweet form, of that angelic face!
Then, Clara, say, were those delicious charms
Meant for lewd brothels and rude ruffian's arms?
No, Clara, no! that person and that mind
Were form'd by nature, and by heaven design'd,
For nobler ends; to these return, though late,
Return to these, and so avert thy fate.
Think, Clara! think—nor will that though be vain—
Thy slave, thy Harry, doom'd to drag his chain

Of love, ill treated and abus'd, that he,
From more inglorious chains might rescue thee.
Thy drooping health restor'd, by his fond care,
Once more thy beauty its full lustre wear;
Mov'd by his love, by his example taught,
Soon shall thy soul, once more with virtue fraught,
With kind and generous truth thy bosom warm,
And thy fair mind, like thy fair person, charm!
To virtue thus, and to thyself restor'd,
By all admired, by one alone ador'd,
Be to thy Harry ever kind and true,
And live for him, who more than dies for you!

Mr. Oldschool, in my second letter on the Pursuits of Literature (Port Folio, No. 40), I am made to say, that the author of that poem has spoken of Rousseau once with *humanity* and *derision*; it should be, *decision*. In my final quotation, there is also a slight mistake. It should not be, 'Satirical writing I must submit to the imputation of ill-nature;' but 'Satirical writing must submit, &c.' I may add, though it is a matter of less importance, that, in the second column of the last page, before *unremovable stain*, should be read, *only*.

In giving my explanation of the words, *But, if the laurel which I have now planted, &c.* I have fallen into an error, immaterial as to the sense of the passage, but material to my sense of the justice due to the critic whom I oppose. I wrote under the impression that it was he who had made the word *now* emphatical. I have to beg his pardon. It was the author. But, nevertheless, the author means, as I have said, 'If the laurel which I have *now* PLANTED should thicken round the temple of my retirement, the pillars will support it.' By the emphasis, on *now*, he only means to mark, that he has *now*, and *not before*, made an effort of a public nature; that he has *now*, and *not before*, planted, that is, made an attempt to rear, a tree; while, in the terms, *if it should thicken*, he speaks under the conviction that it *may not*. But, he says, with a noble self-gratulation, *if it do*, my temple will bear the weight; the pillars will not give way; the materials are solid, and the ground is firm.

METRICOS.

For the Port Folio.

[Mr. Oldschool,

The celebrated Servin, whose character is drawn by the Duke of Sully in his memoirs, appears to be an instance of a total absence of the moral faculty, while the chasm, produced thereby, seems to have been filled up by a more than common extension of every other power of the mind. I take the liberty to transmit you a short history of this prodigy of vice and knowledge.] O.

"Let the reader represent to himself a man of a genius so lively, and of an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarce ignorant of any thing that could be known—of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of whatever he attempted,—and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he once learned. He possessed all parts of philosophy, and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing. Even in theology he was so well skilled, that he was an excellent preacher, whenever he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able disputant, for and against the reformed religion indifferently. He not only understood Greek—Hebrew—and all the languages which we call learned, but also all the different jargons, or modern dialects. He accented and pronounced them so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners both of the several nations of Europe, and particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all, or any of these countries: and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully. He was moreover the best comedian, and the greatest droll that perhaps ever appeared. He had a genius for poetry, and had wrote many verses. He played upon almost all instruments—was a perfect master of music—and sung most agreeably and justly. He likewise could say mass, for he was of a disposition to do, as well as know, all things. His body was perfectly well suited to his mind. He was light, nimble, and dexterous, and fit for all exercise. He could ride well, and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was admired. There are not any re-

creative games that he did not know, and he was skilled in almost all mechanic arts. But now for the reverse of the medal. Here it appeared, that he was treacherous—cruel—cowardly—detailful—a liar—a cheat—a drunkard and a glutton—a sharper in play—immersed in every species of vice—a blasphemer—an atheist.—In a word—in him might be found all the vices that are contrary to nature—honor—religion—and society,—the truth of which he himself evinced with his latest breath; for he died in the flower of his age, in a common brothel, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with the glass in his hand, cursing and denying God."

LEVITY.

From an English Publication.

If our dramatic writers are not witty in themselves, they are at least the cause that there is wit in other men. It has been for some time their practice to give their performances such titles as may lead to puns, and other species of inferior wit, and perhaps there may be prudence in this. They are but borrowing a hint from the authors of former times, who threw all their wit into the title-pages of their books: and, as Harry Fielding says, very wisely, because very few people read much further. However, Sir, the case is somewhat different with plays: but wherein the difference consists, I shall not be so rude as to state.

My purpose in these few lines is to inform you, that since the appearance of "*Matrimony, a Farce*," at one of our Theatres, there is nothing to be heard in the circles I perambulate, whether learned, grave, gay, or youthful, but a succession of puns and witticisms at the expense of the connubial state; and, I am sorry to say it, the ladies are among the most forward in this pop-gun exchange of *bon mots*. A shrewd listener may make another farce out of them, as witty, to the full; as any of our modern dramas can exhibit.

Pray, ma'am, how do you like *Matrimony*?—Why, Sir, the first act goes off very well, but the second hangs very

heavy. Pray how do you like *Matrimony*?—Oh, I am no judge of it, but it is very laughable. But I wonder they did not make a full piece of *Matrimony*.—Nay, some people say, the shorter the better.—Is there much plot in *Matrimony*?—Not much; a little contrivance to bring the parties together: but one may soon see how it will end.—I suppose it will bring a good deal of money to the house;—Ha! ha! ha! that's a good joke. No; *Matrimony* is more likely to take a good deal of money out of a house.—You have seen it a second time, I think, my lord?—Yes, but faith I do not like it so well as the first. (*A loud laugh.*) Well, but really these kind of things seldom do above once; no, *Matrimony* will not bear repetition: it don't improve upon one.—Pray, Sir John, have you seen *Matrimony*?—No, my lady, I have enough of that at home; 'pon honour, it ought to have been called a tragedy.—Oh fye, Sir John!—Nay my lady, it is so dull, and such abundance of crying.—Is there good scenery in *Matrimony*?—A tolerable chamber-scene in the first act, and after that there is a good deal of shifting of scene: I wonder there was no perspective of *Doctors' Commons*.—Why, truly, I expected as much, when I observed the interest fall off.—Well, after all, my lord, I am not for having *Matrimony* brought on the stage to be laughed at.—Oh, my lady dowager, I assure you there is not much laughing; it is grave enough for real life.—How are the performers?—Why pretty well, considering few of them are acquainted with the subject.—Well, truly, I wonder what they will bring out next!—Why, *The Divorce*, to be sure; and that, some of us know, will *bring money* to a house.

I might, Mr. Editor, fill your Miscellany with these jokes, but I am unwilling to anticipate some of the newspapers which deal in nothing else; and if I have saved any of the writers the trouble of gnawing his fingers, and scratching his head for half an hour, I shall not think much of my labor in minuting down the essence of the wit of two routs, and three tea-parties.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Now, now I yield, I yield to love;
Once Cupid me to love persuaded;
My careless mind he could not move,
No argument nor reason aided.
Instant he seiz'd the forceful bow,
To war his golden quiver rattled,
Arm'd cap-a-pie from top to toe;
With Cupid's might I vainly battled.
The dart he flung: trembling, I flew;
Enrag'd, for emptied was his quiver;
Full on my breast himself he threw,
And pierc'd my heart, and shot my liver.
In vain, alas! the shield I bear,
Nor corslet guards, nor spear avails me:
No more of outward arms I care;
For, ah, within the foe assails me.

Some philosophers have considered volcanoes as vents communicating with the fires of the center, and the ignorant as the mouths, of hell itself. Astonishment produces fear, and fear superstition. The inhabitants of Iceland believe the bellowings of Hecla are nothing else but the torments of the damned, and its eruptions are contrived to encrease their tortures.

The world may be considered as one vast mansion, where man has been admitted to enjoy, to admire and be grateful. The first desires of savage nature are merely to gratify the importunities of sensual appetite and to neglect the contemplation of things barely satisfied with their enjoyment: the beauties of nature and all the wonders of creation have but little charms for a being occupied in obviating the wants of the day, and anxious for precarious subsistence.

An use that may result from the contemplation of celestial magnificence is that it will teach us to make an allowance for the apparent irregularities we find below. Whenever we can examine the works of the Deity at the proper point of distance, so as to take in the whole of his design, we see nothing but uniformity, beauty, and precision. The heavens present us with a plan which, though inexpressibly magnificent, is yet regular beyond the power of invention.

X x

Whenever, therefore, we find any apparent defects in the earth, instead of attempting to reason ourselves into an opinion that they are beautiful, it will be wiser to say that we do not behold them at the proper point of distance, and that our eye is laid too close to the objects to take in the regularity of their connexion; in short, we may conclude that God, who is regular in his great productions, acts with equal uniformity in little.

It is not, says the elegant editor of Lady Montague's works, to discriminate her *epistolary* writings with unmerited commendation, to assert that in them are combined the solid judgment of Rochefoucault, without his misanthropy, and the sentimental elegance of the marchioness Sévigné, without her repetition and feebleness.

"It is our intention to give occasionally some of the shorter productions of Burns, a poet whose name we never hear without emotion. Unless our readers possess his works, they have not heard many of his strains for the last three or four years, though few pieces of poetry will wear better. He never is indifferent; but we should moreover remark, that his lyric composition would excite much deeper interest, if we at once felt the peculiar force and tenderness of Scotch airs. Burns's sensibility and warmth of imagination rendered him incapable of resisting the charms of the fair, at the same time that he possessed no feeble power over the female heart. Passing his youth on the delightful banks of the Ayr, he rather imprudently, perhaps, formed an early attachment, to which the following song relates. "It was written, (says the bard himself) on one of the most interesting passages of my life." — *Troy Gaz.*

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—"CATHERINE OGIE."

'Tis banks and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first anfauld her robes,
And there the longest tarry,
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.
How sweetly bloom'd the gude, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;

As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on eagle wing,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.
Wi' mony a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging afit to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
The heart that loe'd me dearly!
But still, within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Glossary.—Braes, declivities—o', of—drumlie, muddy—simmer, summer—unfauld, unfold—langest, longest—birk, birch—dearie, softer expression for dear—Wi' mony, with many—fu', full—afit, oft—oursels, ourselves—sae, so—cauld's cold's—hae, have—ay, ever—dwa't, dwell—loe'd loved.

Extract from a recent poem entitled 'Glasgow.'

['Langside' is a small village, about two miles south from Glasgow. The hill above this village is memorable for being the scene of the last effort of the unfortunate MARY, Queen of Scots, to regain her crown and dignity from the regent Murray. Mary, under the painful agitation of great passions, beheld the battle from a rising ground. A hawthorn-bush, commonly known there by the name of Queen Mary's Thorn, marked the spot, where she stood, till it decayed by age; but another has lately been planted in its place, by the proprietor of the ground, to preserve the remembrance of this interesting circumstance.]

Of at Langside past scenes review,
And round yon thorn my sighs renew;
Where, when the vanquish'd squadrone flew
That came to find her,
Lorn Mary bade a long adieu
To regal splendor.

Aft, Crookstone, frae thy castle wa,
The beugle horn was heard to blaw:
Again she cast a look, and saw

Thy stately towers—
Lang king's ring, till the last hour
O' rebel powers.

Nae troops to guard her in her flight;
Nae friends that durst assert her right;
Nae bower-maids now, with fond delight,

Their cares employ,
To cheer at morn, or soothe at night,
Her great annoy.

To where Dindrennan Abbey lay,
Far in the wilds of Galloway,
O'er moss, o'er moor, up bank and brae,
The mourner goes;
Nae mair, frae that disastrous day,
To taste repose.

Still at Langside, in hillocks green,
The traces of the camp are seen;
Still fancy paints the conflict keen,
And figures there
The angel form o' Scotland's queen,
In deep despair.

Among the various productions of the
British Poets, on the prospect of in-
vasion, the following has been high-
ly applauded.—It is from the chaste
pen of CAMPBELL, the celebrated
author of the "*Pleasures of Hope*."

Our bosoms we'll bare for the glorious
strife,
And our oath is recorded on high;
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than
life,
Or, crush'd in its ruins, to die:
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the
right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native
land.

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our
trust:
God bless the green isle of the brave;
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers'
dust,
It would rouse the old dead from the
grave.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the
right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native
land.

In Britain's sweet home shall the spoiler
abide,
Profaning its love and its charms?
Shall a Frenchman insult the lov'd fair at our
side?
To arms! Oh my country, to arms!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the
right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native
land.

Shall tyrants enslave us, my countrymen!...
No!

Their head to the sword shall be given...
Let a death-bed repentance be taught the
proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to heaven.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the
right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native
land.

EXTRACT

From "*Love and Satire*," a small volume of
poetical correspondence, between a young
Lady and Gentleman, lately published in
London.

TO ELIZA, WITH A DOVE.

ACCEPT, dear maid, the most delightful
bird,
That ever Venus to her chariot bound:
By Love adopted, and by Peace prefer'd,
For meekness valu'd, and for faith re-
nown'd.

A bird, in which such rare perfections meet
Alone is worthy to be counted thine:
His beauty, fair one, is, like your's, com-
plete,
And his fidelity resembles mine."

JULIUS.

"TO JULIUS, WITH A GOOSE.

SWAIN, I accept your all-accomplish'd
Dove,
With rapture listen to his plaintive moan,
And vow with constancy the bird to love,
Whose beauty thus reminds me of my own.

I cannot prove my gratitude too soon,
For such a mark of tenderness confer'd;
So song for song be thine, and boon for
boon,
Kindness for kindness, swain, and bird
for bird.

Lo, the best fowl that Lincoln can produce,
My choice has singled from a *fineful*
group;

Accept, sweet Bird, from me, as *Great a*
Goose,
As e'er was fattened in a poulterer's coop.

Your verse the merit of the Dove displays;
The compliments I pay my bird are few;
Yet 'tis, methinks, no niggard share of
praise,

To say how strongly he resembles you.

ELIZA.

NO JOKING WITH THE BELLY.

BY GARRICK.

To turn the penny, once a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit;
Hung out a board, on which he *boasted*,
Dinner for three pence, *boil'd* and roasted.
The hungry *read*, and in they *trip*,
With eager eye, and smacking lip—
"Here, bring this *boil'd* and roasted pray,"
Enter potatoes, dress'd each way.
All star'd and rose, the house forsook,
And damn'd the dinner, kick'd the cook.
My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly!
There was no joking with the belly.

MR. EDITOR,

On reading an account in a late paper that the inhabitants of several of our seaports were destroying the ornaments of their streets, in Lombardy poplars, lest they should generate a poisonous worm, I could not but think their fears were unfounded; and learning that a oat had been applied to a worm found on one, and came off without receiving or giving injury, except killing the worm, I could not but attempt to ridicule what I believe to be an unnecessary alarm, by a parody of Goldsmith's poem of the Mad Dog. You may publish it if you please.

Ye gentle cits of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And as you'll find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.
In Philadelphia liv'd a cat,
Of whom her race might say,
No reptile but a mouse or rat
This harmless cat would slay.
With every other living thing,
Poor Puss would play and pur,
And dogs would stop "without'en" strife,
And "stroant'on stanes" with her.
And in this city was a worm,
As many worms there be,
Earth, Tape, and those that active squirm,
And Much of low degree.
This worm, like man, for food when prest
Indulg'd his craving maw,
And, as the poplar it lik'd best,
Its tender leaves would gnaw.
The cat one day sprang up the tree,
A place an idiot knows,
Was never made for her, and she
Was bitten on the nose.
The cits aveng'd her fate so sad,
By felling far and nigh,
And while they swore the worm was mad,
They swore the cat must die.
Their wits too late these wise ones found,
And wish'd their shame to hide,
For Puss recover'd of the wound,
The worm it was that died.

[Farmers' Museum.]

FROM THE DOVER, N. H. "SUN."

MELANCHOLY.

The Paduan stage CARLINI once could
boast,
Whose pow'rs, we fear, are now forever
lost.
A single glance of eye, a look,
A movement of his hand upon the stage,
The fascinating force of comic took,
And laughter split the sides of frozen age.

A gentleman with wo-struck face,
One morning to a Paduan doctor came,
And begg'd old Galen to explore his case,
And then prescribe, relying on his fame.
" 'Tis MELANCHOLY, Doctor, such a gloom,
As shortly must consign me to the tomb"—
The doctor shook his head—"A sore dis-
ease!
But don't despair, Ill give you just a hint,
Go hear CARLINI, he will give you ease,
And cure you too, or else the Devil's in't.
Alas, replied the comic, all is o'er—
I am CARLINI, who, with boundless
folly,
Set list'ning thousands in the loudest roar,
Yet am myself a prey to MELANCHOLY!

In the following good-humoured old
song, there occurs more than one toler-
able description of *careless content*.

Contented I am and contented I'll be,
Resolved in this life to live happy and free;
With the cares of this world I am seldom
perplex'd;
I'm sometimes uneasy, but never am vex'd,
Some higher, some lower, I own there may
be,
But more who live worse than live better
than me.
"My life is a compound of freedom and
ease;
I go where I will and return when I please,
I live above envy, I live above strife;
And wish I had judgment to choose a good
wife!
I'm neither so high nor so low in degree;
But ambition and want are both strangers to
me.
"Did you know how delightful my gay
moments pass,
With my bottle before me, embrac'd by my
lass!
I'm happy while with her, contented alone,
My wine is my kingdom, my cask is my
throne;
My glass is the sceptre, by which I shall
reign,
And my whole Privy Council's a flask of
champaign.
"When money comes in, I live well till it's
gone,
While I have it I'm happy, contented with
none;
If I lose it at gaming, I count I but lent;
If I spend it genteelly, I never repent.
Thus in mirth and good humour my gay mo-
ments pass;
And on Saturday night I am just as I was.

Copied from a Pawnbroker's window
in the country: 'To be sold a *share* of
pistol's that will *shute* any Gentleman.'

[Lon. p.]

Gibbon observes of one of his ancestors that he resided upwards of a twelve-month in the rising colony of Virginia. In this remote province, his taste or rather his passion for heraldry found a singular gratification at a war-dance of the native Indians. As they moved in measured steps, brandishing their tomahawks, his curious eye contemplated their little shields of bark and their naked bodies, which were painted with the colours and symbols of his favourite science, "at which I exceedingly wondered, and concluded that heraldry was ingrafted *naturally* into the sense of the human race. His return to the England, *after the restoration*, was soon followed by his introduction into the Herald's college, by the style and title of Blue Mantle Pursuivant at arms. In this office he enjoyed near fifty years the rare felicity of uniting in the same pursuit his duty and inclination: his name is remembered in the college, and many of his letters are still preserved. Several of the most respectable characters of the age, Sir William Dugdale, Mr. Ashmole, Dr. John Betts, and Mr. Nehemiah Grew, were his friends. The study of hereditary honours is favourable to the royal prerogative; and my kinsman, like most of his family, was a high Tory both in Church and State. In the latter end of the reign of Charles II, his pen was exercised in the cause of the Duke of York. The republican faction he most cordially detested; and, as each animal is conscious of its proper arms, the herald's revenge was emblazoned on a most diabolical escutcheon.

The mind of Mirabeau was vigorous, comprehensive, and acute. With the quickness of thought, variety of knowledge and happiness of expression which constitute eloquence, he also possessed that power of voice which is necessary to give it full effect in a numerous assembly. To a talent for repartee he joined the powers of profound reasoning; so that he was equally prepared to disconcert his opponent with sarcasm or to refute him by argument.

Although his features were harsh and his person clumsy, he had the art of rendering himself agreeable to wo-

men; an art which too often he used to libertine purposes, and, as it is asserted, with greater success than many whose intentions were equally profligate, and their persons better formed for seduction.

His excessive love of pleasure would have tended to render him completely dissipated, and of course left him ignorant, had he not employed the long intervals of confinement and retirement that his debaucheries and want of money obliged him to, in studies, which, with little health and more riches, he would have neglected.

Law Decision.—Court of Session, Scotland. *Black v. the Owners of a Coal-pit.*—Black returning home on horseback, in a dark night, by a road leading through the Defendant's estate, fell into a coal-pit, and was drowned. The pit for many years has been abandoned, and the mouth had been surrounded by a wall of stone and lime, which, at the time of the accident, was about 18 inches high; it lay about four feet from the road, which had been a road used by the proprietor, when the coal was formerly wrought, but which was also frequently used by the neighbourhood. The action was brought by the children of the deceased, for reparation for the loss sustained by the death of their father. The Lords found the Defendant liable in damage 1.800, and expenses 1.100.—[*Lon. pap.*]

Mrs. Billington, when at Oxford, was attended by a certain gentleman, with unremitting assiduity. One day, as he was walking with her in a garden of the colleges, the lady had occasion to step aside for the same purpose as Yorick's friend, Madame de Rambouillet. A wit passing by, and seeing the faithful squire stand loutishly gaping about him, exclaimed, from Horace,

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis.

A Bill was lately before the Legislature of *Pennsylvania*, to divorce a woman from her husband. A member, who made a long speech in favor of it, concluded, hoping it would pass, for he understood that the husband had been dead some years.

THEATRICAL.

It is now understood that Mrs. Whitlock is engaged to perform at Drury-lane, and will shortly embark for her native country, in order to fulfil that engagement.—It will be recollected that this Lady arrived here in 1793, being one of the first company collected by the late Mr. Wignell for the New Theatre.—Having been regarded in England as an actress of superior merit, and honoured with being designated as the most fit of her contemporaries to succeed her sister, the justly celebrated Mrs. Siddons, public expectation was raised high on her arrival; and, it may be confidently asserted, that this expectation has not been disappointed. While Mrs. W. continued to play in this city, she uniformly received the applause of those whom alone she desired to please, the liberal and the judicious. In the other theatres of the United States she has been equally successful, and has met with the same reward, the praise of those who have a right to pronounce on the pretensions of an actor. In Boston and Charleston, as here, she is regarded as *unrivalled* on our American boards, in that line of acting for which the *Kembles* seem to have been destined by nature; the higher walks of Tragedy. With professional talents so great, and with public opinion so favourable, it has been a matter of wonder that the manager (or the *Manageress*) of our Theatre has suffered Mrs. W. to remain in our city without offering her an engagement for the present season! So it is, however; and the motive for this neglect, in despite of the wishes and the expectation of the public, and the absolute want of her talents to enable the present company to support many of the most valuable and popular pieces with decency, must be enquired of by those who are acquainted with the influence of little illiberal jealousies (sometimes to be found where there is no pretension to rivalry) and *Green-room* dislikings. The public, however, have a right to complain; and their voice will be heard.

As it is now impossible that Mrs. W. should enter into any engagement of long continuance, it is yet hoped that

Mr. Warren will act with a manly firmness and independence, and offer her an inducement to perform during her stay here. The admirers of the Drama will derive great gratification from having once again an opportunity of seeing the talents of a Whitlock and a Fennell combined in the support of some of Shakspeare's best Tragedies, and, whether direct profit, or the eventual advantage which the *servants of the public* always derive from regarding public opinion, be considered by Mr. Warren, it is believed that he will find sufficient reason to indulge it in this respect.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"A Rambler" has engaged himself in a minute inquiry respecting a sort of *short cut*, to the abodes of happiness, and has embarrassed himself as much in determining his "choice of life," as ever did Rasselas, Nekayah and Imlac. We cannot avoid calling the attention of our correspondent to an old song, one stanza of which POMFRET, GREEN and DR. AIKIN would approve.

Dear Sam, who the camp and the pulpit
hast try'd,

You ask me what sort of a life I would
chuse?

Why to manage my own little farm is my
pride,

And to lounge where I like in my dirty old
shoes.

"Solus" seems to exult in the privileges of a bachelor. We know not whether his theory be perfectly just, but whatever may be our opinion of his philosophy, his favourite poetry is something like the following:

Though one may boast a handsome wife,

Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her;

Unver'd I live a single life,

And boldly call for t'other pitcher.

The reflections of "Penseroso," on the powers of man, even when he has the keys of his chamber, and can wander where he will, were probably suggested by a noted song, one stanza of which we remember.

What wast made great Alexander

Weep at his unfriendly fate?

'Twas because he could not wander

Beyond the world's strong prison-gate.

The world itself is strongly bounded,

By the Heavens and Stars above;

Why should we then be confounded,

Since there's nothing free but love.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

"A tender tale, and worth a tear,
Peruse it, friend, and drop it here."

'Mid Caledonia's ever hoary hills,
Which raise their head and feed its black-
en'd rills,

There, long, Arides grac'd his native land,
Of ample fortune, and of lib'ral hand;
He often sooth'd the weary plaint of wo,
And gave the needy joys of bliss to know.

An only daughter, like the morning fair,
Chiefly engag'd the anxious father's care;
He saw the rose its op'ning leaves expand,
And wish'd to plant it in some happy land,
Beneath whose sun it might forever bloom,
And ne'er expect harsh winter's blasting
doom;

When, to fulfil the father's kind desire,
A gen'rous swain confess'd his glowing fire.

But who can bear the sad reverse of fate!

Arides, now with ev'ry joy elate,
(By duty call'd to plow the briny wave)

Was caught by Turks, and made a drudg-
ing slave;

His wife and daughter left on Thule's shore,
A weeping train, whom he shall see no more!

But chief Cleandra's fate the father
mourn'd,

He knew a wretch whose offer'd love she
spurn'd;

And, as his presence only check'd his rage,
His soul was fill'd with every dread presage,
Lest now the fiend should find the luckless
maid,

Aghast, and force her to his hated bed.

The sad Arides thus his grief exprest,
'Heav'n only sees and knows what suits us
'best,—

'Resign'd, my fate with fortitude I'll bear,
'Heav'n too, the helpless virgin's cry shall
'hear:

'Sad are my thoughts, and heavy hangs the
'gloom,

'But 'tis just Heav'n that gives our final
'doom;

'And why should pensive mortals e'er com-
'plain,

'Since none of Heav'n's decrees are made
'in vain!"

Long did his wond'ring spouse wait his
return,

Mid ceaseless fears, and for his absence
mourn.

At last, to her the afflicting tale was told,

'That good Arides to a Turk was sold,

'That now a slave in Turkish land he liv'd,

'Of ev'ry comfort, ev'ry joy bereav'd!"

O'er ev'ry face a pale dejection ran,

A pious sorrow for the worthy man!

Nearer alone with unmoist eye was seen,

He thought with pleasure on the gloomy
scene,

And deem'd the period, long desir'd, was
near,

When he should seize the maid (o'erwhelm'd
with fear),

(Her lover gone her long lost sire to find

'Mid realms where dwell the dregs of hu-
man kind),

Exult o'er all her trembling, lovely charms,
And force her to his (well known) hated
arms.

His plot thus laid, the tyrant calls his train,
And at the dead of night bounds o'er the
plain;

Surrounds with armed guards the lofty pile,
And knocks, (O monster of venom'd guile),

And tells the maid the welcome news he
bore,

'That good Arides bless'd his native shore.'

'Cheer'd with the thought, forth rush the
drooping train,

(Ah! now their best precaution's all in vain).

The welcome messenger to sec, who brought

The wish'd-for news that gladden'd ev'ry
thought.

But who the sad emotions can repress,
That wildly ran o'er ev'ry pallid face,

When Nearer to their anxious gaze appear'd,

Whose threat'ning aspect ev'ry woman fear'd!

He clasp'd within his arms the fainting-maid,

And straight unto his lordly seat convey'd!

Her mother tortur'd with each gloomy
thought,

Cleandra still with eager voice she sought,

Till her weak fabric with the conflict tir'd,

She breath'd a pray'r to Heav'n—and thus
expir'd!

Thro' all the Afric realms her lover roam'd,

To find her wretched sire, tho' but entomb'd,

But all in vain—with heavy steps he hies

Unto the shore where Scotia's mountains
rise,

The life-embitt'ring tidings to impart,

Which deeply pierc'd his sympathetic heart.

Unto the dome he comes, and enters straight,

Ah! little thinking of the unhappy fate

Which destiny, unfathom'd in its ways,

Had giv'n to him, to mar his latter days!

With dreadful rage the lover's breast was
fill'd,

And dire revenge thro' all his bosom thrill'd;

In wildest phrenzy on his knees he vow'd,

(Amid the gazing throng and melting croud)

That he should well revenge Cleandra's
fate,

And shew that justice comes, tho' some-
times late.

Firm to his end he mounts his well-train'd
steed;

And quick as thought bounds o'er the grassy
mead,—

Arrives at Nearer's dome with hasty strides,

And seeks his foe without the help of
guides.

Him found, he thus accosts—'Traitor at-
'tend
'My steps to yonder field, and meet your
'end
'Deserv'd—I fight in injur'd virtue's cause,
'Against the wretch who spurns bright ho-
'nor's laws.
'If e'er your savage breast true courage
'warm'd,
'My call attend.'—At this the wretch a-
larm'd,
Girds on his sword, and hastes to meet his foe,
Who stood prepar'd to deal the fatal blow.
Now both upon the field of war appear,
To flash the polish'd sword, and whirl the
spear;
For both to deeds of arms had well been
train'd,
And each, enrag'd, submission base dis-
dain'd!
But the bright hope of Heav'n's protecting
arm,
To guard his steps, and shield from ev'ry
harm,
Inspir'd Eudoxus' breast with martial ire,
Which glow'd intensely bright, a flaming
fire.
"Receive your doom"—he said; upon the
word
Deep in his trunk he plung'd the shining
sword!
The traitor fell—and with his latest breath
Implor'd eternal vengeance at his death!
Eudoxus hastes to pay his ardent vows
Unto Cleandra his betrothed spouse.
High in a room, in silken robes array'd,
Dissolv'd in tears he found the beauteous
maid,—
'Retire,' she said (when to her view ap-
pear'd
The object of her love so much endear'd)
'Your presence once was wont to cheer my
'ways
'And add a heighten'd pleasure to my days;
'But oh! since then what change'—she said
no more,
The purple dye forsook her cheek all o'er.
Quite overcome by the resistless storm,
She sunk to rest, a lifeless faded form.
He clasp'd her clay-cold body in his arms,
And gaz'd in silence on her fading charms,—
'Awake, my love, your own Eudoxus calls,
'Awake and leave with me these hated
walls;
He said, and press'd her pale lip to his own,
While from his breast arose a heavy groan.
'To speak will not my own Cleandra deign?—
'Alas! the thought how impious and vain,
'That feeble man e'er in this world of wo
'Shall true content and real pleasure know!

'Her happy, spotless soul, now longs for
'mine
'To share its bliss and in its pleasures join.
'O lend me, Heav'n, thine own propitious
'aid,
'To lead to realms whose pleasures never
'fade.'

Thus spoke the love-sick swain, while
from his thigh
He drew the fatal sword with placid eye.
He thrust the blade into his naked breast,
And calmly sunk into his native rest!
He and Cleandra in one grave were laid,
And both enjoy the quiet of the dead!
But now Arides from his bondage freed,
To see his long-lost friends prepares with
speed:
But, lest the muse in her essay should fail,
His soul to paint, and all its passions tell,
I humbly leave each gen'rous breast to show
Its own ideas of his speechless wo.

J. M. Q.—n.

On a Lady, who would not be named or praised.

Matchless virtue, not presuming,
Modest sense, without assuming,
Even temper, taste refin'd,
Art with Nature nicely join'd;
Carriage strict, and full of ease,
Open mien that strives to please;
Ready wit, but not severe,
Fit to please the gravest ear;
Wisdom all her paths inspects,
All her actions truth directs;
Yet I must conceal her name,
Praise like mine but wrongs her fame.

IMPROMPTU,

Occasioned by a Lady's swallowing a tooth.
A Lady, forsooth,
Having swallow'd a tooth,
Would'fain know the case of the woful dis-
aster:
Then let this *fair scold*
Be instantly told
That the goddess term'd *Blind*,
As a curse to mankind,
Has knock'd out a tooth that her tongue
might run faster!

SEDLBY.

EPIGRAM.

L'autre jour, au fond d'un vallon,
Un serpent piqua Jean Fréron;
Que pensez-vous, qu'il arriva?
Ce fut le serpent qui creva.

VOLTAIRE.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO.

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, December 13, 1806.* No. 49.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 183.

MR. SAUNTER,

I have written an epistle, address—or, as Lord Shaftesbury would call it, a crudity, to Orlando. Whether he shall ever read it or not, depends upon yourself.

Yours, &c.
CLARA.

ORLANDO! why are you a bachelor? Is it because you are convinced that, by remaining so, you can best promote the designs of providence? Is it because you are convinced that celibacy insures happiness, and marriage misery? Is it because you think woman a contradiction, a little-minded retailer of scandal?—Why do you write?—Are you giving us your real sentiments? do you wish all men to be bachelors? No—I cannot believe it—I cannot help thinking of the fox who had lost his tail—My brethren, said he, why do you wear such an ugly useless bunch of hair? Cut it off, I beseech you—Perhaps I wrong you, Orlando; perhaps you never wished to be a married man? You consider marriage as a yoke which would confine you to one field. When we enter the marriage state we certainly part with a portion of liberty: so we do when we enter into a state of society; but is this a good reason for rejecting the one or the other?—A few savages, or modern philosophers, may exclaim, blessed be the imprescriptible rights of

men!! blessed be the state of nature! where man may freely range unfettered by the trammels of the law; where he asserts his native dignity: his food is the gift of nature; his covering is the sky! So may some raking bachelors, or disappointed lovers cry, blessed is our lot, unheeded we may range unfettered by the matrimonial tie. But the savage and the bachelor exclaim in vain; few envy them their boasted liberty—I will not draw you the picture of a bachelor's old age, "his sick bed," his hour of death—I will not sketch his impatient heirs eagerly watching for his closing eye, the signal for the opening of his will—they have been drawn by abler artists than myself—Perhaps again I wrong you: you are not a disappointed lover? you do not prize so highly your roving freedom?—you really look upon woman, as an inferior degenerate being—you look back through time; your eye penetrates through the clear light of history, almost to the twilight of tradition; you see Semiramis, Zenobia, Cornelia, Portia, Joan of Arc and Elizabeth; you lament that "the world now witnesses a different race," No such heroes now on the carpet; that "the glories of Semiramis and Zenobia, with those of Babylon and Palmyra, have crumbled into dust," which, by the way, I do not clearly comprehend, never having seen the crumbling dust of glory; however, we will e'en let it crumble, and look at your meaning.—Are these your patterns of female excellence?

Y y

what kind of a woman would you have? must she be strong and sinewy, with a black beard, a huge pair of whiskers, and an iron fist? must she be able to box and wrestle, to leap four yards, spring over a six feet gate, and lift a millstone? Is this your idea of the first best gift of God to man? If so, in the name of all my sex, I bid you heartily farewell. But let me be serious, if serious I can be, when addressing such a comical fellow. We do not pretend to vie with men in deeds of arms. We do not wish to be heroes; and perhaps there are some particular studies which require application too intense for our weak frames; but, wonderful as it may appear to you, I do "contend for an equality of genius between man and woman." Our education is different, so are our modes of life; our field of action is not the same; we do not shoot at the same mark. Are not these causes sufficient to produce the difference between the sexes, without resorting to an original difference of mind? The same plant which makes the cannon carriage, would have made a spinning wheel. Perhaps nature has marked the line between our pursuits. Perhaps it has been custom: be it which it will, God forbid that I should wish it obliterated; 'tis for our mutual benefit that it be kept distinct. But let not the men, supposing that they hold the pen of genius, cowardly attack us; let them not suppose that because our pursuits are different, our mental powers are inferior; we have been frequently called babblers, and calumniators, compounds of vanity, pride, and folly; women's tongues have long been the subject of witticism; scandal is our sole property. Whence all this censure? you will say; certainly it must be deserved; what every body says must be true: No, sir, it does not follow. I'll give you my reasons. 1st, Censure, as Dr. Johnson says, is willingly indulged, because it always implies some superiority. 2dly, Few search and examine for themselves. Mad dog, says one, and the whole country is in arms; pelt him, shoot him, get out of his way: nobody enquires for proofs of his madness; that is taken for granted; mad he is, and pelted

he must be; and, by the way, I must observe, that many pelt him only to shew their dexterity in handling a stone. But allow that we are more free in censuring our neighbours than the men, there are reasons for it; men have of necessity more mental employment; they therefore have not so much time to examine into the conduct and springs of action of their neighbours. 2dly, if they have time, they are obliged to be more cautious in giving their opinion; kickings, cuffings, canings, and hair triggers, being present to the mind, have a wonderful effect on the tongue, but even the great antipathy which most men have to being cudgelled, or shot, is not always sufficient to deter them from abusing their neighbours. Women may be more remarkable for scandal, but, believe me, men come in for their share.

CLARA.

REVIEW.

A New Translation, with Notes, of the Third Satire of Juvenal; to which are added Miscellaneous Poems, original and translated. New-York. 1806.

There are some things in this volume, with which we are displeased; and, lest the grudge should influence our criticisms throughout, we hold it best to disburden ourselves at once.

In the first place (first in order as in magnitude) it was exceedingly injudicious, in the author, to prefix, to a volume of his own poems, a censure upon the poems of all his fellow-countrymen: and it astonishes us, rather than any thing else, that he was sensible of the *propriety* of such an introduction. A little further reflection will certainly convince him that, to revile the works of others, at the very moment in which we are exhibiting our own, is as unbecoming as it is imprudent. He that exercises his talents, passes a tacit criticism upon all his competitors, and he should do no more; he should leave the rest to him, who, without making pretence to talents, assumes only the right and power of judging.

Our next complaint is against the

manifestation of a quality beneath humility; it is that of meanness. The author betrays it both in theory and practice; in practice, when he so servilely copies MR. GIFFORD's notes, and when he interweaves, with his own, the phrases and verses of others, and thus decorates his poems with turned com-mas; a vice in some sort perhaps peculiar to this country, but every where the mark of a certain timidity of the pen: in theory, when he tells us, of his poem, that, were he 'in England, it should not be published; but, as an American production, and issuing from an American press, I was willing to believe that it was entitled to some indulgence.'

But, with whatever prostration the author may submit to the world his own poem, and American productions and the American press, the labours of his friend are accompanied by all the civil sayings imaginable. He has here taken an unlucky leaf out of the book of a certain literary quack, one MR. CAPEL LOFFT, the simpering champion of BLOOMFIELD. The author's friend, in a poem addressed to the Fashionable part of My Young County Women, has given us the following lines:

The flaunting tulip you reject with scorn,
It's hues tho' brilliant as the tints of morn;
But search, with care, for humble flow'rs,
that bloom
Beneath the grass, yet scatter sweet per-
fume:
The buds, which only half their sweets
disclose,
You fondly seize; but leave the full blown
rose.

A note, with the genuine impertinence of Mr. Lofft, informs us, that 'the reader who does not perceive the beauty and delicacy of these images is not qualified to receive much de-light from poetry.' Against the truth of this remark we have nothing to offer; we only object, with Hamlet, to its being set down here: neither does the anathema touch ourselves; for we have perceived the beauty and delicacy of these images any time these forty years, and been ravished with them in more than an hundred and fifty volumes!

Our final cause of dissatisfaction is the appearance of the book. Far be it from us to call for expensive paper and print; but, as lovers of the arts, we expect, in every mechanical work, its appropriate beauty.

Thus relieved from bile, we may open the Translation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, a production of which it is with great pleasure that we find ourselves enabled to speak in terms of respect. The author's views and pretensions are set forth in the three following sentences:

'I should indeed possess an abundant portion of that vanity with which we are reproached as a national vice, should I dare for a moment to think of entering the lists with such a poet as Mr. Gifford. I had no such thought; the present translation was written merely as an exercise in the art of versification.'** I was also desirous to prove, that it was possible for an American to write poetry with at least simplicity and purity; without recurring to the aid of barbarous and unauthorised terms, unmeaning or extravagant epithets, harsh or inconsistent metaphors.' p. 66.

The miseries of the Roman poor, and, among others, those to which they were exposed through the wretched relationships of client and patron, and the vices and insolence of the rich, are the subjects of this Satire. As a specimen of the versification, we shall make an extract from that part of the satire in which the contempt thrown upon the poor man's veracity is portrayed. This will be agreeable, because it will remind us of our own country, where a murderer has been recently discharged, because the evidence against him proceeded, not from a white man, but a black:

Pure in his thoughts, unblemish'd in his
life,
Your witness comes; his voice must end the
strife;
Nor Numa's self more holy, not the host
Of Cybele could brighter virtue boast;
Nor he who rush'd intrepid through the fire,
And sav'd Minerva's self; what more re-
quire?
What's his estate, the judges first demand;
Say, what his slaves, his equipage, his
land?
If rich, believe him; but, if poor, he lies:
The wrath of heav'n, we know, the poor
despise.

What tho' he dare the angry bolts of Jove,
And all the gods attest, his words to prove,
Heed, heed him not, they cry, the wretch
must live,
And e'en the gods his perjuries forgive!

p. 29.

The poet goes on to reckon other
hardship of the poor :

Add, that the poor continual taunts provoke;
No fool so dull, but points at them his joke.
If soil'd the garment, or if somewhat worn,
Or awkward patches show where lately
torn,

Or through the op'ning shoe the foot appear,
They gather round, and circulate the sneer.
O poverty ! of all thy num'rous ills,
This chief the soul with bitter anguish fills;
Contempt must still, with struggling heart,
be borne,
And laughing fools, with safety, show their
scorn.

Quit, quit those benches, angry Lectius
cries,
Those benches are the Knights', nay quick
arise !

'Tis well, I yield with rev'rence, I retreat,
That panders' sons may hold the vacant
seat,

No matter from what stews first spawn'd
abroad ;

Here let the wealthy crier's heir applaud.
Let fencers here, and essenc'd beaux be
plac'd ;

Fit arbiters to rule the public taste !
'Tis thus vain Otho's pleasure is obey'd,
Whose wisdom first the just distinction
made. p. 31.

In this extract, we have to notice
some defects in the translation. The
four verses, begining, ' O poverty,' but
ill render the sense of the original :

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

Juvenal only says, that, of all the evils
of poetry, none is less tolerable than
the ridicule of mankind. Even Mr.
Gifford's 'generous mind' is redundant:
O poverty ! thy thousand ills combin'd
Sink not so deep into the gen'rous mind,
As the contempt and laughter of mankind.

In the concluding lines, the trans-
lator has intended, as we presume, to
use the figure of irony ; but irony
should be obvious, which, in this in-
stance, is not the case :

Sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit Othoni.

This, as has been seen, is made—

'Tis thus vain Otho's pleasure is obey'd,
Whose wisdom first the just distinction made.

Mr. Gifford has given the true sense,
but with an improper heightening :

So Otho fix'd it, whose preposterous pride
First dar'd to chase us from their honours'
side.

' A few passages,' says the translator,
' which that gentleman has translated,
I have omitted ; and there are also a
few to which I have ventured to give
an interpretation different from that
which he has adopted. Among the ' few
passages,' and they are but few, omitted,
we are at a loss to know, why there
should be that which is thus given by
Mr. Gifford :

Hie to the circus ! ye who pant to prove
A barbarous mistress, an outlandish love ;
Hie to the Circus ! there, in crowds, they
stand,
Tires on their head, and timbrels in their
hand ?

Of the different interpretations, there
is one, if it be not rather an inadver-
tence,—there is one in which we can
by no means coincide :—

—et recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron.
A marble Chiron spread his length below.

But, Mr. Gifford, with more accuracy,
A Chiron form'd of the same marble, clay.

From these imperfections, in a work
which, as already intimated, we have
perused with pleasure, we turn to real
emendations, or at least ingenious ef-
forts :

' Ver. 295. " For thus, so wise so provident
their care,
The sinking walls our master-stewards
repair."

—" nam sic labentibus obstat
Villicus, et veteris rimæ contextit hiatum."

' This seems to me, the most obscure and
difficult passage in the whole poem ; it is
thus rendered by Mr. Gifford.

" For thus the stewards patch the river wall,
" Thus prop the mansion, tottering to its
fall.

' But what stewards ? If this translation be
correct, I must own myself unable to com-
prehend the allusion. By " villicus," I sup-
pose that Juvenal means the præfect of the
city, whom in the following satire he desig-
nates by the same term.

—"attonitæ modo positus villicus urbi."

' By this interpretation the strict connexion
of the passage with what precedes becomes
evident.

' Ver. 308. ——" nor still you wake :
For, since its ravages begin below,
Your garret last the raging pest will
know."

"Tu nescis; nam si gradibus trepidatur
ab imis,

Ultimus ardebit," &c.

The passage is given thus by Mr. Gifford :

"——up, ho ! and know

That when th' impetuous pest begins below,
The topmost story soon becomes it prey," &c.

But this is certainly wrong, the meaning of Juvenal is, that the height of the houses was so great, that the unfortunate tenant of the garret might be wrapt in sleep, while the stories below were in flames. The words "nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis," &c. are explanatory of "tu nescis." The conjunction "nam," which (as it is always causative) clearly proves this to be the case, is omitted in the translation of Mr. Gifford.

p. 90.

Ver. 83. "Him who arraigns when Verres' self thinks fit," &c.

"Carus erit Verri qui Verrem tempore, quo
"vult

"Accusare potest."

I am afraid no commentator will justify the translation I have given of this passage. The following is the note of Lubin : "qui novit Verrem furem esse illum Verres in summo pretio, quamvis invitatus habebit : timebit ne ab illo prodatur," and the translation of Mr. Gifford, conveys the same idea. Yet as I have had the temerity to give a new interpretation, I may as well attempt to support it : In the first place I am inclined to believe that the phrase "quo tempore" always refers to some particular period, and is never used indefinitely. We cannot therefore translate the sentence, "He who can "accuse Verres at any time that he may "think proper, &c." but must necessarily render it : "He who will accuse Verres at "that particular time, when Verres himself "wishes to be accused," &c. alluding to that historical anecdote which I have given in the former note on this verse. In the next place, I think this interpretation is more consistent with the general purport of the passage, the substance of which may be thus compressed : "At Rome the poor are "almost entirely dependent on the great ; "how then should I continue to live there, "who neither know, nor would practice the "arts by which alone their favor is to be "acquired. Honorable services meet with "no remuneration ; he alone who will assist "them to commit or conceal their crimes, "may hope to share their wealth ; but "however great and tempting be the reward, "do not, at the expense of the peace and "tranquility of your mind, purchase a favor "so precarious and so dangerous." p. 98.

In rendering the disputed word *caligatus*, which occurs in the concluding verse of the poem, and which Mr. Gifford makes 'armed at all points,'

the present translator adopts that interpretation which supposes *caliga* to mean a country shoe, as distinguished from a town shoe.

We have made no secret of the disgust excited in our minds by the critical preface to this volume. But the author of the preface, too, appears before us as a poet. 'This and the following pieces, subscribed L, was given me by the friend who furnished the introductory letter ; most of them have been already published, either in the Port Folio, or in the New-York Evening Post.' Really this gentleman gives and furnishes with profusion ! he gives too, it appears, what he had given elsewhere before ; and this second-hand sort of gift must be infinitely valuable : It blesseth him that gives and him that takes !

The note, just transcribed, is appended to the lines from which we have already extracted the beautiful and delicate images, and which the author's primary concern (and certainly a very allowable one) is, not to be thought an old woman :

Ye blooming nymphs, our country's joy and
pride,
Who in the stream of fashion thoughtless
glide :

No modish lay, no melting strain of love
Is here pour'd forth, your tender hearts to
move ;

Yet think not envious age inspires the song,
Rejecting all our earth-born joys as wrong :
Think me no Matron stern, who would re-
press

Each modern grace, each harmless change
of dress ;

But one whose heart exults to join the band,
Where joy and innocence go hand in hand,
One who, while modesty maintains her
place,

(That sacred charm which heightens every
grace)

Complacent sees your robes excel the snow,
Or borrow colours from the painted bow ;
But dreads the threaten'd hour of virtue's
flight,

More than the pestilence which walks by
night.

p. 106.

The last of these lines is obviously a make-weight—and heavy enough.

The subject of the poem is a dehortation against the modern style of female dress, a topic which is not handled with much liberality of conception :

Say, in those half-rob'd bosoms are there
hid,

No thoughts which shame and purity forbid?

A home question, this, to be sure ;
but not much, we think, to the purpose !
suppose the poet were to press his in-
quiries a little further, including bo-
soms of all classes, robed or half-robed
as they may ?

But, of L's inquisitiveness there is
no end :

Why do these fine-wrought veils around you
play,
Like mists which scarce bedim the orb of
day ?

After some reflection, we think we
have discovered the true object of re-
search to be, why our young country-
women wear veils of so fine a texture ?
This, it must be confessed, is a *secret*
worth knowing ; but, whether we or the
author shall ever be let into it, we have
the most serious doubts.

Very many other questions follow,
and some of them our young country-
women will be put to their wits' ends to
answer. But, as precision in terms is
of great importance in these cases, we
too beg leave to ask, what means that
conscious air ?

What mean those careless limbs, that con-
scious air,
At which the modest blush, the vulgar
stare ?

A *conscious air* we take to be of the
nature of that so sweetly described by
the poet :

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheek, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say, her body thought.

We are disposed to think, that *con-
fident air* must have been aimed at ;
and we to make these observations for
the purpose of reminding the author
and critic, that there are other faults, in
poetical composition, than those on
which he has, with undoubted reason,
insisted. In his principles of taste, we
cordially agree ; in his practice, we
cannot boast of equal satisfaction. He
complains,

Humble the praise, and trifling the regard,
Which ever waits upon the moral bard ;

a complaint which is a gross and un-
founded libel, as well as on the illus-
trious names which it were easier to

cite than count, as on the myriads of
readers, by whom they always have
been and always will be cherished.
The truth is, that we prize the pro-
ductions of art for their beauty ; if
they have not this, they are worth-
less. *Le vrai et le beau sont l'objet des*
arts. A poet, who crowds our mind
with pleasing images or shadows of
images, however heterogeneous, may
gain our applause, for he sets before
us beauty, and we want the leisure or
judgment to detect its incongruity. It
shines, and looks gay, and we are
pleased. His thoughts might be trite
or absurd ; but the dress he gives them
is sufficiently engaging for the transient
view we take.—A poet, on the other
hand, who expects to fix our attention
by mere soundness of sentiment, may
be a very good man, but he is very
deficient in his art. Sound sentiments
are truisms ; what we expect from the
poet is, to deliver them in beautiful terms.
He that does this, is a poet ; he that
does not, is none.

‘One general character, says the
author of the letter, appears to be stamp-
ed upon almost all American produc-
tions : they seem to be the offspring of
minds faintly glowing with the fire of
genius, and unprovided with large
stores of wisdom, acquired by literary
research, or extensive observation of
mankind.’—It is consolatory to Ameri-
ca, that this dismal picture is in no wise
peculiar to herself. *Almost all poetical*
productions, of whatever country, *seem*
to be the productions, &c. &c. &c. and
the same may be said of pictorial pro-
ductions, &c. &c. &c. In any country,
eminent genius is the thing most rarely
seen. In all countries, there are a
thousand obstacles to its development ;
in this, perhaps, a thousand more.
Some man, however, will one day
arise, capable of bursting the bonds
under which so many languish ; and his
glorious example will confer more
benefit, give a stronger impulse, than
all the sweeping denunciations of criti-
cism : he will excite ; they depress. To
point out particular faults is one thing ;
to condemn in the gross is another ;
and it is this that we disapprove in the
passage quoted.

The translation before us is an honorable effort, and of a nature to *excite* the talents of the country; we earnestly wish that the author may proceed in this species of public service.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

The following account of the literature of a neighbouring State is copied from the *Boston Monthly Anthology*, a literary work of the highest merit—This work has attained a very distinguished rank among the periodical publications of our country, and claims our attention as much for the taste which is discovered in the selections, as for the judgment and erudition which are displayed in the original compositions which grace its pages.

The effects of that pure levelling democratic system, which is alike at war with order and government, with taste and literary acquirements, is strikingly exposed in the following extract. It is an old saying, that, "to retain a people in slavery, you must keep them in ignorance;" but it was left for the democrats of the present day to contend that learning is inimical to true republicanism. [C. *Courier*.]

LITERATURE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Raleigh, N. C. to the Editors of the *Anthology*, Feb 24.

An account of the literature of this State might be comprised in a single page, and if the length of the account was regarded only in the proportion it bears to its interests, that page would be deemed tedious. There are only ten presses in this state; viz. two in Raleigh, two in Newbern, and one in each of the towns of Edenton, Halifax, Wilmington, Fayetteville, Salisbury, and Warrenton. From each of these presses issues a weekly paper, except the one in Salisbury, which is employed in printing handbills and pamphlets. The papers are compilations, and the few books published are law books and the doggerel hymns of religious enthusiasts, and now and then a trash novel, which is commonly exchanged for other trash at the literary fair. I will give as complete a list as I am able of all the original works ever published in this state, with a brief character annexed.

1. Haywood's reports of cases, decided in the superior courts of this state. A valuable book, published by Hodge and Boylan, 1800.

N. B. A second volume is now in the press of Wm. Boylan.

2. A Journey to lake Drummond, by Lemuel Sawyer. The events are without interest, the remarks puerile, and the language the most superlative bombast. Published eight or ten years ago.

3. Matilda Berkley, a novel. About upon a level with the Massachusetts novel of the Coquette, or Eliza Wharton. Published by J. Gales, in 1804.

4. Taylor's reports of cases, adjudged in the supreme court of North Carolina.—Of a moderate reputation. Martin and Ogden. 1802.

5. History of the Ketuckick Baptist Association, by Burkit and Read. Boylan.—1804.

6. A Masonic Ritual, published under the direction of the G. Lodge of North Carolina. The best of the kind. Sims. 1806.

7. Davies's Calvary. An excellent system. Hodge. 1798.

Cameron's Law Reports are in the press of J. Gales, of which there are favourable expectations.

These are the only publications, which I recollect, that have assumed the dignity of a volume. Of political and religious pamphlets, we have *quantum sufficit*. The Rev. Joseph Caldwell, president of the University of North Carolina, is the only scientific and literary character in the state. He is now employed in writing a book on Mathematics, intended as a school-book. Two sermons and an eulogium on Gen. Washington, by him, which have been published in pamphlets, are handsome specimens of his abilities. I know of no other pamphlets that merit the respect of being named.

There is in this state one university, and several academies, but none of them are supported by permanent funds. The university was founded about fourteen years ago, and received from the state a donation of all balances, then due the state from revenue officers, and all confiscated and escheat property,

and a loan of \$20,000.—To a “huge misshapen pile,” which is placed on a high rocky eminence, twenty-eight miles to the eastward, of this, has been given the name of the College; and a donation from Gen. Thomas Person, built a neat chapel. After considerable difficulties were experienced, on account of incompetent teachers, and insurrections among the students, the institution, under the direction of Mr. Caldwell, two professors, and two tutors, acquired regularity and consistency in its exercises; when our enlightened legislature discovered that education was inconsistent with republicanism; that it created an aristocracy of the learned, who would trample upon the rights and liberties of the ignorant, and that an equality of intellect was necessary to preserve the equality of rights. Influenced by these wise and patriotic considerations, the legislature gave to themselves again, what they had before given to the university. The institution now languishes; Mr. Caldwell’s antirepublican love of literature, and not the emoluments of his office, induces him to preserve in existence, by his influence, even the shadow of a college. He is assisted by only one tutor; the funds do not permit the employment of more.

There is an excellent female academy lately established by the Society of United Brethren (Moravians) at Salem. There are very good academies in Raleigh, Newbern, Fayetteville, Lewisburg, Warrenton, and two or three others. A public library has been founded in Newbern by a donation of \$500, from Thomas Tomlinson.—It is divided into eighty shares of \$20 each; all the shares are filled, and the best purchased. It is contemplated to extend the number of shares to 120.

I know of no other public library in this state, except one in Iredell county, established by a society, called the Centre Benevolent Society, which has subsisted nearly twenty years.

From the Sporting Magazine for February, we select the last words of Tom Bish the punster.

My friend—It is time for a man to

look grave, when he has one foot there; every fit of coughing has put me in mind of my coffin, though dissolute men the seldomest think of dissolution. This is a great alteration! I, that supported myself with good wine, must now be supported by a small beer. A fortune-teller once looked on my hand, and said, “This man is to be a great traveller; he will be at the Diet of Worms, and from thence go to Rot in bouc.”

Now, seeing I understood this double meaning, I desire to be privately buried; for I think a public funeral looks like bury fair, and the rites of the dead too often prove wrongs to the living; methinks the word itself best expresses the number, neither few nor all. A dying man should not think of obsequies, but of obsequies. Little did I apprehend you would so soon see Tom Stone under a tombstone. T. P. are on letters in death’s alphabet; he has not half-a-bit of either. Every thing should put us in mind of death; physicians assure us, that our very food breeds it in us; so that in our *dying*, we may be said to *die eating*.—There is something ominous not only in the name of diseases, as di-arrhea, di-abetis, dy-sentery, but even in the drugs designed to preserve life, as di-acordium, di-apente, di-ascorides. I perceive Dr. Howard—and I feel how hard—thinks I shall *decease* before the day cease; but before I die, I desire to give some advice to those that survive me:—Let gamesters consider that death is hazard and passage upon the turn of a dye. Let Lawyers consider it as a very hard case. And let funsters consider it is hard to *die jesting*, when death is so hard in *digesting*.—Here his breath failed him, and he expired.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 10.

THE MOALLAKAT.

FORM III.—BY ZOHAIK.

The war of Dahis, of which Amriolkais is by some supposed to have been the cause, had raged forty years, if the Arabian accounts be true; between the

tribes of Abs and Dhubyan, who both began at length to be tired of so bloody and ruinous a contest: a treaty was therefore proposed and concluded; but Hosein, the son of Demdem, whose brother, Harem, had been slain by Ward, the son of Habes, had taken a solemn oath, not unusual among the Arabs, *that he would not bathe his head in water*, until he had avenged the death of his brother, by killing either Ward himself, or one of his nearest relations. His head was not long unbathed; and he is even supposed to have violated the law of hospitality, by slaying a guest, whom he found to be an Absite descended lineally from the common ancestor Galeb. This malignant and vindictive spirit gave great displeasure to Hareth and Harem, two virtuous chiefs of the same tribe with Hosein; and, when the Absites were approaching, in warlike array, to resent the infraction of the treaty, Hareth sent his own son to the tent of their chief, with *a present of a hundred fine camels*, as an atonement for the murder of their countryman; and a message, importing his firm reliance on their honour, and his hope, *that they would prefer the milk of the camels to the blood of his son*. Upon this, Rabeiah, the prince of Abs, having harangued his troops, and received their approbation, sent back the youth, with this answer; "that he accepted the camels as an expiatory gift, and would supply the imperfection of the former treaty by a sincere and durable peace."

In commemoration of this noble act, Zohair, then a very old man, composed the following panegyric on Hareth and Harem; but, the opening of it, like all the others, is amatory and elegiac; it has also something of the dramatic form.

The poet, supposed to be travelling with a friend, recognizes the place where the tent of his mistress had been pitched twenty years before: he finds it wild and desolate; but his imagination is so warmed by associated ideas of former happiness, that he seems to discern a company of damsels, with his favourite in the midst of them, of whose appearance and journey he gives a very lively

picture; and thence passes, very abruptly, to the praises of the two peacemakers and their tribe; inveighs against the malignity of Hosein; personifies war, the miseries of which he describes in a strain highly figurative; and concludes with a number of fine maxims, not unlike the proverbs of Solomon, which he repeats to his friends as a specimen of his wisdom, acquired by long experience.

THE POEM OF ZOHAIK.

Are these the only traces of the lovely Ommaufia? Are these the silent ruins of her mansion, in the rough plains of Deraage and Moshatallem? Are the remains of her abode, in the two stations of Rakma, become like the stains renewed with fresh woad on the veins of the wrist? There the wild cows, with large eyes, and the milk-white deer, walk in slow succession, while their young rise hastily to follow them from every lair. On this plain I stopped, after an absence of twenty summers, and with difficulty could recollect the mansion of my fair one, after long meditation; *after surveying* the black stones on which her caldrons used to be raised, and the canal round her tent, like the margin of a fish-pond, which time has not destroyed.

As soon as I recollected the dwelling-place of my beloved, I said to the remains of her bower, "Hail, sweet bower! may thy morning be fair and auspicious!" But, I added, look my friend! dost thou not discern a company of maidens seated on camels, and advancing over the high ground above *the streams of Jortham*? They leave on their right the mountains and rocky plains of Kenaan. (Oh! how many of my bitter foes, and how many of my firm allies, does Kenaan contain!) They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of the crimson andem-wood. They now appear by the valley of Subaan, and now they pass through it: the trappings of all their camels are new and large. When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloths, with every mark of a voluptuous

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gaiety. The locks of stained wool, that fall from their carriages, whenever they alight, resemble the scarlet berries of night-shade, not yet crushed. They rose at day-break; they proceeded at early dawn; they are advancing toward the valley of Ras, directly and surely, as the hand to the mouth. Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents, like the Arab with a settled mansion. Among them, the nice gazer on beauty may find delight, and the curious observant eye may be gratified with charming objects.

In this place, how nobly did the two descendants of Gaidh, the son of Morra, labour to unite the tribes, which a fatal effusion of blood had long divided! I have sworn by the sacred edifice, round which the sons of Koraish and Jorhami, who built it, make devout processions; yes, I have solemnly sworn, that I would give due praise to that illustrious pair, who have shown their excellence in all affairs, both simple and complicated: *Noble chiefs!* You reconciled Abs and Phobyen, after their bloody conflicts; after the deadly perfumes of Minsham had long scattered poison among them. You said, "We will secure the public good on a firm basis: whatever profusion of wealth or exertions of virtue it may demand, we will secure it." Thence you raised a strong fabric of peace, from which all partial obstinacy and all criminal supineness were alike removed. Chiefs, exalted in the high ranks of Maad, *father of Arabs*, may you be led into the paths of felicity! The man who opens for his country a treasure of glory should himself be glorified.

They drove to the tents of their appeased foes a herd of young camels, marked for the goodness of their breed, and either inherited from their fathers or the scattered prizes of war. With a hundred camels they closed all wounds: in due season were they given, yet the glories themselves were free from guilt. The amercement was auspiciously offered by one tribe to the other; yet those

who offered it had not shed a cupful of blood.

who offered it had not shed a cupful of blood.

Ah! convey this message from me to the sons of Dhobyen, and say to the confederates, Have you not bound yourselves in this treaty by an indissoluble tie? Attempt not to conceal from God the designs which your bosoms contain; for that, which you strive to hide, God perfectly knows. He sometimes defers the punishment, but registers the crime in a volume, and reserves it for the day of account: sometimes he accelerates the chastisement, and heavily it falls!

War is a dire fiend, as you have known by experience; nor is this a new or doubtful question concerning her. When you expelled her from your plains, you expelled her covered with infamy; but, when you kindled her flame, she blazed and raged. She ground you, as the mill grinds the corn with its lower stone: like a female camel, she became pregnant; she bore twice in one year; and, at her last labour, she was the mother of twins: she brought forth Distress and Ruin, monsters full grown, each of them deformed as the dun camel of Aad: she then gave them her breast, and they were instantly weaned. Oh! what plenty she produced in your land! The provisions, which she supplied, were more abundant, no doubt, than those which the cities of Irak dispense to their inhabitants, weighed with large weights, and measured with ample measures!

Hail, illustrious tribe! They fix their tents where faithful allies defend their interests, whenever some cloudy night assails them with sudden adversity. Hail, noble race! among whom neither can the avengeful man wreak his vengeance, nor is the penitent offender left to the mercy of his foes. Like camels were they turned loose to pasture between times of watering; and then were led to copious pools, horrid with arms and blood: they dragged one another to their several deaths; and then were they brought back, like a herd, to graze on pernicious and obnoxious weeds.

I swore, by my life, that I would exalt, with praises, that excellent tribe which Hosein, the son of Demdem, in

jured, when he refused to concur in the treaty. He bent his whole mind to the accomplishment of his hidden purpose; he revealed it not; he took no precipitate step. He said, "I will accomplish my design; and will secure myself from my foe with a thousand horses well-caparisoned." He made a fierce attack, nor feared the number of tents, where *Death*, the mother of vultures, had fixed her mansion; there, the warrior stood armed at all points; fierce as a lion with strong muscles, with a strong mane, with claws never blunted; a bold lion, who, when he is assailed, speedily chastises the assailant; and, when no one attacks him openly, often becomes the aggressor. Yet I swear, by thy life, *my friend*, that their lances poured not forth the blood of Ibn Neheic, nor of Mothalleh cruelly slain: their javelins had no share in drinking the blood of Naufel, nor that of Waheb, nor that of Ibn Mojaddem. The deaths of all those chiefs I myself have seen expiated with camels, free from blemish, ascending the summit of rocks.

He, indeed, who rejects the blunt end of the lance, *which is presented to him in token of peace*, must yield to the sharpness of the point, with which every tall javelin is armed.

He, who keeps his promise, escapes blame; and he, who directs his heart to the calm resting-place of integrity, will never stammer nor quake in the assemblies of his nation.

He, who trembles at all possible causes of death, falls in their way; even though he desire to mount the skies on a scaling ladder.

He, who possesses wealth or talents, and withholds them from his countrymen, alienates their love, and exposes himself to their obloquy.

He, who continually debases his mind, by suffering others to ride over it, and never raises it from so abject a state, will at last repent of his meanness.

He, who sojourns in foreign countries, mistakes his enemy for his friend; and he, who exalts not his own soul, the nation will not exalt.

He, who drives not invaders from his citern will see it demolished; and he, who abstains ever so much from injur-

ing others, will often himself be injured.

He, who conciliates not the hearts of men, in a variety of transactions, will be bitten by their sharp teeth, and trampled on by their pasterns.

He, who shields his reputation by generous deeds, will augment it; and he, who guards not himself from censure, will be censured.

I am weary of the hard burdens which life imposes; and every man who, *like me*, has lived fourscore years, will assuredly be no less weary.

I have seen *Death* herself stumble like a dim-sighted camel; but he, whom she strikes, falls; and he, whom she misses, grows old even to decrepitude.

Whenever a man has a peculiar cast in his nature, although he suppose it concealed, it will soon be known.

Experience has taught me the events of this day and yesterday; but, as to the events of to-morrow, I confess my blindness.

Half of man is his tongue, and the other half is his heart: the rest is only an image, composed of blood and flesh.

He, who confers benefits on persons unworthy of them, changes his praise to blame, and his joy to repentance.

How many men dost thou see, whose abundant merit is admired, when they are silent, but whose failings are discovered, as soon as they open their lips.

An old man never grows wise after his folly; but, when a youth has acted foolishly, he may attain wisdom.

We asked and you gave; we repeated our requests, and your gift also was repeated; but whoever frequently solicits, will at length meet with a refusal.

For the Port Folio.

It is with much pleasure we observe the rapid strides this country is making in the liberal and polite arts; and we are anxious to applaud the industry and zeal of that respectable body of learned men, who prefer the instruction of youth to employments which hold out, if not more profit, at least more content and satisfaction.

Among the foremost in this body, we observe the Revd. Dr. Abercrombie, whose energy in the distribution of

useful and ornamental instruction is unbounded. By a public advertisement, which appeared a short time since, we were informed that this gentleman intended to give a course of Lectures on the arts of Reading and Public Speaking; but it was not fully expressed, whether they were to be public or private. Attending however, by invitation, the initial Lecture, we found that the Doctor's intention was to instruct a limited number of young gentlemen, a few of whom had applied to him for that purpose, preparatory to their entrance on the duties of the bar or other professions, which require more than ordinary perfection in Reading and Speaking. For the Doctor's competence to such a task we can fully vouch; and we confidently trust his Course will not only prove beneficial to his *élèves*, but profitable to himself.

The following, as far as we can recollect, from the introductory lecture, is the outline of the plan:

"The leading and essential principles of both the Arts (Reading and Speaking) will be methodically arranged and systematically communicated in the Lectures; though instruction will be chiefly conveyed by exemplification and by occasional remarks, as well as by familiar observations.

"A certain series of Reading and Recitation will be undertaken by every member in rotation, subject to corrections and criticisms, and regulated by the principles occasionally laid down in the Lectures. The exercises will be entirely confined to the class, and consequently are of a *private* nature."

Here, then, we found the opinion erroneous which had compared Dr. Abercrombie's undertaking with that of Mr. Fennel, whose Readings, although entertaining, are not calculated to *instruct* young men in the rules of the art. Dr. Blair has justly attributed to this mode of private instruction much of the excellence of British orators. "The meetings or societies," says he, "into which men sometimes form themselves, for the purpose of improvement in Reading and Speaking, are laudable institutions; and, under proper conduct,

"may serve the most valuable purposes. They produce emulation, and gradually inure those who are concerned in them to somewhat that resembles a public assembly. They accustom them to know their own powers, and to acquire a command of themselves in Reading and Speaking."

The terms of admission to these Lectures, we are informed, are very moderate; and we earnestly recommend the undertaking to attention and encouragement.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming.

Constancy is not for me;

So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Human invention has been exercised for several ages, to account for the various irregularities of the earth. While some philosophers see nothing but beauty, symmetry and order, there are others, who look upon the gloomy side of nature, enlarge upon its defects, and seem to consider the earth on which they tread, as one scene of extensive desolation. Beneath its surface they observe minerals and waters confusedly jumbled together; its different beds of earth irregularly lying upon each other; mountains rising from places that once were level, and hills sinking into valleys; whole regions swallowed by the sea; and others again rising out of its bosom; all these they suppose to be but a few of the changes that have been wrought in our globe; and they send out imagination, to describe it in its primeval state of beauty.

When we take a slight survey of the surface of our globe, a thousand objects offer themselves, which, though long known, yet still demand our curiosity. The most obvious beauty that every where strikes the eye is the verdant covering of the earth, which is formed by a happy mixture of shrubs and trees, of various magnitudes and uses. It has often been remarked that no colour refreshes the sight so well as green; and it may be added, as a further proof of the assertion, that the inhabitants of those places, where the fields are continually white with snow,

generally become blind long before the usual course of nature. This advantage, which arises from the verdure of the fields, is not a little improved by their agreeable inequalities. There are scarcely two natural landscapes, that offer prospects entirely resembling each other; their risings and depressions, their hills and valleys, are never entirely the same, but always offer something new to entertain and refresh the imagination. But, to increase the beauties of nature, the landscape is enlivened by springs and lakes, and intersected by rivulets. These lend a brightness to the prospect; give motion and coolness to the air, and, what is much more important, furnish health and subsistence to animated nature.

Such are the most obvious and tranquil objects that every where offer; but there are others, of a more awful and magnificent kind; the *mountain* rising above the clouds and topped with snow; the *river* pouring down its sides, increasing as it runs, and losing itself at last in the ocean; the *ocean* spreading its immense sheet of waters over half of the globe, swelling and subsiding at well-known intervals, and forming a communication between the most distant parts of the earth.

If we leave those objects that seem most natural to our earth, and keep the same constant tenour, we are presented with the great irregularities of nature. The burning mountain, the abrupt precipice, the unfathomable cavern, the headlong cataract, and the foaming whirlpool.

In his voyage to the Houyhnhnms, SWIFT, in the character of Capt GULLIVER, draws a tremendous picture of degenerate man.

I enjoyed perfect health of body and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery, or inconstancy of a friend, nor the inquiries of a secret or open enemy. I had no occasion of flattering or pimping, to procure the favor of any great man or his minion. I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression; here, was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my

words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire. Here were no gibbers, censurers, backbiters, pickpockets, highwaymen, housebreakers, attorneys, bawds, buffoons, gamblers, politicians, wits, spleneticks, tedious talkers, controverters, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuosoës; no leader or followers of party and faction; no encouragers of vice by seducement or examples; no dungeon, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts or pillories; no cheating shopkeepers or mechanicks; no pride, vanity or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, whores or poxes; no ranting lewd expensive wives; no stupid proud pedants; no importunate, overbearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions; no scoundrels, raised from the dust from the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown into it, on account of their virtues.

To the genius of Mrs. Charlotte Smith we are indebted for the following stanza.

To a Green Chafer, on a White Rose.

You dwell within a lovely bow'r,
Little Chafer, gold and green,
Nestling in the fairest flower,
The rose of snow, the garden's queen.
There you drink the chrystal dew,
And your shards as emeralds bright,
And corslet of the ruby's hue,
Hide among the petals white.

Your fringed feet may rest them there,
And there your filmy wings may close,
But do not wound the flowers so fair,
That shelters you in sweet repose.

Insect! be not like him who dares
On Pity's bosom to intrude,
And then that gentle bosom tears,
With baseness and ingratitude.

Yes, false one, triumph in my tears,
And joy these flowing tears to view!
How just to wound that heart's repose;
That gladly would have bled for you!
Yet, poor the pleasure thou hast gain'd;
And very soon it will be o'er;
That bosom, where thou long hast reign'd,
Shall fondly throb for thee no more.
Nor vainly think my tears, my sighs,
Love's still unvanquish'd power proclaim;
Each drop that trickles from my eyes
But helps to quench his dying flame.

SHAKSPEAR'S VERSES.

TO ANNA HATHERKEWAYE; AFTER-
WARDS HIS WIFE.

Is there inne heavenne aught more fare,
Than thou, sweete Nympe of Avon fayre;
Is there onne earthe a manne more trewe!
Thanne Willye Shakspear is toe youe.
Though fyckle fortune proye unkinde;
Stille dothe he leave herre wealthe behynde,
She neere the hearte canne forme anew!
Norre make thy Willys love unnetrue.
Though age with wither'd hands doe strike
The forme most fayre the face most brittle,
Stille dothe the leave unnetouchedde ande
trewe;
Thy Willys love ande friendshippe too.
Though Deathe; with neverre faylynge
blowe,
Dothe Manne ande Babe alike brynge lowe!
Yette dothe he take noughte butte hys due;
Ande strykes notte Willys hearte stille true.
Synce thenne norre forretune deathe norre
age,
Can faythfulle Willys love asswage?
Thenne doe I live ande dye forre youe;
Thy Willye syncere ande most trewe.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

The glass like the Globe shall go round,
While friends and good claret abound,
In spite of your grave-preaching thinker,
A good-fellow means a good drinker:
When past three o'clock shall resound,
Should any one prudently sober be found,
We'll give him the nick-name of skinker.
Old Noah, when lodg'd in his barge,
Beheld himself floating at large,
And viewed the waters around him,
Yet hated that water should bound him.
Men thought him shut up in the dark;
Lord, sir, if you had but stept into the Ark,
You floating in claret had found him.
The juice of the grape, all agree,
Rejoices the jovial and free;
Then, Bacchus, thou hero of fable,
We'll tope with thee while we are able!
For thou canst our sorrows dissolve,
And therefore thy honor shall nightly de-
volve

On the first that falls under the table.

I never knew a sprightly lass,
That was not dear to me,
And freely I my heart could store
With every one I see
" 'Tis not *this* or *that* alone,
On whom my choice would fall;
I do no more incline to one,
Than I incline to all.
" The circles bounding lines are they,
Its center is my heart,
My ready love the equal ray,
That flows to every part.

The *Rights of Man*, says EDMUND BURKE, cannot be the rights of the people. For to be a people and to have these lights are things incompatible. The one supposes the presence, the other the absence, of a state of civil society. The very foundation of the French *commonwealth* was false, and self-destructive; nor can its principles be adopted in *any country*, without the *certainly* of bringing it to the same condition to which France reduced herself.

In contemplating nature we shall often find the same substances possessed of contrary qualities, and producing opposite effects. Air, which liquefies one substance, dries up another. That fire which is sure to burn up the desert is often found, in other places, to assist the luxuriance of vegetation; and water, which, next to fire, is the most fluid substance upon earth, nevertheless gives all other bodies their firmness and durability; so that every element seems to be a powerful servant, capable either of good or ill, and only awaiting external direction to become the friend or the enemy of mankind.

Barbers' puffs.—Some of the best compositions lately noticed in the papers printed in the metropolis of a sister state, and in which a particular acquaintance with heathen mythology and other classical acquirements is evinced, are the advertisements of Barbers. Their style is as smooth as the oil upon their hones, and their wit as keen as the edge of their razors.

[*F. Museum.*]

A member of Parliament, who never spoke in the House of Commons but once, when, in the middle of a debate, a certain noisy member, looking accidentally at him, bellowed "hear, hear, hear," calmly replied, "*I never do any thing else, Sir.*" The answer immediately obtained the applause of the house.

A person of the name of *Porter*, being intoxicated, was asked by a friend what he had been about. "Oh," said he, "I have only been turning a little *Gin* into *Porter*."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

Carlisle Nov. 18th, 1806.

If you think the following Ode (which I think beautiful) worthy of insertion in the Port Folio, you will oblige a Friend to merit, by its publication. The author is a youth of 18. His poetical talents began early to display themselves; and his productions are numerous. But, as my Pupil, I might be thought vain in commending him to your particular Notice.—*This* was in the conclusion of a letter addressed to me, like many others weekly,—some of which are vastly superior in sentiment and imagery.—

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

ODE TO VIRTUE.

Thou guardian of my early youth.
Shall I to thee no tribute pay?
Who form'd my soul to love and truth,
And hung thy lamp to cheer my way.

O, yes,—my raptur'd heart shall pour
Unnumber'd praises to thy name,
Who gav'st to me such precious store,
And made my breast a holy fane.

What's beauty, wealth, or pow'r to thee,
But fading, fleeting, empty toys!
Awhile they please; but soon we see
How worthless all their idle joys.—

But, O! with thee what pleasures reign!
Such as to happy spirits giv'n;
Angels adorn thy beauteous train,
In all the native grace of heav'n.—

What glorious views thou dost unfold,
Beyond this earth's contracted sphere!
When *space* and *time* away have roll'd,
And we on other worlds appear.—

In this dark vale of sorrow, too,
Propitious if thou deign'st to smile,
Still brighter scenes appear in view;
Which oft our ling'ring steps beguile.

Thou canst the lonely desert cheer,
And glad the travellers drooping heart;
Bid poverty have nought to fear.
'Neath fickle fortune's cruel smart.

Not with the vain and giddy throng,
Dost thou, all-beauteous! love to dwell;
To such thy bliss can ne'er belong.
Thy sacred joys they ne'er can tell.

Behold that chaste and happy pair,
Which tenant yonder humble cot!
'Tis peace and love proclaim thee there
And sweet contentment cheers their lot.

Thrice happy they, who thus delight
To steal with thee their hours away!
Not racking cares disturb by night,
Nor vain desires intrude by day.

Their lives run on one even course
From discord and from folly free,
Still looking tow'ards that heav'nly source
Where centers all felicity.

When ev'n at last pale death doth come,
And clip, of life, the slender tie,
What raptures at the thought of home,
Falter the tongue and close the eye!

Banks of Codorus.

F. C. C.

On hearing a Lady play on the Piano-Forte.

What enchanting sounds I hear
Thrilling on my list'ning ear!
Like the exalted hymns of Love
Warbled round the throne of Jove!
Lively, brisk, or softly slow,
How the pow'rful raptures flow!
Ev'ry stinging care disarm'd,
Ev'ry grief to slumber charm'd!
O the magic, O the pain,
Multiply'd in ev'ry strain,
While the fair musician flings
Her fingers o'er the quiv'ring strings!
Lovely charmer, sing away,
Melt us with your soothing lay!
How the airs of Ramsay flow,
From your fingers white as snow;
How the voice its magic blends
As each trembling note ascends!

Sometimes with this noble art,
That subdues the hardest heart,
Join the pencil's wond'rous aid
In your mimic world display'd.
With these fair endowments join
Fairer virtues—charms divine;
Like the pair from whom ye spring,
To their full perfection bring
All the various inborn seeds
Rip'ning in your gen'rous deeds.
Learn to shade the balm of bliss
On the heart that feels distress.
Thus your beauty will assume
A progressive height'ning bloom,
Not to wear with age away
Till the lamp of life decay.

A DESPAIRING LADY.

By the despair that swells these eyes!
By all the pangs of grief like mine;
By my confusion, by the joys,
That fatal night I first was thine!

By all that can thy pity move,
This humble plight, this falling tear!
Let me adjure my charming love
Th' unkind th' unjust design forbear.

Thus the forlorn Eliza sung
Beneath a willow's mournful shade,
While winds and waves in concert rung
And sigh'd and murmur'd thro' the glade.

Then with a tear enrich'd the stream
And, undistinguish'd, cried like thee !
'Mongst vulgar loves my purer flame
Hastes to oblivion's common sea.

Ungrateful youth ! born to destroy,
Yet hither nature calls thine eyes ;
Thy other self—this heav'nly boy,
Dear offspring of our guilty joys.

She stopp'd, she sigh'd, and sunk to death,
Calmly—as infants to their rest :
While love thus hung on her last breath,
O heav'n ! be He yet ever blest.

SINE ARTE DECOR.

Beauty, whence is thy control,
Divine enchantress of the soul,
Mystic source of strangest pleasure
Nature's loveliest choicest treasure !

Does thy gentle witchcraft lie
In the soul-enliven'd eye,
Or in the smile untaught by art,
The faithful index of the heart ?

Dost thou in dewy fetters dwell,
Within the dimple's fairy cell,
Or where beneath the yielding vest
Faintly swells " th' alternate breast ? "

Dost thou love the Virgin's cheek,
When first its morning blushes break,
Or the balmy sigh that breathes
Purer sweets than vernal wreaths.

Dost thou with the blushing rose
On Isabella's lip repose,
Where each dawning grace abides,
And ever-youthful love presides !

Though we oft may trace thee there,
Sweetly charming every eye,
Art thou not lovelier in the tear,
The Pledge of *Sensibility* !

Philadelphia October 11, 1806. C. F.

Dear Anna, to your question, why
Lovers so bashful are,
I can return but one reply,
One reason for their fear.

'Tis said, and so the poets sung,
That modesty and love
Are twins from beauteous *Vénus* sprung,
Born in the realms above.

Descending to our earth they came,
When Jove did thus ordain,
" Their votaries shall be the same,
And both united reign."

Thus, when a swain attempts to speak,
By love urged on to say
How he adores, quick glows his cheek,
His accents die away.
But by this rule you'll ever find
The blush of crimson true,
The index of a generous mind,
Sincere, humane and true.

ON A THUNDER-STORM.

When murky night involves the black'ning
Pole,
And boisterous storms in dark confusion
roll ;
When fiery meteors, issuing from the womb
Of sulph'ry vapours, blaze athwart the
gloom ;
While peals of thunder, with tremendous
roar,
Are heard from hill to dale—from shore to
shore ;
Then mortals see the truth with op'ning
eyes ;
And thoughtless folly seems a moment wisp.
The trembling sinner dreads th' avenging
rod,
And atheists on their knees confess a God.

J. M. Q—t—n.

EPIGRAMS.

On the promotion of the Rev. Mr. Fawcett
to the rectory of *Snoring* in Norfolk.

Otium Divos regat, &c.

Why does the Sailor leave his cot,
And brave the stormy seas,
But that, at length, he may arrive,
Safe in the port of ease ;
And why at Cam was Fawcett ere,
O'er books so long a poring,
But that, at last, he might retire
In peace to take his *Snoring*.

L'Obtination Philosophique.

Un philosophe fameux
S'écriait autrefois dans des douleurs poig-
nantes,
O goutte, en vain tu me tourmentes,
Tu n'es pas un mal à mes yeux !
A celui de ce sage austère
Mon aveuglement est égal ;
Bien que par ses rigueurs *Chloris* me déses-
père,
Je n'avourai jamais que l'amour soit un
mal.

CHAUDRUC.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO.

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, December 20, 1806.

No. 50.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

REVIEW.

*The Wanderer of Switzerland, and
Other Poems. By James Montgomery.*
London. 18mo. 1806. pp. 175.

THIS is a poem, heroic in subject, but lyric in its style and versification; and, in this incompatible union, the author believes that he may congratulate himself. Whatever may be the execution, for the design, he tells us, he thinks there is a claim to favour.

He is certainly in the wrong. Narrative and conversation require the long measures in which they have always hitherto been given; the hexameter, and the English heroic verse. To imagine a conversation supported, and a tale told, with the rapidity of the ode, is impossible. In the following passage, which concludes the poem, and which is, if not the best, nearly the best, that can be pointed out, and where the matter is peculiarly favourable to lyric measure, its absurdity will manifest itself to every reflecting reader. *The Wanderer*, after detailing his sufferings, on the occasion of the French incursion into Switzerland, declares his intention of settling in America:

Thus it was in hoary time,
When our fathers sallied forth,
Full of confidence sublime,
From the famine wasted North,
'Freedom, in a land of rocks,
'Wild as Scandinavia give,
'Pow'r Eternal! where our flocks
'And our little ones may live!"

Thus they pray'd; a secret hand
Led them, by a path unknown,
To that dear delightful land
Which I yet must call my own.
To the vale of Switz they came;
Soon their meliorating toil
Gave the forests to the flame,
And their ashes to the soil.
Thence their ardent labours spread,
Till above the mountain-snows
Towering Beauty show'd her head,
And a new creation rose!
—So, in regions wild and wide,
We will pierce the savage wood,
Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
Plough the valleys, tame the floods.
Till a beauteous inland isle,
By a forest-seed embrac'd,
Shall make Desolation smile
In the depth of his own waste.
There, unenvied and unknown,
We shall dwell secure, and free,
In a country all our own,
In a land of Liberty!

SHEPHERD.

Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
Unbefo'd, shall bring to mind,
Warm with evening's purple beams,
Dearer objects left behind;
And—thy native country's song,
Carol'd in a foreign clime,
When new echoes shall prolong,
—Simple, tender and sublime,—
How will thy poor cheek turn pale!
And, before thy banish'd eyes,
Underwalden's charming vale
And thine own sweet cottage rise!

WANDERER.

By the glorious ghost of Tell!
By Morgarthen's awful frav!
By the field where Albert fell,
In this last and bitter day!

S A

Soul of Switzerland, arise!
 —Ha! the spell has wak'd the dead;
 From her ashes to the skies
 Switzerland exalts her head!
 See the Queen of Mountains stand,
 In immortal mail complete,
 With the lightning in her hand,
 And the Alps beneath her feet!
 Hark! her voice:—My sons! awake!
 'Freedom! twins, behold the day!
 'From the bed of bondage break!
 'Tis your mother calls!—obey!
 At the sound, our fathers' graves
 On each ancient battle plain,
 Utter groans, and toss, like waves,
 When the wild blast sweeps the main.
 Arise, my brethren! cast away
 All the chains that bind you slaves;
 Arise! your mother's voice obey,
 And appease your fathers' graves!
 Strike! the conflict is begun;
 Freemen, Soldiers, follow me!
 Shout—the victory is won—
 'SWITZERLAND AND LIBERTY!'

SHEPHERD.

Warrior,—warrior, stay thine arm!
 Sheath, oh sheath thy frantic sword!

WANDERER.

Ah! I rave!—I faint!—the charm
 Flies—and mem'ry is restor'd.
 Yes, to agony restor'd,
 From the too-transporting charm;
 Sleep for ever, O my sword!
 Be thou wither'd, O my arm!
 Switzerland is but a name!
 —Yet, I feel, where'er I roam,
 That my heart is still the same,
 Switzerland is still my home!
 'We have a high respect for the ta-
 lents of this writer; but the Wanderer
 of Switzerland is a subject not chosen
 with felicity. The question has often
 been agitated, whether it be expedient
 for the poet to seize on recent events.
 For our part, we think that nothing
 can be clearer than this, that when we
 have a clear and circumstantial know-
 ledge of any given historical affair, we
 cannot be content to pore over a ficti-
 tious and obscure representation of the
 same thing.

Mr. Montgomery's genius has ac-
 quired a decided turn for lyric com-
 position. We shall subjoin two further
 specimens, to which, if our limits per-
 mitted, we should be pleased to add,
 on account of its versification, the ode,
 entitled, The Lyre. The Ode to the
 Volunteers of Britain, is, in our esti-

mation, that to which, on the whole,
 praise may be most freely given. In
 what immediately follows, consecrat-
 ed ground is a very feeble expres-
 sion:

A FIELD FLOWER:

On finding one in full bloom on Christmas Day,
 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
 With silver crest and golden eye,
 That welcomes every changing hour,
 And weathers every sky.
 The prouder beauties of the field,
 In gay but quick succession shine,
 Race after race their honours yield—
 They flourish and decline.
 But this small flower, to nature dear,
 While moons and stars their courses run,
 Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
 Companion of the sun.
 It smiles upon the lap of May,
 To sultry August spreads its charms,
 Lights pale October on his way,
 And twines December's arms.
 The purple heath, and golden broom,
 On moory mountains catch the gale,
 O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
 The violet in the vale.
 But this bold flow'ret climbs the hill,
 Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
 Plays on the margin of the rill,
 Peeps round the fox's den.
 Within the garden's cultur'd round
 It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
 And blooms on consecrated ground,
 In honour of the dead.
 The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
 The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
 The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
 Light o'er the skylark's nest.
 'Tis FLORA's page:—In every place,
 In every season, fresh and fair,
 It opens with perennial grace,
 And blossoms every where.
 On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
 Its humble buds unheeded rise;
 The Rose has but a summer-reign,
 The DAISY never dies.

THE SNOW-DROP.

WINTER! retire,
 Thy reign is past:
 Hoary Sire!
 Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
 Sound thy trumpet in the blast,
 And call thy storms away.
 Winter! retire;
 Wherefore do thy wheels delay!
 Mount the chariot of thine air,
 And quit the realms of day!

On thy state
 Whirlwinds wait;
 And blood-hot meteors lend thee light;
 Hence to dreary arctic regions
 Summon thy terrible legions!
 Hence! to caves of northern night
 Speed thy flight!

From halcyon seas
 And purer skies,
 O southern breeze!
 Awake, arise:
 Breath of heaven! benignly blow,
 Melt the snow;
 Breath of heaven! unchain the floods,
 Warm the woods,
 And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
 The freshening gale
 Embalms the vale,
 And breathes enchantment thro' the air:
 On its wing
 Floats the Spring,
 With glowing eye, and golden hair:
 Dark before her angel-form
 She drives the Demon of the storm,
 Like Gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night's withdrawn,
 Lo! the young romantic hours
 Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
 To behold the SNOW-DROP white
 Start to light,
 And shine, in FLORA's desert bowers,
 Beneath the vernal dawns,
 The Morning Star of Flowers!

O welcome to our isle,
 Thon Messenger of Peace!
 At whose bewitching smile
 Th' embattled tempests cease:
 Emblem of Innocence and Truth,
 Firstborn of Nature's womb;
 When strong in renovated youth
 She hursts from Winter's tomb,
 Thy Parent's eye had shed
 A precious dew-drop on thine head,
 Frail as a mother's tear,
 Upon her infant's face,
 When ardent hope to tender fear
 And anxious love gives place!
 But lo! the dew-drop falls away,
 The sun salutes thee with a ray
 Warm as a mother's kiss
 Upon her infant's cheek,
 When the heart bounds with bliss,
 And joy that cannot speak!

—When I meet thee by the way,
 Like a pretty sportive child,
 On the winter-wasted wild,
 With thy darling breeze at play,
 Opening to the radiant sky
 All the sweetness of thine eye;
 —Or bright with sunbeams, fresh with
 showers,
 O thou Fairy-Queen of Flowers!—

Watch thee o'er the plain advance
 At the head of FLORA's dance;
 Simple SNOW-DROP! then, in thee,
 All thy sister train I see:
 Every brilliant bud that blows,
 From the blue-bell to the rose,
 All the beauties that appear
 On the bosom of the year;
 All that wreath the locks of Spring,
 Summer's ardent breath perfume,
 Or on the lap of Autumn bloom
 —All to thee their tribute bring.
 Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
 —Their hues, their odours all are thine!
 For while thy humble form I view,
 The Muse's keen prophetic sight
 Brings fair Futurity to light,
 And Fancy's magic makes the vision
 true.

—There is a Winter in my soul,
 The Winter of despair;
 Oh! when shall Spring its rage control?
 When shall the SNOW-DROP blossom
 there?

Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
 A dawn of glory on my heart,
 But quickly pass away;
 Thus northern lights the gloom adorn,
 And give the promise of a morn,
 That never turns to day!

—But hark! methinks I hear
 A small still whisper in mine ear:
 "Rash youth! repent;
 "Afflictions from above,
 "Are angels, sent
 "On embassies of love.
 "A fiery legion, at thy birth,
 "Of chastening woes were given;
 "To pluck thy flowers of Hope from earth,
 "And plant them high
 "O'er yonder sky,
 "Transform'd to stars, —and fix'd in hea-
 ven."

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES

No. 10.

THE MOALLAKAT

POEM IV. — BY LEBEID.

Although the opening of this poem is that of a love-elegy, and the greater part of it be purely pastoral, yet it seems to have been composed on an occasion more exalted than the departure of a mistress, or the complaints of a lover; for the poet, who was also a genuine patriot, had been entertained at the court of Noman, king of Hira, in Mesopotamia, and had there been engaged in a warm controversy with Rabiah, son of Zaid, chief of the Ab-

sites, concerning the comparative excellence of their tribes. Lebeid himself relates, what might be very naturally expected from a man of his eloquence and warmth, *that he maintained the glory of his countrymen, and his own dignity against all opponents*; but, in order to perpetuate his victory, and to render his triumph more brilliant, he produced the following poem at the annual assembly, and, having obtained the suffrages of the cities, was permitted, as we are told, to hang it up on the gate of the Temple.

The fifteen first couplets are extremely picturesque, and highly characteristic of Arabian manners; they are followed by an expostulatory address of the poet himself, or of some friend, who attended him in his rambles, on the folly of his fruitless passion for Nawara, who had slighted him, and whose tent was removed to a considerable distance. Occasion is hence taken to interweave a long description of the camel on which he intended to travel far from the object of his love, and which he compares for swiftness to a cloud driven by the wind, or a wild ass running to a pool, after having subsisted many months on herbage only; or rather to a wild cow, hastening in search of her calf, whom the wolves had left mangled in the forest: the last comparison consists of seventeen couplets, and may be compared with the long-tailed similes of the Greek and Roman poets. He then returns to Nawara, and requites her coyness with expressions of equal indifference; he describes the gaiety of his life, and the pleasures which he can enjoy, even in her absence; he celebrates his own intrepidity in danger, and firmness in his military station; whence he takes occasion to introduce a short, but lively, description of his horse; and, in the seventeenth couplet, alludes to the before-mentioned contest, which gave rise to the poem: thence he passes to the praises of his own hospitality; and concludes with a panegyric on the virtues of his tribe.

THE POEM OF LEBEID.

Deserts are the mansions of the fair;

the stations in Minia, where they rested, and those where they fixed their abodes! Wild are the hills of Goul, and deserted is the summit of Rejema! The camels of Rayaah are destroyed: the remains of them are laid bare and smoothed by floods, like characters engraved on solid rocks!

Dear ruins! Many a year has been closed, many a month, holy and unhal- lowed, has elapsed, since I exchanged tender vows with their fair inhabitants! The rainy constellations of spring have made their hills green and luxuriant; the drops from the thunder-clouds have drenched them with profuse as well as with gentle showers; showers, from every nightly cloud, from every cloud veiling the horizon at day-break, and from every evening cloud, responsive with hoarse murmurs. Here the wild eringo-plants raise their tops; here the antelopes bring forth their young on the sides of the valley; and here the ostriches drop their eggs. The large-eyed wild-cows lie suckling their young, a few days old; their young, who will soon become a herd on the plain. The torrents have cleared the rubbish, and disclosed the traces of habitations, as the reeds of a writer restore effaced letters in a book; or, as the black dust, sprinkled over the varied marks on a fair hand, brings to view with a brighter tint the blue stains of wood.

I stood asking news of the ruins, concerning their lovely inhabitants; but what avail my questions to dreary rocks, who answer them only by their echo!

In the plains which are now naked, a populous tribe once dwelled; but they decamped at early dawn, and nothing of them remains, but the canals which encircled their tents, and the thumam-plants, with which they were repaired.

How were thy tender affections raised, when the damsels of the tribe departed; when they hid themselves in carriages of cotton, like antelopes in their lair, and the tents, as they were struck, gave a piercing sound!

They were concealed in vehicles whose sides were well covered with awnings and carpets, with fine-spun curtains and pictured veils: a company of maidens were seated in their midst.

black eyes and graceful motions, like the wild heifers of Tudah, or the roes of Wegera, tenderly gazing on their young. They hastened their camels, till the sultry vapour gradually stole them from thy sight; and they seemed to pass through a vale, wild with tamarisks rough with large stones, like the valley of Beisha.

Ah! what remains in thy remembrance, of the beautiful Navara, since now she dwells at a distance, and all the bonds of union between her and thee, both strong and weak, are torn asunder? A damsel, who sometimes has her abode in Fa'id, and sometimes is a neighbour to the people of Hejaaz, how can she be an object of thy desire? She alights at the eastern side of the two mountains, *Aja* and *Salma*, and then stops on the hills of Mohajjer; Rokham also and Ferda receive her with joy. When she travels towards Yemen, we may suppose that she rests at Sawayik; and baits at the stations of Wahaaf and Telkhaam! Break then so vain a connection, with a mistress whose regard has ceased; for hapless is an union with a maid who has broken her vow! When a damsel is kind and complacent, love her with ardent affection; but, when her faith staggers, and her constancy is shaken, let your disunion be unalterably fixed.

Execute thy purpose, O Lebeid, on a camel wearied by long journeys, which have left but little of her former strength; a camel whose sides are emaciated, and on whose back the hunch is diminished: yet, even in this condition, when her flesh is exhausted, and her hair thin, when, after many a toilsome day, the thong of her shoes is broken; even now, she has a spirit so brisk that she flies with the rein, like a dun cloud driven by the south wind; after it has discharged its shower; or, like a female wild-ass, whose teats are distended with milk, while the male, by whom she is with foal, is grown lean with driving; his rivals from her, with biting and kicking them in his rage. He runs with her up the crooked hills, although he has been wounded in his battles; but her present coyness, compared with her

late fondness, fills him with surprise. He ascends the sandy hillock of Thalbut, and explores its deserted top, fearing lest an enemy should lurk behind the guide-stones. There they remain, till the close of the sixth month, till the frosty season is past; they subsist on herbage without water; their time of fasting and retirement is long. The thorns of the buhma plant wound their hind-legs; and the sultry winds of summer drive them violently on their course. At length, they form in their minds a fixed resolution of seeking some cool rivulet, and the object of their settled purpose is nearly attained. They alternately raise high clouds of dust, with an extended shade, as the smoke rises from a pile of dry wood newly kindled and flaming, when fresh arisge-plants are mingled in the heap, and the north-wind plays with a blazing fire. He passes on, but makes her run before him; for such is his usual course, when he fears that she will linger behind. They rush over the margin of the rivulet, they divide the waters of the full stream, whose banks are covered with the plants of kolaam; banks, which a grove of reeds, part erect and part laid prostrate, overshades or clothes as with a mantle.

Is this the swiftness of my camel? No; rather she resembles a wild-gow, whose calf has been devoured by ravenous beasts, when she had suffered him to graze apart, and relied for his protection on the leader of the herd; a mother with flat nostrils, who, as soon as she misses her young one, chases not to run hastily round the vales between the sand-hills, and to fill them with her mournful cries; with cries for her white-haired young, who now lies rolled in dust, after the dun wolves, hunters of the desert, have divided his mangled limbs; and their feast has not been interrupted. They met him in the moment of her neglect; they seized him with eagerness; for, oh! how unerring are the arrows of death!

She passes the night in agony, while the rain falls in a continued shower, and drenches the tangled groves with a profuse stream. She shelters herself under the root of a tree, whose boughs

are thick, apart from the other trees, whose fine sands are shaken by her motion: yet the successive drops fall on her striped back, while the clouds of night veil the light of the stars. Her white hair glimmers when the darkness is just coming on, and sparkles like the pearls of a merchant, when he scatters them from the string. At length, when the clouds are dispersed, she rises early, and her hoofs glide on the slippery ground. She grows impatient and wild with grief; she lies frantic in the pool of Soayid for seven whole days, with their twin sisters, *seven nights*; and now she is in total despair; her teats, which were full of milk, are grown flaccid and dry, though they are not worn by sucking and weaning her young; she now hears the cry of the hunters; she hears it, but sees them not; she trembles with fear; for she knows that the hunters bring her destruction: she sits quivering, and imagines that the cause of her dread will appear on one side and the other, before and behind her. When the archers despair of reaching her with their shafts, they let slip their long-eared hounds, answering to their names, with bodies dry and thin. They rush on; but she brandishes against them her extended horns, both long and sharp, as javelins, made by the skillful hand of Samhar, striving to repel them; for she knows that, if her effort be vain, the destined moment of her death must soon approach: then she drives *the dog* Casuah to his fate: she is stained with his blood; and Sokhaam is left prostrate on the field.

(To be continued.)

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The readers of *Love and Reason*, a ballad, by Mr. Moore, and lately printed in the Port Folio, will be pleased, as I persuade myself, with the subjoined poem, entitled, *The Nursing of Love*. Here, too, the poor child arrives at an untimely end, but not through the means of that terrible bugbear, Reason.

THE NURSING OF LOVE.

Lapp'd on Cythra's golden sands,
When True-Love first was born on earth,
Long was the doubt what fostering hands
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.
First Hebe claim'd the sweet employ;
Her cup, her thornless flow'r, she said,
Would feed him best with health and joy,
And cradle best his cherub-head.
But anxious Venus justly fear'd
The tricks and changeable mind of youth;
Too mild the seraph, Peace, appear'd;
Too stern, too cold, the matron, Truth.
Next Fancy claim'd him for her own;
But Prudence disallow'd her right;
She deem'd her Iris-pinions shone
Too dazzling for his infant sight.
To Hope awhile the charge was giv'n,
And well with Hope the cherub thrive;
Till Innocence came down from Heav'n,
Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love!
Pleasure grew mad, with envious spite,
When all prefer'd to her she found;
She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,
And soon success her purpose crown'd.
The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,
When pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,
Tir'd Innocence, to slumber's pow'r
One moment bow'd her virgin head;
Then Pleasure, on the thoughtless child,
Her toys and sugar'd poisons prest;
Drunk with new joy, he heav'd, he smil'd,
Reel'd, sunk—and died upon her breast.

The above is a translation, and, as you need not be told, from a modern poet: I regret that I cannot give you the author's name. It is very possible that we have here the parent of *Love and Reason*, which seems to be neither more nor less than an illustration of one of the thoughts.

Too cold, too stern, the matron, Truth.

—Mr. Oldschool, it is many months since I first wished to transmit to you a copy of the following *Ode to the Volunteers of Great Britain*, written On the Prospect of Invasion, by Mr. James Montgomery. When I saw it first, it was a fugitive, in the newspapers; but the author, after some correction, has now given it a home, in a volume of his poems, of which I must think that it is the best ornament.

O for the death of those
Who for their country die;
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie.

How beautiful, in death,
 The warrior's corse appears,
 Embalmed in fond affection's breath,
 And bathed in woman's tears!
 Their loveliest native earth
 Enshrines the fallen brave;
 In the dear land that gave them birth
 They find their tranquil grave.
 —But the wild waves shall sweep
 Britannia's foes away,
 And the blue monsters of the deep
 Be surfeited with prey! —
 No! — they have 'scap'd the waves,
 'Scap'd the blue monster's maws;
 They come! but oh, shall Gallic slaves
 Give English freemen laws?
 By Alfred's spirit, no!
 —Ring, ring the loud alarms;
 Ye drums, awake! ye clarions, blow!
 Ye heralds, shout, "To arms!"
 To arms our heroes fly;
 And, leading on their lines,
 The British banner in the sky,
 The star of conquest, shines.
 The low'ring battle forms
 Its terrible array;
 Like clashing clouds, in mountain-storms,
 That thunder on their way.
 The rushing armies meet;
 And, while they pour their breath,
 The strong earth shudders at their feet,
 The day grows dim with death.
 —Ghosts of the mighty dead,
 Your children's hearts inspire;
 And, while they on your ashes head,
 —Rekindle all their fire!
 The dead to life return;
 Our fathers' spirits rise!
 —My brethren, in YOUR breasts they
 burn;
 They sparkle in YOUR eyes!
 Now launch upon the foe
 The lightning of your rage,
 Strike, strike th' assailing giants low,
 The Titans of the age!
 They yield—they break—they fly;
 The victory is won;
 Pursue—they faint—they fall—they die!
 Oh stay! — the work is done!
 Spirit of Vengeance, rest!
 Sweet Mercy cries, Forbear!
 She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast;
 Thou wilt not pierce them there!
 —Thus vanish Britain's foes
 From her consuming eye!
 But rich be the reward of those
 Who conquer—those who die!
 O'ershadowing laurels deck
 The living hero's brows;
 But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
 —His children and his spouse!

Exulting o'er his lot,
 The danger he has bray'd,
 He clasps the dear-ones, hails the cot
 Which his own valour sav'd.
 —Daughters of Albion, weep!
 On this triumphant plain,
 Your fathers, husbands, brethren, sleep,
 For you and freedom slain!
 Oh gently close the eye
 That lov'd to look on you;
 Oh seal the lip, whose earliest sigh,
 Whose latest breath, was true.
 With knots of sweetest flow'rs;
 Their winding-sheets perfume;
 And wash their wounds with true-love
 show'rs,
 And dress them for the tomb!
 For beautiful, in death,
 The warrior's corse appears,
 Embalmd by fond affection's breath,
 And bath'd in woman's tears.
 —Give me the death of those
 Who for their country die;
 And oh, be mine like their repose,
 When cold and low they lie!
 Their loveliest mother-earth
 Enshrines the fallen brave;
 In her sweet lap who gave them birth
 They find their tranquil grave!

In this transcribing fit, I add a description of the person and costume of old Gower, taken from an ancient MS. and printed in the Monthly Magazine, 1801, p. 35.

Large he was—his height was long;
 Broad of breast; his limbs were strong,
 But colour pale, and wan his look,
 Such as they that ply'n their book;
 His head was gray, and quaintly shorn,
 Neatly was his beard yworn;
 His visage stern and grave and grim;
 Cato was most like to him:
 His bonnet was a hat of blue;
 His sleeves were straight, of that same
 hue;
 A surcoat, of a tawney dye,
 Hung in plaits upon his thigh;
 A breech, close unto his knock,
 Handsomd with a long stocke;
 Peeked before was his shoone,
 He wore such as others done,
 A bag of red was by his side,
 And by that his rapin ty'd.
 Thus John Gower did appear,
 Quaint attird as you hear.

At the foot of all this poetry, permit me to place a very humble petition. I would fain know, what it is your correspondent, O, may happen to mean (Port Folio, p. 344) by the *moral faculty*, and what is the *charm*, produced by its lab-

sence, and which seems, in the case of Servin, to have been filled up by a more than common extension of every other power of the mind?

METRICUS.

For the Port Folio.

[We are favoured with the following extracts from an ingenious work which will appear in the Spring, from the press of Mr. Waits, and which, report says, is the best picture of England, in detail, that has hitherto been published.]

The manner of knocking at doors in London designates the quality of the person who wishes for admittance. For example, a single knock announces the milkman, coalman, servant, or beggar, and implies, *I beg leave to be admitted*. A double knock indicates the postman, or some one in great haste; as much as to say, *I must come in*.—A treble knock denotes the master or mistress of the house, or persons intimately acquainted with them. This speaks in the imperative. *Open immediately*.—Four distinct knocks announce a person of the *bon ton*, one degree below nobility. These are given by a servant, and signify, *I am coming in*.—The four knocks twice repeated, in a style truly *staccato* and firm, announce a Peer or Peeress, a nabob of Arcot, a Russian prince, a German baron, or some other extraordinary personage. This is as much as to say, *I am doing you a great honor in calling to see you*.

There is no nation so fond of puns as the English, if we except a certain class of the Americans. They constantly retail these ridiculous witticisms, in a manner scarcely supportable in the liberty of conversation. But this is not all: they abound even in the daily newspapers. Mr. Repton, an English writer of some talents, has endeavoured to apologize for them, in an elaborate article which does infinitely more credit to his erudition than good sense. "For my part," says this gentleman, "I see no reason for wishing to proscribe punning, since it is sanctioned not only by the moderns, but by antiquity. We have frequent examples of it in sacred as well as profane writers; and there are no

grounds for asserting that it proceeded from the bad taste of the remote ages in which it was used." We may recollect that the Pope holds his supremacy over the Church of Rome by an expression in the eighteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew: *Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram edificabo ecclesiam meam*. This passage cannot be rendered in English so as to preserve the pun, although it may in French and several other languages; which gave rise to a saying that the English were born to be heretics, as their very language does not permit them to understand and acknowledge the origin of the power with which the holy chair is invested."

This apologist for puns informs us that the essence of a good one consists in its novelty and the manner of producing it, so as to be well timed. Could any one refrain from laughing, says he, if he had been present when one traveller asked another, who was going to Cambridge, if he intended to make a stay? Sir, replied the latter, do you take me for a stay-maker?

Many respectable writers have greatly exaggerated the influence of the climate of Great Britain on the national character; but the history of ancient and modern times proves that education, religion and the government are the principal causes of distinction in the manners of a people. The fine genius of the Greeks was long visible in their colonies; and the manners and customs of the English were retained for more than a century, without any alteration, in their American possessions, which were before inhabited by a nation of savages. The impression made by the climate on the new inhabitants of the New World, during a hundred years, was almost imperceptible; but the changes produced by the revolution were sudden and striking. If the air and the climate have so great an effect, the ancient Britons must have resembled in their manners the English of the present day;—but whoever reads with attention the commentaries of Caesar, or the life of Agricola, by Tacitus, will not admit so absurd a conclusion.

We should be equally mistaken if we were not to acknowledge the influence of climate in a certain degree. If it does not alone form the national character, it at least composes a part of its basis. Of this Great Britain is a striking instance. A damp, changeable and foggy atmosphere, in its effects upon the human frame, must conduce to that gloominess, thoughtfulness, and bluntness, peculiar to its natives. These are indeed modified, softened or fortified by circumstances; but the constant and uniform action of the climate is sufficiently visible.

Hume says, that the English, of all the people in the world, have the least national character. This observation, if it be not altogether false, certainly stands in need of some modification. It is true, that formerly the resemblance between them and other nations was greater than it is now. The eccentricities, which make them so remarkable to strangers, may be dated from the epoch when the revolution established their liberty and constitution on more sure foundations, giving to the opinions of the people a greater degree of independence, and consequently adding to their character those traits which distinguish them from the rest of mankind.

But how great soever may have been the effects of political, civil and religious liberty on the character of the English; whatever be the singularities which distinguish individuals, it is certain that they have a sufficient number of general traits to form a national character. The spirit of liberty and equality, the bases of their constitution, inspires them with a degree of haughtiness, which produces a remarkable love of imitation in every class of society, and forms a veritable national character. This imitative propensity is perceptible at the first glance. We observe it in dress, which is the same among all ranks, from the simplest artizan to the richest lord. If we except day-labourers, it is almost impossible to distinguish, by appearance, one class of society from another.

For the Port Folio.

EDUCATION.

[This topic, always of importance, is here aided by the peculiar misfortunes, as well merits, of the Messieurs Carré, the subjects of the present article. These gentlemen, after receiving a regular classical and scientific education at Caen in Normandy, one of the most celebrated universities in France, migrated to St. Domingo, whence they have been twice expelled by the ruffians* of reformation, after sustaining the loss of all their property. In this dismal reverse of circumstances, they sought an asylum in America, and instead of yielding tamely to the blasts of misfortune, or crouching in a parasite's guise for bread, they nobly resolved to dedicate their genius and learning to the instruction of youth. Their plan appears to be an excellent one; their success has been brilliant, and from the highly respectable testimony of the Patrons and Visitors of the Institution, we have not a doubt, that the public encouragement will wax warmer and warmer towards these ingenious exiles, who, though banished from a colony of degenerate France, are at home in the territories of elegant and useful literature.]

Original Outline of the Institution.

Conforming to the wishes of some most respectable patrons in this city, as well as convinced of the advantage which such a plan must ensure, the *Subscribers* purpose to open a private Seminary of Learning in the Country: they have fixed on Germantown, as a situation most fit for combining ease of access to parents, with salubrity of air, agreeable scenery and society.

If our own ease and profit were alone consulted, the change we contemplate would present no certainty of a position more favorable to those objects; for at this moment our pupils are numerous and our establishment encreasing; we have the satisfaction also to believe, that our efforts have proved acceptable to those who confided in our talents for education. We hope, however, to receive credit in professing, that we are governed in the proposed step by motives not so exclusively interested; while striving for subsistence, under the painful remembrance of happier days, we are not insensible to the rights of our employers and to the rewards of

* Dr. Johnson.

conscientiously performing the duties of our employment—duties so arduous and so sacred as those of training up youth to virtuous sentiments and to habits of useful exertion; mere reflection on the nature of the thing, as well as actual experience, prove to us, that whatever be the qualifications we possess for the tuition of youth, much of all our care and effort is counteracted, and the full effect diminished, by circumstances inseparably connected with city institutions of learning. Health, morals and habits are there precariously preserved or unsteadily maintained: much precious time is lost in removing, on account of prevalent diseases, and much devoted to vacations, rendered specious at least, if not indeed necessary, by the heats of climate and confined atmosphere. In a city too, the minds and manners of children are inevitably exposed to the contagions of promiscuous intercourse. No vigilance can discern nor authority repress, the approach and progression of irregular propensities, daily springing from the contamination of evil examples. It is unnecessary for us, however, to dwell on these motives: we could say much, and we feel what we profess: every parent and guardian will at once enter into our thoughts, and join in wishes for some reformation, some better prospect, for objects who engage their fondest solicitude. With the hope of meeting such expectations, our design is formed, to institute a school at Germantown, for the admission of boys not exceeding twelve years old; and their initiation in the elements of useful education; to board them at our own house and constantly to watch over their persons, their health, studies and even their amusements, with all the care and devotion which self-interest and a consciousness of the most sacred obligations can impose.

Perceiving what is indeed as common as it is obvious, the error, as well as the wrong, of attempting to instruct many pupils by disproportionate attention and inspection, we limit ourselves to *Twenty-four*, and in addition to our own incessant labors in each branch of education, an *assistant* will be engaged,

perfectly qualified to aid us in studies and exercises merely English. It would be an ostentatious, and indeed no easy task, to detail our ideas on education, or the plans we pursue: whether they are judicious, a short experience will decide; and, by the event, we must be content to be judged. Our course of instruction is simple, though in some respects novel; we promise no wonders; it will be adapted to the varied dispositions and genius of our scholars, not losing sight however of systematic arrangement and progression; our guides are nature and experience—our objects not merely to impart words and exhibit things; but chiefly, in this outset of the mind, to form it to the labor of thinking and reasoning upon, and understanding what is taught—to give to our youth just conceptions of the nature and end of learning; and to train them in habits of neatness and order, and to infuse into their bosoms early notions of the value and the honor of correct manners and literary distinctions. We cannot refrain from an observation here on American schools, (we speak from no prejudice or spirit of detraction), that, with some honorable exceptions, they exhibit in doors little else but a routine of short exercises and recitations, hastily performed and little understood, and followed out of doors by pernicious associations and trifling amusements: It shall be a great part of our duty and our pleasure to preside over and preserve those committed to us *at all times*; to convert every thing to the improvement of their minds, and even their very recreations to purposes of utility.

Arrived to a time of life which demands retirement, and reduced to circumstances which impose on us the steady exertion of our industry and talents for support, and with no *future* objects here, but to succeed in and live by the profession we have assumed; we venture to pledge to our patrons all the application of our minds, and the fruit of lives which have been chiefly devoted to literature. All we ask, if our plan shall go into execution, is, not to be too hastily judged,—we again re-

peat that our design is to form the young mind—to produce accomplished and well-instructed young men, and not to rear prodigies.

The domestic arrangement, for an efficient and decent accommodation of so numerous, and care-requiring family, will be an object of primary concern: in our minds it is no small part of education bestowed on children, to cultivate a taste and relish for neatness in their persons and propriety of manners; we shall therefore place our family under a superintendence calculated as much as possible to alleviate the solicitude of parents, in regard to the domestic treatment of their delicate offspring.

In our Seminary will be taught, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Composition, the French Language, and Latin, (so far as to enable the scholar to read the best Classics), History, Geography, Logic, and the Mathematics, with other incidental instructions.

To enable us to proceed to the execution of this plan, we must procure a subscription for twenty-four pupils;—our terms for entrance \$10, board, washing and lodging (beds and bedding found by parents), \$300 per Annum, one quarter advanced; an additional charge will be made for necessary books, paper, quills and ink; Dancing and Drawing will be taught by the most eminent masters, at an additional charge of \$5 entrance, and \$10 a quarter.

JOHN & C. CARRE.

Philadelphia April 1st, 1806.

The situation of Germantown not being approved of by the patrons of the Institution, Greenhill was engaged as a temporary residence, until Spring, when a more eligible position would be fixed on. Messieurs Carré have now engaged a French Tutor, and gentleman well qualified to teach the English, Writing, &c. Mathematics—Latin and Greek. The proposals originally embraced only one assistant in the English, but as the number of Tutors are now four, Messrs. Carré propose increasing their number of Pupils immediately to 32, and when they remove to Clermont, in April next, they propose

increasing their School commensurate with the accommodation which the liberal disposition of Mr. Thomas Bulkeley has given in the erection of a fine Building calculated for a Seminary, on the Ridge between Germantown and Frankford Roads, about 4 miles from Philadelphia (of which it commands an extensive view, as well as of the Delaware), and about half a mile from Frankford. This scite is esteemed equally salubrious with any on the Continent; it is remote from the Great Public Roads and Villages.

The building at Clermont is 3 Stories high (the main building). The other parts 2 Stories.

On the ground floor are a School Room and Refectory, two other Rooms, a large Kitchen, &c. There are about 20 excellent bed Chambers, and ample and convenient offices.

Certificate of the Patrons and Visitors.

We the undersigned having this day, at the particular request of Messrs. John and Charles Carré, attended an examination of their pupils at Green-Hill, and having also obtained full information on every point connected with the objects of the institution, do with the greatest sincerity and pleasure certify, that the investigation has terminated, not only to our satisfaction, but exceeded our most sanguine hopes. Considering the infancy of the institution, and the difficulties always attendant on the foundation of such an establishment, the progress of the scholars appears really surprising, and eminently evinces the capacity, skill, and attention of the teachers. A few of the elder pupils who had been under the particular care of Mr. John Carré were examined in the Latin language, their progress satisfied us that the method adopted by Mr. John Carré is singularly successful. In addition to this, we perceive in the manners and deportment of the pupils, evident proofs of the care and assiduity of the teachers in this essential department of juvenile education. The neatness of their persons, their vivacity and health indicate the best domestic superintendence. Inde-

pendent of this, our actual inspection and enquiries perfectly satisfy us, that the utmost care is exercised in whatever concerns their lodging, diet, and recreation, &c. In short we consider the support and even grateful acknowledgment of the patrons of the institution due to the Gentlemen who conduct it for the exertions they have evidently made to promote the morals, polish the manners and advance the education of their pupils. That the investigation might appear the more impartial, several gentlemen were invited to attend it, no otherwise concerned than as a friends to every liberal establishment for the promotion of learning; their names, together with those of the particular patrons of the Seminary are subscribed, in testimony of the complete approbation of the conduct and success of the institution.

Philadelphia, November 26, 1806.

VISITORS.

Thomas W. Francis.
Richard Peters, Jun.
Robert Wain.
William Griffith.
Thomas Bulkeley.
N. Chapman.
Benjamin R. Morgan.
John B. Wallace.
Samuel F. Bradford.
John Vaughan.

The undersigned Parents and Guardians of some of the pupils under the tuition of Messrs. John and Charles Carré, not having it in their power to attend the examination held at Greenhill on the 26th Instant, do hereby declare their perfect confidence in the annexed certificate, and cheerfully announce their complete satisfaction at the progress of the pupils, and their determination to support this truly promising institution.

Philadelphia, November 26, 1806.

Thomas Newman.
Henry Pratt.
James Yard.
Chaudron.
Paul Beck, Jun.
Robert Smith.

For the Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

A musical phenomenon, in the person of a Mr. WEBSTER, from the théâtre-royal, Dublin, made his appearance at the New Theatre for the first time on Wednesday evening, in the character of Young Meadows. Report had spoken so favourably of this gentleman's powers, that the house was crowded at an early hour; and it gives us much pleasure to state that public expectation was most fully gratified. The songs of "Tell her I'll love her" and the "Thorn" were introduced with wonderful effect, and received a fulness of applause which is here seldom excited by the utmost exertions of our most favored performers. Hitherto we have been led away by an opinion that good singers must of necessity be bad actors, and Inledon, Braham, Kelly, and others have, not without reason, been cited as instances. Mr. Webster, we are pleased to observe, has not been neglectful of the graces, and his acting would do credit to the boards of a London theatre.

The lovers of music may now have a delicious treat in the united talents of Mr. Webster and Mr. Woodham. *The Cabinet, Thirty Thousand, Marianna, The Beggar's Opera, Midas*, and other pieces abounding in duets, are now within the managers' means, and we sincerely hope they will not lose the favouring hour.

We cannot refrain from commending the liberality of the managers in giving Mr. Webster an engagement when they had already a very able performer in the same line. Were a good female singer or two added to the Philadelphia company, it might boast of being the first in the United States, in every walk but that of Melpomene.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you hate warning.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

I lately met with the following beautiful verses, so dreadfully mutilated by one of your brother Editors, that it was with difficulty I could produce in them

either rhyme or reason. As they now stand, I conceive they deserve translation; and you would do well to invite your poetical correspondents to the task.

Yours,

S. MELMOTH.

A LA MELANCOLIE.

Tendre mélancolie,
Volupté du malheur,
Loin de ma douce amie,
Que j'aime ta langueur!
O, sœur de la tendresse!
O, fille de l'amour!
De ta douce tristesse
Nourris moi chaque jour.

Au lever de l'aurore,
Témoin de mes douleurs,
Le soir te trouve encore
Le témoin de mes pleurs:
Pour calmer ma souffrance
Viens, reçois mes soupirs;
Ils tiennent dans l'absence
Lieu de tous les plaisirs.

Sentiment doux et tendre,
Viens souvent me presser,
Pleurs que tu fais répandre
Sont bien doux à verser:

Connait-on sans souffrance
Les plaisirs de l'amour?
Aurait-on sans l'absence
Le bonheur du retour?

Que ta langueur charmante
Ajoute à mon bonheur!
Que ta voix consolante
Convient à ma douleur!
De l'amant dans l'ivresse,
De l'amant malheureux,
Sois toujours la déesse;
Qu'ils t'adorent tous deux.

Quand la belle Sylvie
Fut sensible à mon feu,
Ce fut la rêverie

Qui lui servit d'aveu:
J'ignorais sa faiblesse,
Et je l'appais un jour
En voyant sa tristesse,
Doux prélude d'amour.

D'un ruisseau le murmure,
Le silence des bois,
Des gazons la verdure,
Du rossignol la voix:
Sur toi tout renouvello
Mille doux souvenirs;
Plaisirs qu'on se rappelle
Sont toujours des plaisirs.

D'une amante chérie
Rappelle moi les traits;
Je n'ai plus dans la vie
De biens que mes regrets.
Malheureux qui des larmes
Ignore la douceur,
Et méconnaît les charmes
De ta tendre douleur!

Tendre mélancolie,
Volupté du malheur,
Je te soumetts ma vie,
Je te livre mon cœur:
O, sœur de la tendresse!
O, fille de l'amour!
De ta douce tristesse
Nourris moi chaque jour.

Mr. Tickell, the ingenious author of *Anticipation*, published about the year 1778, an epistle from the Honourable Charles Fox patridge shooting, to the Honourable John Townsend cruising. This is one of the most witty and poetical trifles we have ever read. It is extremely scarce in America, and we cannot resist the temptation of quoting the following passage, where the poet describes the reception of his friend at the club, and at Charles Fox's supper, with BURKE and SHERIDAN for the guests.

Soon as to Brookes's thence thy foot-
steps bend,
What gratulations thy approach attend!
See Gibbon rap his box, auspicious sign,
That classic compliment and wit combine.
See Beauclerc's cheek a tinge of red sur-
prise,
And friendship gives what cruel health de-
nies.

Important Townsend! what can thee with-
stand?
The ling'ring black-ball lags in Boothby's
hand;
Even Draper checks the sentimental sigh,
And Smith, without an oath, suspends the
dye.

That night, to festive wit and friendship
due,
That night thy Charles's beard shall wel-
come you;
Sallads, that shame ragouts, shall woo thy
taste;
Deep shalt thou delve in Weltje's motley
paste;
Derby shall lend, if not his plate, his cooks,
And know, I've bought the best Champagne
from Brookes;
From liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who nurs'd in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

On that auspicious night, supremely
grac'd
With chosen guests, the pride of liberal
Taste;
Not in contentious heat, nor mad'ning strife,
Not with the busy ills nor cares of life,
We'll waste the fleeting hours, for happier
themes
Shall claim each thought, and chase ambi-
tion's dreams;

Each *Beauty* that *Sublimity* can boast
He best shall tell, who still unites them
 most.

Of Wit, of Taste, of Fancy, we'll debate,
 If *Sheridan* for once be not too late;
 But scarce a thought to ministers we'll
 spare,

Unless on Polish politics, with *Hare*;
 Good natur'd *Devon*! oft shall then appear,
 The cool complacency of thy friendly sneer;
 Oft shall *Fitzpatrick's* wit, and *Stanhope's*
 ease,
 And *Burgoyne's* manly sense unite to please.

Some of the old England Poets describe with much quaintness the pleasures of a country life. *Heywood* excels in this way.

SHEPHERD'S SONG:

We that have known no greater state,
 Than this we live in, praise our fate:
 For courtly silks in carés are spent,
 When country's russet breeds content.
 The power of sceptres we admire;
 But sheepbooks for our use desire:
 Simple and low is our condition,
 For here with us is no ambition;
 We with the sun our flocks unfold,
 Whose rising makes their fleeces gold:
 Our music from the birds we borrow,
 They bidding us, we them, good morrow.
 Our habits are but coarse and plain,
 Yet they defend from wind and rain;
 As warm too, in an equal eye,
 As those bestain'd in scarlet dye:
 Those that have plenty, wear, we see,
 But one at once, and so do we.
 The shepherd with his homespun lass,
 As many merry hours doth pass,
 As courtiers with their costly girls,
 Though richly deck'd in gold, and pearls;
 And though but plain to purpose woo,
 Nay oftimes with less danger too,
 Those that delight in dainties store,
 One stomach feed at once, no more;
 And when with homely fare we feast,
 With us it doth as well digest;
 And many times we better speed,
 For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
 If we sometimes the willow wear,
 By subtle swains, that dare forswear;
 We wonder whence it comes, and fear,
 They've been at court, and learnt it there.

Air may be regarded as the parent of health and vegetation; as a kind dispenser of light and warmth; and as the conveyer of sounds and odours. This is an element of which avarice will not deprive us, and which power cannot monopolize. The treasures of the earth, the verdure of the fields, and even the refreshments of the stream, are too often going only to assist the luxuries of the great, while the less

fortunate part of mankind stand humble spectators of their encroachments. But the air, no temptations can bound, nor any landmark restrain. In this benign element, all mankind can boast an equal possession; and for this, we have all equal obligations to Heaven.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The anxiety of "*Henry*" is morbid. Let him strive to cure himself, not by a philosophical, but by the following poetical regimen.

Why wilt thou, Hal, with boundless schemes,
 Disjoined, as a sick man's dreams,
 Perplex thy bounded mind;

And grasping at the future hour,
 Let slip the present from thy power?
 Oh, impotent and blind!
 Say, shouldst thou an *Ephemeron* spy,
 Wouldst thou not laugh till either eye,
 Swam jocosely in tears?

To hear the silly insect say,
 I quit the pleasures of to-day,
 To toil for future years.

That silly insect, Hal, art thou:
 I know it by thy wrinkled brow—
 But come, of this no more;
 Forsake thy desk, forego thy cares;
 Kick *Coke* or *Lyttleton* down stairs;
 And meet me at the *Bar*.

Our new and agreeable correspondent, "*Analyticus*," should be immediately gratified, if a compliance with his request did not militate against an established rule of the editor. We hope to give him no occasion for remonstrance in future.

The eulogium of *SHAKESPEARE*, and the happy allusion to the place of his nativity, reminding us of a ballad stanza.

Each shire has its different pleasures;
 Each shire has its different treasures;
 But to rare *Warwickshire* all must submit,
 For the wit of *ART WITS* was a *Warwick*
 shire-wit.

How he wits! to a wit
 For the wit of *ART WITS* was a *Warwickshire*
 wit.

The letter of "*Curio*" calls to remembrance a passage from a beautiful song by Capt. MORRIS.

On youth's soft pillow, tender Truth
 Her pensive lesson taught me;
 Age soon mock'd the dream of Youth
 And Wisdom wak'd and caught me;
 A bargain then with Love I knock'd,
 To hold the pleasing gipsy;
 When wise, to keep my bosom lock'd,
 But turn the key when tipsy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the Port Folio.***MR. EDITOR,**

I am requested by a young friend to present to you the inclosed manuscript at his request, for insertion in the Port Folio. If you think well of it, you will flatter its author by publishing a first essay. Perhaps you will, with your usual clemency, pass on the offender against our republican prejudices, a mild sentence. With sincere esteem and high respect,

I remain,

Your friend and servant.

J. D.

Specimen of the Reports of Scriblerus, jun. which he intends to offer to the American Public, at the very low price of six dollars a volume. The London edition (if there were any) would sell for twelve dollars, in boards:

Commonwealth, Habeas Corpus cum causa, &c. to C. Hunt, to remove Grunter, a hog, from his custody.

Cochon Hunt: Grunter, a hog, whose sounding name.

Statement del Case. Is yet but little known to Fame; Being per force in prison cast, (A place but little to his taste) To Counsellor Sharp makes known his case; And begs he'll try all legal ways, To get him out—Sharp, after poring O'er books, with store of legal lore in; Resolves to issue habeas corpus; As suiting best the prisoner's purpose; On which being brought before the Court, Sharp makes a speech (prout report.)

L'argument May't please the Court—I think del tounsel the case

pour le pri- Plain as the shoutin' Grunter's sonier face

The prisoner hath been oppress'd, And prays his wrongs may be redress'd; He's been depriv'd of that great right, For which we all are bound to fight;

Fighter I mean of Liberty! which all *pour la li-* Allow to be most natural; *berte.* And not to man alone, but to All sorts of creatures, high, and low, What right, by nature's law, have I, To hold in durance e'en a fly!—

Le cheval The horse who grinds his mas- *auxy franke* ter's tan; *qu' l'hom-* By nature, is as free as man; *me.* But proud oppression walks the earth.

And crushes merit, virtue, worth; The rich oppress the poor—The strong But use their strength to sanction wrong:

But as the law of nature now Is obsolete, I'll try to show, That even by the laws in force, The prisoner has a right, of course, To be discharg'd, on giving bail, From all the horrors of a jail; A place by tyrants first invented; Who to oppress the people meant it.

Le jail très A place which every democrat *anti-repub-* Instinctively must tremble at. *lican.*

The constitution, fourteenth section, Article ninth, gives this direction; All prisoners shall be let from jail, On giving good sufficient bail; Unless for capital offences, Et cætera; and on no pretences Shall th' act of habeas corpus be Suspended—Now, Sir, are not we Entitled under the provision, To claim the prisoner's dismissal? With confidence I leave the case, To argue further would disgrace Your honours' judgment, and would be But idle waste of time in me.

Pour le pro- Attorney General in reply. *secution.*

Sir—I contend, the person can't Be set at large—The idle rant Us'd by his counsel, plainly shews us, He cant on legal grounds oppose us; The constitution on its face Does not embrace the present case; 'Twas made for citizens alone; And as the counsel has not shown His client to be one—of course His argument's of little force. But, Sir, the prisoner is a vagrant, And has committed the most flagrant Abuses, outrages and torts; Such as are found in no reports, Such as I never met, at least, From the first year-book to fifth East; He has scar'd horses, beaux and women, Splash'd breeches, stockings, gowns and trimming;

Not fearing God, and shunning evil; But instigated by the devil, He hath at divers times upset Women in gutters foul and wet; Then, rubb'd against, and scrap'd, and scratch'd, In ways that never yet were match'd; Divers good people he's and she's, "To their damage, and against the peace, Et cætera," and I think enough here (Being prov'd) appears to make him suffer; Besides the may'r, by proclamation, Warn'd him against perambulation; To which he paid such small regard, That none will say his case is hard.

Counsellor Sharp.

Uncore pour Although I thought the question
le prisonier. plain,

I must address the court again,
To note some observation which
Fell from my brother in his speech;
He says the hog's a vagrant—I
Th' assertion utterly deny:
He has an obvious way to live,
A way which any may perceive.
His lawful and known trade Sir, is,
Useful and necessary, viz.

Le Cochon A Scavenger—and, Sir, the of-
(anglicè a fence
hog) est vicio- Of fright'ning children's a pre-
rum urbis teace;
Curator (an- And nothing more to sanction
glicè a sca- wrong,
venger.) Which weak men oft must bear
from strong;

An observation, which, 'tis meet,
"Iterum qu' iterum" to repeat:
Why are not criers of pepperpot,
Sweeps, watchmen, rag-men, and what not,
For their vile noises laid by th' heels,
No hog that ever grunts or squeals,
I take upon myself to say,
E'er made a viler noise than they.
Why are the Apollonian crew,
With sounds Apollo never knew,
"With kettle-drum, whose sullen dub
"Sounds like the hooping of a tub;"
With clarionets so hoarse and old,
You'd swear the night air'd giv'n them cold;
Suffer'd each night through town to stroll,
And set the dogs to yelp and howl?

I hardly notice the base slur
Cast on the injur'd prisoner,
To wit, "That he not fearing evil"
Was "instigated by the devil."
There never was but one case where
It plainly could be made t' appear
That swine were instigated by
The dev'l, and then they gave a cry,
And ran full tilt into the sea.

Therefore the present race can't be
Related to them. But admit
They had not drown'd themselves, sir, yet
The devil would only vested be
In them for life, and not in fee!
But further, sir, we'll clearly show,
That we have wandered to and fro,

Prescription Time immemorial (that's to say)
time where- No hog remembers now the day;
of the me- At which they did not freely run
mory of About each street and lane in
hogerunneth town;

* Butler: *no hog remembers now the day;*

not to the Without let, stoppage, or vexa-
contrary. tion,
Hindrance, or other molestation;
And Blackstone (seventeenth chapter) says,
We may prescribe for rights of ways.
We ask for justice, and we hope
Chancery of- We've ask'd it in the proper
scine justi- shop.
tia Blet.

Per Curiam.

We think there's not the smallest speck of
doubt

About the case—Grunter cannot get out:
He's not a citizen—Prescribe he can't,
Prescriptions always presuppose a grant,*
And to a grant three things are always want-
ed;

Grantor, grantee, and subject to be granted.
The grantor must be capable to give,
The grantee must be able to receive.
Hogs are not persons capable, of course,
No grant to them can be of any force.
But, if the prisoner thinks he can stand by
it,

Let him bring false imprisonment, and try it.
Reporter's The cause was never tried;
note. Death, with a butcher's knife,
To put an end to strife,
Seiz'd Grunter by the throat, (that is) he
died.

Parallèle des Médecins et des Belles.

Vrais instrumens de plaisir et de peine,
Partout on voit la Belle et le Docteur,
Se partager la pauvre espèce humaine,
De nos beaux jours, la première a la fleur;
Mais du dernier je crois le lot meilleur.
Si la santé de l'une est la domaine,
La maladie à l'autre nous ramène.
Tandis qu'il fait de nous tout ce qu'il veut,
Et que jamais il ne lâche sa proie,
La Belle en fait, hélas! ce qu'elle peut.
Et souvent même au Docteur nous renvoie.
Lorsque des ans le froid vient nous glacer,
Et que de nous la Belle se sépare,
Le Médecin pour toujours s'en empare.
De celui-ci l'on ne peut se passer
Dès qu'avec lui l'on s'habitue à vivre;
De celle-là quand par trop il s'y livre,
L'homme bientôt finit par se lasser.

KÉRIVALANT.

Moralité.

Pourquoi se plaindre que l'envie
Sur nous distille son poison?
Au fer d'une lance ennemie
Téléphèdus sa guérison.

KÉRIVALANT.

* Blackstone: *no hog remembers now the day;*

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Deck Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO.

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, December 27, 1806.

No. 51.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

REVIEW.

The Birds of Scotland, with Other Poems. By James Graham. Edinburgh. 1806. pp. 246.

AS lovers of Nature, we have been much gratified by this volume; as lovers of Poetry, very little. The author is a man of much observation; but his poetic pretensions are humble: He is a benefactor to poetry in the quantity of new materials which he has assembled together; he is original in his facts, but not in his imagination. He is, as indeed the very title of his poem indicates, a naturalist, and not a poet; and, he would have done well to write in prose: in his poem, the pleasure we derive from his descriptions is incessantly destroyed by the inharmoniousness of his numbers, the imperfections of his style, and the poverty of his thoughts.

The passage below derives an interest from the light it throws upon the origin of superstitions. Man, surrounded with dangers, is always fearful; and, ignorant, always disposed to believe that every part of nature is employed in attending to his fate:

While thus the heathfowl covey, day by day,
Is lessened, till, perhaps, one drooping bird
Survives,—the plover safe her airy scream
Circling repeats, then to a distance flies,
And, querulous, still returns, importunate;
Yet still escapes, unworthy of an aim.
Amid the marsh's rushy skirts, her nest
Is slightly strewn; four eggs, of olive hue,
Spotted with black, she broods upon: her
young,

Soon as discombered of the fragile shell,
Run lively round their dam. She, if or dog,
Or man, intrude upon her bleak domain,
Skims, clamouring loud, close at their feet,
with wing.

Stooping, as if impeded by a wound;
Meantime her young, among the rush-roots,
lurk

Secure. Ill-omened bird! oft in the times
When monarchs owned no sceptre but the
sword,

Far in the heathy waste, that stretches wide
From Avendale to Loudon's high-coned hill,
Thou, hovering o'er the panting fugitive,
Through dreary moss and moor, hast scream-
ing led

The keen pursuer's eye: oft hast thou hung,
Like a death flag, above the assembled
throng,

Whose lips hymned praise, their right hands
at their hilts;

Who, in defence of conscience, freedom, law,
Looked stern, with unaverted eyes, on death
In every form of horror. Bird of woe!

Even to the tomb thy victims, by thy wing,
Were haunted; o'er the bier thy direful cry
Was heard, while murderous men rushed
furious on,

Profaned the sacred presence of the dead,
And filled the grave with blood. At last,
nor friend,

Nor father, brother, comrade, dares to join
The train, that frequent winds adown the
heights.

By feeble female hands the bier is borne,
While on some neighbouring cairn the aged
sire

Stands bent, his gray locks waving in the
blast.

But who is she that lingers by the sod,
When all are gone? 'Tis one who was be-
loved

By him who lies below: Ill-omened bird!
She never will forget, never forget,
Thy dismal south'ning wail, and doleful
cry.

p. 16.

Whose lips hymned praise, their right hands
at their hilts. p. 18. l. 1.

“The following passage, from Wodrow’s History, will give the reader a pretty lively idea of a *conventicle*, as well as of the general state of the country.

“Claverhouse seized Mr. John King, preacher, in Hamiltoun, or, as some papers say, in a house, a little south-east from the town; and about fourteen more countrymen, either come with Mr. King, or going to the meeting to-morrow. There was some pretence to seize Mr. King, being a vagrant preacher, and I think intercommuned; but their was no law for seizing the rest, they not being in arms, or any thing to be laid to their charge.

“When this was known, some who escaped, and the people near by, began to entertain thoughts of rescuing Mr. King; and some of them went toward Glasgow, acquainting their friends by the way; and hearing of the meeting towards Lowdonhill, went thither, expecting assistance from thence.

“Meanwhile Claverhouse was likewise advertised of that conventicle designed next day, and resolved to go and disperse them, and come from thence to Glasgow with his prisoners. I am told he was dissuaded, by some of his friends, from going thither, and assured there would be a good many resolute men in arms there; yet, trusting to his own troop, and some others of horse and dragoons he had with him, he would go.

“Accordingly, upon the Sabbath morning, June 1 (1679), he marched very early from Hamiltoun to Stratheden town, about five miles south, and carried his prisoners with him, which was happy for them. They were bound two and two of them together, and his men drove them before them like so many sheep. When they came to Stratheden, they had distinct accounts that Mr. Thomas Douglas was to preach that day near Lowdonhill, three or four miles westward from Stratheden: and thither Claverhouse resolves to march straight with his party and prisoners.

“Public worship was begun by Mr. Douglas, when the accounts came to them that Claverhouse and his men were coming upon them, and had Mr. King and others, their friends, prisoners. Upon this, finding evil was determined against them, all who had arms drew out from the rest of the meeting, and resolved to go and meet the soldiers, and prevent their dismissing the meeting; and, if possible, relieve Mr. King and the other prisoners.

“They got together about forty horse, and one hundred and fifty or two hundred foot, very ill provided with ammunition, and untrained but hearty, and abundantly brisk

for action, and came up with Claverhouse and his party in a muir, near a place called Drumclog, from whence this encounter hath its name

“This little army of raw undisciplined country men, who had no experience in the business of fighting, neither had they officers of skill to lead them, very bravely stood Claverhouse’s first fire, and returned it with much gallantry; and after a short, but very close and warm engagement, the soldiers gave way, were entirely defeat, and the prisoners rescued. Claverhouse and his men fled, and were pursued a mile or two.

“In the engagement and pursuit there were about twenty, some say forty, of the soldiers killed, and Claverhouse himself was in great hazard, had his horse shot under him, and very narrowly escaped. Several of the other officers were wounded, and some of the soldiers taken prisoners; whom, having disarmed, they dismissed without any further injury, having no prison-house to put them in.”—Vol. ii, p. 46. p. 180.

Our readers are now sufficiently informed of Mr. Grahame’s poetic powers. His book is not unamusing; but those who seek the beauties of metre, diction, &c. will be disappointed. Every where, he portrays nature with fidelity; but he is wanting in fancy and in grace.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 12.

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM IV.—BY LEBEID, CONTINUED.

On a camel like this, when the flashes
of the noon-tide vapour dance over the
plain, and the sultry mist clothes the
parched hills, I accomplish my bold design,
from which I am not deterred by
any fear of reprehension from the most
censorious man. Knowest thou not, O
Nawara, that I present the knot of affection
entire, or cut it in two, as the objects
of it are constant or faithless? that I
would leave without reluctance a country
not congenial to my disposition; although
death were instantly to overtake my soul?
Ah! thou knowest not how many severe
nights, with sweet sport and mirthful revelry,
I pass in gay conversation; and often return
to the flag of the wine-merchant, when he
spreads it in the air, and sells his wine

at a high price ! I purchase the old liquor at a dear rate, in dark leathern-bottles long repositied, or in casks black with pitch, whose seals I break, and then fill the cheerful goblet. How often do I quaff pure wine in the morning, and draw towards me the fair Cutanist, whose delicate fingers skilfully touch the strings ! I rise before the cock to take my morning draught, which I sip again and again, when the sleepers of the dawn awake. On many a cold morning, when the freezing winds howl, and the hand of the north holds their reins, I turn aside their blast from the travellers, whom I receive in my tent. When I rise early to defend my tribe, my arms are borne by a swift horse, whose girths resemble my sash, adorned with gems. I ascend a dusty hill to explore the situation of the foe, and our dust, flying in clouds, reaches the hostile standard. At length, when the sun begins to sink into darkness, and the veil of night conceals the ambushade and the stratagems of our enemy, I descend into the vale ; and my steed raises his neck, like the smooth branch of a lofty palm, which he, who wishes to cut it, cannot reach : I incite him to run like a fleet ostrich, in his impetuous course, until, when he boils in his rage, and his bones are light, his trappings are strongly agitated ; a shower flows down his neck ; and his surcingle is bathed in the scalding foam. He lifts his head : he flies at liberty with a loose rein ; and hastens to his goal, as a dove hastens to a brook, when her feverish thirst rages.

There is a mansion (*The palace of Nömaan*) filled with guests, unknown to each other, hoping for presents, and fearing reproof : it is inhabited by men like strong-necked lions, who menace one another with a malignant hate, like the demons of Badiya, with feet firmly rivetted in the conflict. I disputed their false pretensions, yet admitted their real merit, according to my judgment ; nor could the noblest among them surpass me in renown. Oft have I invited a numerous company to the death of a camel, bought for slaughter, to be divided by lot in the arrows of equal dimensions : I invite them to draw lots

for a camel without a foal, and for a camel with a young one, whose flesh I distribute to all the neighbours. The guest and the stranger, admitted to my board, seem to have alighted in the sweet vale of Tibaala, luxuriant with vernal blossoms. To the cords of my tent approaches every needy matron, worn with fatigue, like a camel doomed to die at her master's tomb, whose vesture is both scanty and ragged. There they crown with meat, while the wintry winds contend with fierce blasts, a dish flowing like a rivulet, into which the famished orphans eagerly plunge.

When the nations are assembled, some hero of our tribe, firm in debate, never fails by superior powers to surmount the greatest difficulty. He distributes equal shares ; he dispenses justice to the tribes ; he is indignant when their right is diminished ; and, to establish their right, he often relinquishes his own. He acts with greatness of mind and nobleness of heart ; he sheds the dew of liberality on those who need his assistance ; he scatters around his own gains, and precious spoils, the prizes of his valour. He belongs to a tribe whose ancestors have left them a perfect model ; and every tribe, that descends from us, will have patterns of excellence, and objects of imitation. If their succour be asked, they instantly brace on their helmets, while their lances and breast-plates glitter like stars. Their actions are not sullied by the rust of time, nor tarnished by disgrace ; for their virtues are unshaken by any base desires. He hath raised for us a fabric of glory with a lofty summit, to which all the aged and all the young men of our tribe aspire. Be content, therefore, with the dispensations of the Supreme Ruler ; for He, who best knows our nature, has dispensed justice among us. When peace has been established by our tribe, we keep it inviolate ; and He, who makes it, renders prosperity complete. Noble are the exertions of our heroes, when the tribe struggle with hardships ; they are our leaders in war, and in peace the deciders of our claims. They are an enlivening spring to the indigent neighbours, and to the disconsolate widows, whose year passes

heavily away. They are an illustrious race; although their enemies may be low in commending them, and the malevolent censurer may incline to their foe.

(To be continued.)

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[By the request of a friend, the *miniature* Painter of the following faint resemblance of a fine original was persuaded to attempt the task. Whatever may be thought of the execution, the design will probably escape censure; and if the unfortunate artist be pronounced a bungler, yet of him it may with propriety be affirmed, as of the poet's Phaeton.

Magnis tamen excidit ausis.]

PREFACE

TO WATT'S EDITION OF THE
LIFE OF WILLIAM PITT.

In the harmonious family of Literature, History and Biography are sisters. They are twins; and both are beautiful. The port of the one is stately and martial: but the air of the other, if less dignified, is more alluring. One generally *commands* us to repair to the cabinet or the camp, while the other *beckons* us to the bower.—History has respectable and staunch friends: but Biography has passionate lovers. There are some, who are indifferent to the charms of the first: but there are none who do not admire the winning grace and sensible conversation of the latter.

To drop the allusion: experience and observation instruct the reflecting portion of mankind, that we are less interested in a narrative of the intrigues of courts, the schemes of cabinets, and the vicissitudes of war, than in the lives of men who have given birth to such events, and who have stood foremost in the phalanx of statesmen, and in the camps of the valiant.

In describing the conflicts of Peloponnesus, and the horrors of the Athenian pestilence, the story, even of Thucydides, is sometimes tiresome; while the retreat of the Ten Thousand, and the Commentaries of Cæsar afford us perpetual delight, because we discern so distinctly the *portraits* of Xenophon

and Julius. We are instructed by Mr. Hume's chapters, in which are detailed, with so much clearness of method, and felicity of expression, the battles of the barons, and the politics of the Plantagenets; but the vivid pictures of the jealousy of Elizabeth, and the misfortunes of Mary, are contemplated with more pleasure. From the history of a campaign we turn with a sort of alacrity to the memoirs of the minister by whom it was planned.—We often prefer anecdotes to historical narration, and domestic to civil history.—The enormous tomes of Thuanus are seldom consulted, and, perhaps, never were digested; but with what eager curiosity do we gaze at the slightest incident in the life of a Burke!

This peculiar interest, which biography always excites, will of course induce men to snatch, with more than ordinary eagerness, Annals of such a life as that of the youngest son of Chatham. The name of Pitt is a passport to renown; and in the deliberate opinion of the writer of this article, the late premier of England is entitled to the gratitude and admiration of the present and future generation, for

HIS POLITICAL SAGACITY,
HIS LOFTY AND INTREPID SPIRIT,
HIS CONSUMMATE ELOQUENCE,
AND HIS SPOTLESS
INTEGRITY.

The *sagacity* of Mr. Pitt, as a statesman, has been fully demonstrated, by his uniform policy with respect to the French revolution. By the side of Edmund Burke, he was the first to discern, and the first to oppose, the march of that anarch fiend.—The course of events, from the assembling of the French notables, down to the death of the late premier of England, has made manifest this momentous truth; that the counsels of Pitt and Burke have actually saved, from political perdition; not only Great-Britain, but *America*, and every country, where even a shadow of legitimate government can be discerned. In the eventful years of 1792 and 1793, the spirit of the French reformers appeared so often, that it was impossible to mistake its character or

its objects. The first was of a class more baleful, more bloody and malignant, than those execrated madmen, whom we enrol among the monsters of depravity, the Tiberiuses, the Neroes, and the Domitians. The second were, not secretly, but avowedly, not with insidious hypocrisy, but with flagrant impudence, to establish atheism, to deride morals, to annihilate monarchy and rank, to violate property, to new model justice; and, as it has been described in the words of ardent eloquence and just indignation, to *force* upon the subjects of every government, French freedom, in the loathsome form of "an irrational, unprincipled, proscribing, plundering, ferocious, bloody, and tyrannical DEMOCRACY." Against so execrable and so profligate a project, a scheme as visionary as it was impious and infamous, Pitt exercised all the energies of his soul, and all the powers of his voice: as it has been elegantly expressed, he encountered the political phrenzy as Hercules encountered the Cretan bull. He triumphed; and his country is still independent and free, without universal suffrage, or French fraternity, the speeches of a Marat, or the massacres of a Robespierre.

The loftiness and intrepidity of his spirit were visible, even in his juvenile years.—Nothing could be more evincive of the proud consciousness of mental power, than his early declaration, that he would not accept of a subaltern place in any administration. The proofs of his political courage, of that "courage of the cabinet, which is far better and less vulgar than that of the field," are to be found in almost every act of his public life; and this sort of intrepidity was never more stoutly, more stedfastly, and more gallantly displayed, than in hours of the most tremendous peril. The highest degree of credit we must assign him, when we take a cursory view of the state of Europe, and of the world during his administration. From the common cause, when the king of Prussia was a deserter; when the hopes of the allied powers were completely deferred; when the army of the duke of Brunswick melted away like the snows of

spring; when the duke of York was defeated and disgraced in Holland; when petitions for pernicious reform, and petitions from seditious clubs, crowded the bureau of state, and covered every office table; when treason and rebellion began to *show their miscreated front athwart his way*; when he was continually assailed by the keenest weapons of a vindictive and formidable opposition, armed at all points for the combat; when mutiny was raging in the navy, and revolt in Ireland had made "confusion worse confounded;" when the bank of England sought in vain for coffers competent to the claims of the creditor; when Windham's well-planned expedition to Quiberon proved disastrous; and when, at length, there arose in the French hemisphere a new star of dazzling brilliancy, but of horrid portent, threatening, like a comet, the destruction of "half the nations," and "with fear of change perplexing monarchs;" yet, "in an hour so rude," when stout hearts quail, and bright faculties become troubled, if not overpowered, the fortitude, valour, and perseverance of Pitt, were never more triumphantly conspicuous. He not only gazed stedfastly at all this array of terrors, but advanced to meet, and checked, if he did not wholly vanquish, the enemy.

His consummate eloquence has not only been extolled by his friends, but admitted by his foes. So sweet and voluble was his discourse, that, if his logic did not always convince, his rhetoric was sure to please. He was a powerful, artful, luminous, and correct speaker. His impromptu orations were wonderfully correct and elegant. His talent for explaining a perplexed subject, the precision of his periods, the classical purity of his style, and the temper and address he displayed in debate, are circumstances familiar to every polite and every political reader. For that energetic and majestic manner, which in the late earl of Chatham sometimes approached towards haughtiness and arrogance, the son was equally conspicuous. His voice was sometimes terrible, and his satire acrimoni-

His reputation for integrity and disinterestedness was never sullied by the slightest stain. On the contrary, by living on a moderate income, and dying in penurious, if not in embarrassed, circumstances, he showed to all the world that the vile blot of avarice never tarnished his bright escutcheon. If he were ever in servitude, it was under the despotism of a nobler passion. In his immortal romance, Cervantes makes one of its personages remark, when required to render an account of his brief administration of a government, that in indigence he assumed, and in indigence he abdicated, his office; that naked he came, and naked he went away; and concludes with a logic which none may deny, that this alone was ample proof that he had governed like an angel.

On the whole, it may be confidently asserted, that, since the time of Cecil and Walsingham, the councils of England have never been moulded by a wiser or more dexterous statesman; and, since the time of Cardinal Ximenes, perilous seasons have never been faced by a more intrepid minister. He has been arranged with the Colberts and the Chathams. Even Mr. Sheridan, at a period of sharp animosity, has said of the man, by whom his genius was so often rebuked, that he was formed and fitted by Nature to *benefit his country, and to give it lustre*; and when Fox, in a mood of the strongest disgust, had quitted his parliamentary duties, and visited Switzerland, Gibbon records, that, in frank conversation, Fox drew such a portrait of his antagonist, as one great man should always exhibit of another.

A volume, displaying the biography of one so illustrious, of politics so staunch and sound, of eloquence so commanding, and of honour so bright, has enchaind our attention, and we believe will captivate that of the American public. Amusing notes, replete with information and anecdote, have been added by the suggestion of a judicious friend. These contain much of the political history of many of the chief friends or rivals of Mr. Pitt.

The writer cannot conclude this

sketch without lamenting that, at a period so eventful as the present, the world should be deprived of the talents of such a statesman. In political crises of the most terrible aspect, it seems as if a *Johnson*, a *Burke*, or a *Pitt*, is potent to charm away, or defeat, all the demons of the tempest. Such men, with the might of Shakespeare's Prospero, but with magic the most hallowed, can always control the inebriated madness of the desperate crew, and flame amazement among the confounded and the guilty.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[The following is a gay description of the splendour and festivity of a British Carousal. In the life of one of the ancient Lord Mayors of London, it is recorded, that at a feast given to his Sovereign, not only countless dishes were spread on the board, but faggots of cinnamon glowed in the chimney. At the entertainment described, below, a merchant, and a Jew, but no Shylock, has feasted his Prince in a style of magnificence and expense, worthy of British spirit, and British liberality.]

MR. GOLDSMID'S SUPERB FETE.

The "Royal Feast for Persia won," could not have exceeded in magnificence the banquet which will be the theme of our description, as far as words can convey an idea of a scene so splendid in itself, and so peculiarly interesting, in many collateral points of view. The festival given by a powerful Monarch affords no other sources of admiration, than those which are connected with the gratification of the persons who are honoured by participating in its pleasures. The revenue a Prince derives from his people will at all times supply the means of the most ostentatious display of liberality; but where, except in this fortunate island, is the dominion upon the earth, in which a subject can entertain with suitable pomp the sons of his Sovereign, the principal Officers of State, and the Peers of the land? It is a matter of proud exultation to reflect, that a British merchant should hold so distinguished and eminent a rank in society, that the first

characters in the kingdom are anxious to pay respect to his invitation, and to become the guests at his hospitable and munificent table. Whenever this is the case, it is a certain indication of a country's prosperity; and truly the appearance of so Royal and Noble a Company as the mansion of a private English Gentleman must have afforded, infinitely more delight than the contemplation of a legion of tributary kings at the palace of a despotic Emperor, whether in the East or the West. It is unnecessary to say a word respecting the host upon this occasion. There is no one who is in the least conversant with the passing history of the present day, but is acquainted with the honourable character of Mr. GOLDSMID. His commercial transactions have, in a manner, identified him with the Government of the country; for, upon all occasions, his incalculable wealth has been employed in anticipating, for the advantage of the public, those immense financial resources which the exigencies of the times in which we live render it so imperiously necessary to call into action.

Exactly at six o'clock, his Royal Highness the Prince of WALES arrived in his barouch and four, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Moira, the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Sheridan. His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent soon followed them, and, at seven o'clock, the company sat down, to dinner, which was provided by Mr. Birch, and consisted of every delicacy which the season affords: it was, moreover, sumptuous to the highest degree. There were present, in addition to the Royal Party.—

The Lord Mayor, Mr. Greenwood, Alderman Combe, Mr. Walsh Porter, Mr. Branden, Mr. and Mrs. H. Goldsmid, Mr. and Mrs. B. Goldsmid, Mr. Scott, Mr. Ellison, Mr. Smith, Mr. Davison, Miss Denison, and the Misses Goldsmid.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales sat opposite the window that fronts the water, with the Earl of Moira on his right, and the Lord Chancellor on his left. After dinner, and the toast

of the King, Messrs. Braham and Walsh sang *God save the King*, in which the Prince joined most heartily.

After the *Navy*, and the immortal memory of Lord Nelson, *Rule Britannia*, and other favourite songs, duets, &c. were sung also.

At the *dessert* the ladies joined the company, and at nine o'clock the whole party walked round the grounds. The bridges, colonade, and the temple, were brilliantly illuminated. The Royal Standard was hoisted in the barge, surmounting the Prince's Plume at the stern, with P. W. &c. &c.

By this time, nearly two hundred of the Nobility and neighbouring Gentry were assembled. After tea, the Concert commenced.

Symphony—MOZART.

Glee—"The harp's wild notes."—ATTWOOD.

Duet—Horns.—PETRIDES.

Song. Walsh—"Ye Sainted Spirits"—ATTWOOD.

BRAHAM and WALSH sung the following duetto, written purposely for the occasion. The music composed by Mr. ATTWOOD.

I

While venal Bards, with rude acclaim,
Extol a haughty Despot's fame,
And where he drives the fiends of War,
With adulation load his Car,
The Muses here, from Plenty's hoard,
As Wit and Beauty deck the board,
Attune the Lyre, rejoic'd to sing,
In praise of Britain's future King,

Chorus.

Fill then the bowl, with myrtle bound,
Let Morden's roof with mirth resound;
And every tongue this strain declare,
Long live Britannia's joy and Heir!

II

At ease reclin'd, or rob'd in State,
The graces on his actions wait.
Where'er the PRINCE is seen to rove,
There Pleasure sports and frolics Love,
While Art and Science o'er the land
Confess in smiles his fostering hand,
And with the Sons of Commerce blend,
To greet the Nation's Hope and Friend.

Chorus.

Fill then the bowl, &c.

III

But should Ambition's hordes invade
This sacred Isle, for Freedom made,
When Myriads, flush'd with ardour, glow,
To hurl destruction on the foe;

Then foremost, with terrific mien,
Great GEORGE in battle shall be seen,
Resolv'd his destin'd Realm to save,
Or fall, the bravest of the Brave.

Chorus.

Fill then the bowl, &c.

Naldi, Storace, and Braham, sang also with great effect some beautiful songs, duets, and trios, till supper was announced; Salomon led; Attwood was at the Piano-Forte; and the rest of the orchestra was numerous and complete. The glees were ably supported by Messrs. Braham, Goss, Walsh, &c.

After supper Mr. Matthews made his appearance, and gave his imitations, to the admiration of the whole party.

The Prince, highly delighted with the entertainments of the evening, left the hospitable mansion of Morden this morning about two o'clock. The Nobility and Gentry, in which was comprised a great proportion of beautiful women, had not all retired till a late hour;—every where expressing their utmost approbation of the arrangements that had been adopted for their gratification.

This was the first entertainment since the house was finished, which is unique in its character.

The elevation is Grecian. The south front is ornamented with a portico of the Athenian style of architecture, and in this is the principal entrance, which passes through a logee or small vestibule of Portland stone, on each side of which are two most superb conservatories, filled with orange, citron, and other shrubs. The centre of the house is an octagon of 38 feet and 54 feet in height: the ceiling is divided into eight pannels by ribs which spring from the pilasters, on the sides, and are painted in imitation of fine red oriental marble, with ornaments to represent as if inlaid with white marble. The whole of the side walls are stuccoed, and painted of the same kind of marble several shades lighter. The contrast between the two marbles relieving the pilastres is very fine. There are four niches, containing each a figure, of the same marble, holding painted lamps. There are also introduced 16 figures on painted glass, representing the Seasons, Sciences,

Elements, and Four Quarters of the Globe, which by day appear as windows, and by night are lighted behind, producing an effect elegant and rich. Near the saloon is the library, which is a neatly fittedup room, the walls bright yellow, high varnished, the door, shutters, &c. yellow satin wood. Opposite the library is the breakfast room, a most beautiful unique room, one window of which looks into the conservatory, the other into a most elegant and extensive aviary, filled with birds of rare and various plumage. On the opposite side of the saloon is the eating room, which is most strikingly elegant—it is forty feet long by twenty-two, with a grained cieling painted in imitation of white veined marble, and bronzed ribs, the wall finished in the same manner; in four recesses of this room are fixed stoves which have plated furniture, and most singularly adapted; on the top of each appears a superb vase near six feet high, one containing water, which is filled from a spring, and is drawn for the use of the table. From this room a folding door opens into the small drawing room, which is so connected with the large drawing room as to make the two rooms have the appearance of one. These two rooms are most superbly fittedup the cielings are painted from Chinese ornaments; the sides are covered with a most beautiful India paper of a grey ground, silver foliage, and birds, &c. the shutters and other wood-work are painted blue, and are enriched by paintings that have the appearance of inlaid work. The furniture of this room is blue silk, tastefully arranged in festoons, which go round the whole of these two rooms. The whole is a master piece of ingenuity.

For the Port Folio.

[Among those early English poets who have been too much neglected in Great Britain, and who are almost wholly unknown in America, we may enumerate the once celebrated George Wither. This ingenious man, by suffering his mind to become clouded with faction and fanaticism, rendered himself extremely obnoxious to many of his cotemporaries; and the poet was sacrificed at the shrine of the politician.

In consequence of some of his puritanical pranks, he was at length shut up in prison, by certain Cavaliers, who did not much care for civil or religious liberty. In the joyless hours of imprisonment, the poet very wisely abstained from libelling either *Cesar*, or *Cesar's household*; and so-laced himself with the sweets of song. We are indebted to the fine taste of George Ellis, Esq. for the following delightful lines. That admirable passage, in which the poet describes his triumph over misfortune, by the aid of the muse, will be read with rapture by every man of genius and sensibility.

ON HIS MUSE.

(From "The Shepherd's Hunting.")

And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble,
Ten times more than ten times double:
I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For though banish'd from my flocks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night;
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowing fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields;
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voic'd Philomel;
Though of all those pleasures past
Nothing now remains at last,
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief.
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will.
Whence she should be driven too
Wer't in mortal's pow'r to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort, in the midst of sorrow,
Makes the desolate place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill hath taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bow's rustling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things, that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneliness, the black shade
That these hanging walls have made,
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves;
This black din, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals that give light
More to Terror than Delight,
This my chamber of neglect
Wall'd about with disrespect;
From all this and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
The path taught me, by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this,—
Poesy! thou sweet'st content,
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent.
Tho' they as a trifle leave thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.
Though our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not their maddest fits,
More than all their greatest wits.
And though some too seeming holy
Do account thy raptures folly;
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

[In rescuing a few passages from oblivion, of some of the early English writers, Mr. ELLIS has lately performed a very pleasing service to the lovers of poetry. The following, which he has culled from the works of Robert Heath, exhibit in a strong light the genius of the Poet, and the taste of his Editor.]

Invest my head with fragrant rose,
That on fair Flora's bosom grows!
Distend my veins with purple juice,
That mirth may through my soul diffuse!
Tis Wine and Love, and Love in Wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.
Thus, crown'd with Paphian myrtle, I,
In Cyprian shades will bathing lie;
Whose snow, if too much cooling, then
Bacchus shall warm my blood again.
Tis Wine and Love, and Love in Wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.
Life's short, and winged pleasures fly,
Who mourning live, do mourning die;
On down and floods, then, swan-like, I
Will stretch my limbs, and singing, die.
Tis Wine and Love, and Love in Wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

To Clarastella, saying she would commit herself to a Nunnery.

(From 9 Stanzas.)

Stay, Clarastella, prithee stay!
Recall those frantic vows again!
Wilt thou thus cast thyself away,
As well as me, in fond disdain?
Wilt thou be cruel to thyself? chasteise
Thy harmless body, 'cause your powerful
eyes
Have charm'd my senses by a strange surprise?

Is it a sin to be belov'd?
If but the cause you could remove,
Soon the effect would be remov'd;
Where beauty is, there will be love.
Nature, that wisely nothing made in vain,
Did make you lovely to be lov'd again;
And, when such beauty tempts, can love
refrain?

When Heav'n was prodigal to you,
And you with beauty's glory stor'd,
He made you, like himself, for view,
To be beheld and then ador'd.
Why should the gold then fear to see that sun,
That form'd it pure? why should you live a
nun,
And hide those rays Heaven gave to you
alone?

Thyself a holy temple art;
Where love shall teach us both to pray;
I'll make an altar of my heart,
And incense on thy lips will lay.
Thy mouth shall be my oracle, and then
For beads we'll tell our kisses o'er again,
Till they, breath'd from our souls, shall cry,
Amen.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY.

[For a period of considerable duration, The Companion, a paper devoted to the Belles Letters, has been published in Baltimore. Its conductors have frequently been changed, and of course the complexion of the paper has varied, as might be expected, from this state of mutability: the Companion though generally cheerful and instructive has sometimes been dull and heavy. We understand from a Baltimore print, that this paper is to appear in a new guise. The Prospectus, which the present Proprietor has issued, contains so complete a sketch of his scheme, and exhibits such evidence of talents, that, in the spirit of that zeal which always actuates us in the cause of elegant Literature, we give the article in question a conspicuous place, and sincerely wish that the *incognito* Editor may meet the amplest encouragement, and be cheered and successful in that race which has glory for its goal.]

PROSPECTUS.

We avail ourselves of the opportunity which the completion of the second volume of the Companion presents, to announce to the public some changes which are projected in the work.

The most patriotic and disinterested motive had prompted the late Editor to undertake the direction of that paper, but as the time and attention it required were incompatible with his professional pursuit, he found it necessary to engage an associate in his literary labours, and to this associate he has ultimately deemed it proper to relinquish the whole management of the work.

The present Proprietor has long felt the necessity of some alterations in the plan and management of the paper, in order to render it more generally acceptable.

Variety is the essence of amusement; hence we abandon the smooth and unbroken plain, however productive of the most useful harvests, to ramble amidst scenes, where nature exhibits her more varied, picturesque and fantastic forms. We find this quality eminently essential in a periodical paper—the repeated failure of works of this nature, where the plan on which they have been conducted has confined them merely to literary subjects, sufficiently proves that these alone will not interest the public.

To merit general attention, a publication of this kind must display a spirited versatility; it must treat by turns of morals, politics and fashions;

Must move from grave to gay with ready art,
Now play the sage's now the trifler's part.

Having then resolved no longer to confine our fellow labourers within the limits prescribed by the regulations of the Companion, we will more particularly indicate those topics, to which we would wish to direct the attention of writers, and with which we shall endeavour to amuse our readers.

ESSAYS ON MEN AND MANNERS.

After the manner of our accomplished predecessors, Johnson and Addison, shall claim a large portion of our attention. But however short we may come

of the majestic march of the one and in vain sigh for the unaffected simplicity of the other, we yet indulge a hope that we shall be able to produce something that may amuse the grave, and detain the idle. It would be superfluous here, to dwell upon the influence which these writers have had, in ameliorating manners, establishing the decencies of life, and forming a correct taste in literature. Many of the volatile and the frivolous, who were deterred from reading by the formidable appearance of a connected volume, were easily induced to peruse a desultory page. The effect was slow, but it was certain. A great and commercial people have become readers, chaste in manners and correct in criticism. The pleader has rejected the rugged idiom of technical language, and ventured to *travel out of the record* to enliven his harangue by the brilliancy of metaphor. The divine has been enabled more impressively to fulfil the duties of his solemn vocation, by the new views of human nature which he has contemplated through the vista of Addison, or seen in the polished mirror of Mackenzie, whilst the merchant has closed his day-book to *tattle* with Isaac Bickerstaff, or *ramble* with Dr. Johnson.

Every writer shall be judged with candour. We prohibit no style which is correct, no subject that may be useful. The moralist shall occasionally assume the dictatorial chair, and endeavour to fortify the timid and determine the irresolute. The metaphysician shall spin his cobwebs, and the philosopher have a corner for his theories. Poetry may wing her daring flight to the double mountain, and even history clog the wings of time. In short our essays shall attempt to indicate whatever is beautiful or deformed in society, and describe what is useless or valuable.

Whilst we shun any active exertions in the noisy field of political warfare, we invite our correspondents to exercise their talents, and disseminate their opinions, on those great political questions which are alike important to all. The grand events daily occurring on the Theatre of Europe, events at present so closely connected with all the operations of thought, wherever their

influence reaches, afford matter for much interesting speculation, and should by no means be prohibited in any paper presented to the public.

But it must be remembered, that whilst we loosen the trammels which have hitherto too strictly confined our views, we must not verge to the opposite extreme—the animosity of party spirit must never contaminate our pages, nor indecent personalities degrade the dignity of our work. From fair and liberal discussion proceed those bright emanations of truth, which irradiate and convince the mind; but angry disputation, by strengthening the influence of prejudice, and impeding the operations of reason, can only heighten the gloom, and perpetuate the reign of ignorance.

Of the various kinds of writing, perhaps no one is more generally pleasing and more extensively useful than

BIOGRAPHY.

The wonderful events and the sudden vicissitudes, which have happened to those who have attracted the envy and the admiration of the world possess an interest in the minds of the inquisitive, superior to all the airy creations of the novelist.

There is a period of life at which reason assumes the reigns of imagination, and incidents, however novel and striking, and with how much soever of skill they may be woven together, cease to charm, unless sanctioned by the seal of reality. It is then that the biographer enjoys his triumph. He leads his followers into the very innermost recesses of genius, and opens to his curious eye the secret springs of human action. He conducts them through the classic shades of the Lyceum, that he may be exhilarated by the wit of Alcibiades; or instructed by the wisdom of Socrates: and Somnus is neglected whilst he sits up late with Woffington, and the English orator, or beguiles the stillness of the midnight hour by sipping tea at the Crown and Mitre with Johnson and his faithful *Chronicle*. In short, Biography is a study to which every reader is indebted for the amusement of many an hour, and its fascination is so powerful,

that Pliny's opinion of history may be applied to it with equal truth: It is always pleasing, write it as you will.

CRITICISM

is of indispensable importance, in a work of this nature. The habit of comparing our language with that of the great masters of style, is a discipline to which every student must submit who is emulous of fame in the art of composition. And if, in perusing the remarks of a perspicacious critic he should find his sentiments anticipated, let him regard it as suspicious, and continue his pursuit of the Olympic prize, with renewed ardour.

Criticism, in the well imagined allegory of one whose words are sweet like the Hyblean honey, was the eldest daughter of Labour and Truth. She was at her birth committed to the care of Justice, and brought up by her in the palace of Wisdom. Being soon distinguished by the celestials for her uncommon qualities, she was appointed *Governess* of Fancy, and empowered to beat time to the chorus of the muses, when they sung before the throne of Jupiter.

The true path is here so distinctly indicated by this experienced writer, that no one can hesitate between the real and the pretended critic. That art must be valuable which is produced by labour and truth, fostered by justice, and protected by wisdom.

These are the three great topics which present themselves as of primary importance in a periodical publication; there are others which, though of minor value in themselves, yet should not be neglected.

We should consider accurate

REPORTS

of judicial decisions on important points, worthy of preservation, although they may not be interesting to the generality of readers. We have the promise of assistance in this department, from a gentleman, who will communicate such cases of moment as may occur in this city.

Such brief novels or tales as are recommended by purity of design and the facination of incident, may be occasion-

ally inserted. Thus shall we obey the precept of the poet, and join both profit and delight in one:

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vita.

Literary, philosophical, and agricultural intelligence will be studiously sought and promptly given.

Sketches of tours, by those who have journeyed through foreign countries, and tarried amongst strange people, and like the hero of the Grecian bard, have attentively

Their manners noted and their states surveyed, are a cheap mode of increasing knowledge, without the inconvenience of travelling.

THE POETICAL DEPARTMENT,

we hope, will prove a hive of hoarded sweets, to those who delight in the brilliant tints of fancy. We shall invoke the *Arcades* both of native and foreign shores to attune their softest reeds, and with sweet novelty the taste amuse.

We have now explained our idea of the manner in which we should desire to conduct our Miscellany, which will be henceforth presented under the title of the Observer.—Of our own abilities to perform the task we have imposed upon ourselves, we must speak with the most unaffected diffidence—but of the talents and high attainments of our associates, and of those who have generously offered their aid, we may speak with no timid voice.

We engage in the toilsome and thorny path of editorial duty, with hopes neither depressed by fear, nor elevated beyond the bounds of rational expectation. We will never condescend to prostitute our pen to degrading flattery for the purpose of obtaining favour. If we fail, we shall have at least the consoling and honorable reflection, of having aimed at our country's good—if our laudable and honest exertions obtain for us, the esteem of the worthy, and the sanction of the liberal and the enlightened, we shall move on in our glad career, animated with the delightful hope, that as time and experience mellow the powers of our mind, and science still opens her ample stores to our constant research, we may be found still more

and more deserving of that patronage, which it will be our highest ambition to merit.

As the expenses attending a periodical work are considerable, prudence forbids our engaging in the undertaking until the support extended to it answers its expenditures. If 500 subscribers are obtained, we will commence the publication of the Observer on the first of January.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

To the brilliant and profligate Lord Lyttelton, the following verses were sent when he was in his juvenile years. The reader will soon perceive what sanguine expectations were entertained of this young nobleman by his friends. It is to be deeply regretted, that Manhood; did not keep the promise of Youth.

Epistle from the Honourable Constantine, John Phipps, Esq. to the late *Thomas Lord Lyttelton*, addressed to him, during the life-time of his Father.

Sprung, Lyttelton, from noble British blood,
My friendships honour, and life's greatest good!

This courts the rabble with obsequious nod,
Or, the mob's idol, deems himself a god.
That of the unruly courser seeks a name,
And risks his neck, to gain a jockey's fame:
Another tells with joy his father's land,
Or prunes the curling vine with skilful hand:
Some love the teated field, the drum, the fife,

The din of arms, the battle's bloody strife:
Me other cares, in other climes engage,
To seek experience from the battle's rage:
Where fleets meet fleets in deepest conflict join'd,
Where mimic thunders mock the impelling wind.

But, *born in greater character to shine*,
And add *new lustre* to a noble line.
Be thine the greater part in *deep debate*,
With steady councils to uphold the state.
So thy great Sire, skilled in each noble art,
By virtue rules, by precept guides the heart.
If his commands submissive you receive,
Immortal and unblam'd your name shall live.
O may his labour gain an happy end,
Make thee a patriot good, and constant friend!

May heav'n show'r down its choicest blessings still,
A Cato's virtue, and a Tully's skill.
May'st thou the first of Britain's Senate shine,
And be thy father's name surpassed by thine!

In a new work, written for the use of young persons, Mrs. C. Smith has composed the following,

Beautiful Ode to the Missel Thrush.

The winter solstice scarce is past,
Loud is the wind, and hoarsely sound
The mill streams in the swelling blast;
And cold and humid is the ground.
When to the ivy that embowers,
Some pollard tree, or sheltering rock,
The troop of timid warblers flock,
And shudd'ring wait for milder hours.

While thou! the leader of their band,
Fearless salut'st the op'ning year;
Nor stay'st till blow the breezes bland,
That bid the tender leaves appear.
But, on some tow'ring elm or pine,
Waving elate thy dauntless wing,
Thou joy'st thy love notes wild to sing,
Impatient of St. Valentine.

Oh, herald of the spring! while yet,
No harebell scents the woodland lane,
Nor starewort fair nor violet
Braves the bleak gust and driving rain.
'Tis then, as thro' the copses rude,
Some pensive wand'r'er sighs along;
To soothe him with thy cheerful song,
And tell of Hope and Fortitude!

For thee then may the hawthorn bush,
The elder and the splendid tree,
With all their various berries blush,
And the blue sloe abounds for thee.
For thee, the coral holly glows,
Its arm'd and glossy leaves among;
And many a branched oak be hung,
With thy pellucid misletoes.

Still may thy nest with lichen lin'd,
Be hidden from the invading jay,
Nor truant boy its covert find
To bear thy callow young away.
So thou precursor still of good,
O herald of approaching spring,
Shall to the pensive wand'r'er sing,
Thy song of Hope and Fortitude.

The following is a very old song, but like old wine it has exquisite spirit. The remonstrance is extremely natural and pleasing, and the conclusion is worthy of every girl of spirit.

Where's my swain so blithe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow,
Three whole days are gone forever;
Since you said you'd come to-morrow!

If you lov'd but half as I do,
 You'd been here with looks so bonny;
 Love has flying wings I well know,
 Not for ling'ring lazy Johnny.

What can he be now a doing?
 Is he with the lasses Maying?
 He had better here be wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing.
 Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow,
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee?
 Let her be the happy creature,
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor dispute with her a feature.
 But I can't, nor will not tarry,
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow;
 I may lose the time to marry,
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not shepherd, thus to brave me,
 If I'm yours, pray wait no longer,
 If you wout another'll have me,
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.
 If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
 Whine not in despair and sorrow,
 Blest another lad may make ye,
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

In a former volume of the Port
 Folio, we exhibited the beautiful *French*
 foundation of the following song, and
 soon followed it up by an American
 translation. The ensuing stanzas pur-
 sue the thought.

LE PIPE DE TABAC.

A much admired French air.

Why should life in sorrow be spent,
 When pleasure points to the road,
 Wherein each traveller, with content,
 May throw off the pond'rous load;
 And, instead, in ample measure,
 Gather fruits too long left ripe:
 What's this world without its pleasure?
 What is pleasure but a pipe?

See the jovial sailor's state,
 Mark the soldier's noble soul,
 What doth heroes renovate?
 What refines the splendid bowl?
 Is it not TOBACCO dear
 That from the brow fell grief can wipe?
 Yes, like them, with jolly cheer,
 I find pleasure in a pipe.

Some are fond of care and grief,
 Some take pleasure in sad strife,
 Some pursue a false belief;
 Few there are that enjoy life.
 Some delight in envy ever,
 Others avaricious gripe,
 Would you know my greatest pleasure?
 'Tis a glowing social pipe.

The following punning verses were
 addressed a few days after her birth, to
 the infant daughter of Sir Thomas
 Pope, the founder of Trinity College,
 Oxford.

See this little mistress here,
 Did never sit in Peter's chair,
 Nor a triple crown did wear,
 And yet she is a Pope.

No benefice she ever sold,
 Nor did dispense with sins for gold;
 She hardly is a fortnight old,
 And yet she is a Pope.

No King her feet did ever kiss,
 Or had from her worse look than this;
 Nor did she ever vainly hope,
 To saint poor mortals with a rope,
 And yet she is a Pope.

A female Pope, you say, a second Joan,
 Ah no, she is Pope Innocent, or none.

In the following little verses the re-
 ader will recognize something of the
 gallant style of some of our older po-
 ets.

THE TEARS OF BEAUTY.

Coy Beauty's blush is passing sweet,
 And sweet the bashful smile she wears;
 But love and admiration meet,
 In beauty glist'ning through her tears.
 Most sweet the cowslip in its dew;
 Most sweet the sun thro' show'rs appears;
 Most sweet the meads, where streamlets
 ooze;
 And sweetest beauty in her tears.
 On earth one object is divine;
 The heart which sympathy endears;
 'Tis Beauty's self at Pity's shrine,
 With roses glist'ning thro' her tears.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The philosophy and practice of "Hi-
 lario" are derived from the famous *fi-
 nale* of Bickerstaff.

Friendship, with thy smile divine,
 Brighten all our features;
 What but friendship, love, and wine,
 Can make us happy creatures?
 Bring the flask, the music bring;
 Joy shall quickly find us;
 Drink and dance and laugh and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.
 Why the deuce should we be sad,
 While on earth we moulder?
 Grave, or gay, or wise, or mad,
 We every day grow older.
 Then, since time will steal away,
 Spite of all our sorrow;
 Heighten every joy to day,
 Never mind to-morrow.

SELECT POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

THE ASS AND THE STAG.

ONCE on a time, no matter when,
But 'twas some ages since; say ten—
(For asses now more wise appear,
And deer affect to herd with deer),
Once on a time then, it is said,
An Ass and Stag together fed;
In bonds of love so closely bound,
That seldom were they separate found.
The upland lawns when summer dried,
They ranged the meadows side by side;
And when gaunt famine chased them thence,
They overleap'd the garden fence,
Dividing without strife or coil,
Like ministers of state, the spoil.

In that gay season when the Hours,
Spring's handmaids, strew the earth with
flowers,

Our pair walk'd forth, and frisk'd and play'd,
And cropt the herbage as they stray'd.
'Twas evening—stillness reign'd around,
And dews refresh'd the thirsty ground;
When, homeward browsing, both inhale
Unusual fragrance from the gale.
It was a garden, compass'd round
With thorns, (a perfect Indian mound),
Through which they saw enough within,
To make a drove of asses sin.
No watchdog—gard'ner—all was hush'd;
They bless'd their stars, and in they push'd;
Fell to with eager haste, and wasted
Ten cabbages, for one they tasted.

And now the Ass (to fullness fed)
Cherish'd strange fancies in his head;
On nature's carpet idly roll'd,
By care or prudence uncontrol'd;
His pride froth'd up, his self-conceit,
And thus it bubbled forth:—"How sweet,
Prince of the branching antlers wide,
The mirth-inspiring moments glide!
How grateful are the hours of spring,
What odours sweet the breezes bring!
The musky air to joy invites,
And drowns the senses in delights.
Deep 'mid the waving cypress boughs,
Turtles exchange their amorous vows;
While, from his rose's fragrant lips,
The bird of eve love's nectar sips.
Where'er I throw my eyes around,
All seems to me enchanted ground;
And night, while Cynthia's silvery gleam
Sleeps on the lawn, the grove, the stream,
Heart-soothing night, for nothing longs,
But one of my melodious songs,
To lap the world in bliss, and show
A perfect paradise below!
When youth's warm blood shall cease to
flow,

And beauty's cheek no longer glow;
When these soft graceful limbs, grown old,
Shall feel Time's fingers, icy cold;

Close in his chilling arms embraced,
What pleasures can I hope to taste?
What sweet delight in Age's train?
Spring will return, but ah! in vain."

The Stag, half pitying half, amazed,
Upon his old associate gazed;
"What! hast thou lost thy wits?" he cried,
"Or art thou dreaming, open-ey'd?
Sing, quotha! was there ever bred
In any mortal ass's head
So strange a thought! But, no offence—
What if we first remove from hence;
And talk, as erst, of straw and oats,
Of scurvy fare, and mangy coats,
Of heavy loads, or worse than those,
Of cruel drivers, and hard blows?
For recollect, my gentle friend,
We're thieves, and plunder is our end.
See! through what parsley we've been toil-
ing,

And what fine spinage we are spoiling!
'He most of all doth outrage reason,
'Who fondly singeth out of season.'
A proverb that, in sense, surpasses
The brains combined of stags and asses:
Yet, for I must thy perils trace,
Sweet bulbul* of the long-ear'd race!
Soft soul of harmony! yet hear;
If thou wilt rashly charm our ear,
And with thy warblings, loud and deep,
Unseal the leaden eye of sleep;
Roused by thy song, and arm'd with staves,
The gard'ner, and a host of slaves,
To mourning will convert thy strains,
And make their pastime of thy pains."

His nose in scorn the songster rears,
Pricks up his twinkling length of ears,
And proudly thus he shot his bolt:
"Thou soulless, senseless, tasteless dolt!
If, when in vulgar prose I try
My voice, the soul in ecstasy
Will to the pale lip trembling flee,
And pant and struggle to get free,
Must not my song—"

"O, past pretence!
The ear must be deprived of sense,"
Rejoin'd the Stag,—"form'd of dull clay.
The heart that melts not at thy lay!
But hold, my ardent prayer attend,
Nor yet with songs the welkin rend;
Still the sweet murmur in thy throat,
Prelude of the thrilling note!
Nor shrink not up thy nostrils, friend,
Nor thy fair ample jaws extend;
Lest thou repent thee, when too late,
And moan thy pains, and well-earn'd fate."
Impatience stung the warbler's soul,
Greatly he spurn'd the mean control;
And from the verdant turf uprear'd,
He on his friend contemptuous leer'd;

* The Persian word for Nightingale.

Stretch'd his lean neck, and wildly stared,
His dulcet pitch-pipe then prepared,
His flaky ears prick'd up withal,
And stood in posture musical.

"Ah!" thought the Stag, "I greatly fear,
Since he his throat begins to clear,
And strains and stares, he will not long
Deprive us of his promised song.
Friendship to safety well may yield."
He said, and nimbly fled the field.

Alone at length, the warbler Ass
Would every former strain surpass;
So right he aim'd, so loud he bray'd,
The forest shook, night seem'd afraid,
And starting at the well-known sound,
The gard'ners from their pallets bound;
The scared musician this pursues,
That stops him with insidious noose;
Now to a tree behold him tied,
Whilst both prepare to take his hide.
But first his cudgel either rears,
And plies his ribs, his nose, his ears;
His head converted to a jelly,
His back confounded with his belly;
All bruised without, all broke within,
To leaves they now convert his skin;
Whereon, in characters of gold,
For all good asses, young and old,
This short instructive tale is told.

To England, on the Slave-trade.

Of all thy foreign crimes, from pole to pole,
None moves such indignation in my soul,
Such hate, such deep abhorrence, as thy
trade

In human beings!

Thy ignorance thou dar'st to plead no more,
The proofs have thunder'd from the Afric
shore.

Behold, behold, yon rows ranged over rows,
Of death with dying linked in death's last
throes.

Behold, a single victim of despair,
Dragged upon deck to gasp the ocean air;
Devoid of fear, he hears the tempest rise,—
The ship descending 'tween the waves, he
eyes

With eager hope; he thinks his woes shall
end.

Sunk in despair he sees her still ascent.

What barbarous race are authors of his
woes?

With freights of fetters, who the vessel
stows?

Who manufactures thumb-screws? who the
scourge?

Whose navies shield the pirates o'er the
surge?

Who, from the mother's arms, the clinging
child

Tears? It is England,—merciful and mild!
Most impious race, who brave the watery
realm

In blood-fraught barks, with Murder at the
helm!

Who trade in tortures, profit draw from pain,
And even whose mercy is but love of gain!
Whose human cargoes carefully are pack'd
By rule and square, according to the Act!—
And is that gore-drenched flag by you un-
furl'd,

Champions of right, knights-errant of the
world?

"Yes, yes," your Commons said, "Let such
things be,

"If OTHERS rob and murder, why not WE?"
In the smooth'd speech, and in the unprais'd
hand,

I hear the lash, I hear the fierce command;
Each guilty nay ten thousand crimes de-
creed,

And English mercy said, Let millions bleed!

The Thanksgiving off Cape Trafalgar.

Upon the high, yet gently rolling wave,
The floating tomb that heaves above the brave,
Soft sighs the gale that late tremendous
roar'd,

Whelming the wretched remnants of the
sword,

And now the cannon's peaceful summons
calls

The victor bands, to mount their wooden
walls,

And from the ramparts, where their com-
rades fell,

The mingled strain of joy and grief is well:
Fast they ascend, from stem to stem they
spread,

And crowd the engines whence the light-
nings sped:

The white-robed priest his uprais'd hands
extends,

Hushed is each voice, attention leaning
bends;

Then from each prow the grand hosannas
rise,

Float o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.
Heaven fills each heart; yet Home will oft
intrude,

And tears of love, celestial joys exclude.
The wounded man, who hears the soaring
strain,

Lifts his pale visage, and forgets his pain;
While parting spirits, mingling with the lay,
On halleluiahs wing their heavenward way.

The Price of the Port-Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. II.] Philadelphia, Wednesday, December 31, 1806. No. 52.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 22.

Un caractère bien fade est celui de n'en
avoir aucun. LABRUYERE.

To mark the manners, and reform the
man. ANON.

I hope not to be reckoned among the idle or the malicious aspersers of that sex which at least divides with my own, all that dignifies as well as all that adorns our common nature, if I draw from a German writer, for the new entertainment of this day, the picture of a certain *versatility*, which might be illustrated with equal success in the male as in the female character. I desire always to think of *woman* with that favourable sentiment, which, as the poet has both archly and prettily suggested, becomes a *woman's son*:—

Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won;
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;

And when a *woman* woos, what *woman's son*
Will sourly leave her till she has prevail'd?

Flavia, who resides in one of the smaller cities of Germany, is a rich young Widow, the character of whom has long been the subject of controversy among her neighbours.

During the lifetime of a late privy counsellor, who was her fellow, and who was a great admirer of the

fashionable productions of the press, Flavia devoted herself, from morning till night, to the reading of romances. After his decease, there was another conspicuous personage in the town, a doctor of medicine, who doated on balls and entertainments; and Flavia threw all her books aside, and gave herself up to dress and dancing. At length, the sovereign of the principality thought proper to send a reverend dean, and truly pious man, to reside in this provincial city. Flavia immediately renounced her balls; not to return to her romances, but to hold little assemblies at her house; to which none but persons religiously disposed were invited.

Upon this sudden and peculiarly remarkable change, these different opinions of Flavia were broached, and became the subjects of endless discussions.

The president of the college, who was a wit, and a writer in a literary journal, had an expeditious solution for the problem; for he maintained that Flavia had no character at all, and that a poet could make nothing of her, either on the stage, or in a novel.

The dean, and his followers, were also very earnest in delivering sentiments on this occasion. Flavia, they said, had been a worldly-minded person; one who, after corrupting her private hours by the study of profane writings, had afterward openly espoused the cause of iniquity, by appearing at balls, plays, and similar diversions, suitable

to the depraved taste of unthinking youth; but that of late, a happy conversion had taken place, and that nothing could equal the sincerity of her repentance.

The whole attention of the doctor was directed to the animal system of Flavia, and by no means to the religious or moral constitution of her mind. This lady, said he, has ruined her health, in the first instance, by a too sedentary life, and too close application to books; and in the second, by a long run of sleepless nights, through which, by degrees, the whole mass of her blood has been overheated and thickened; a slight course of bleedings, and some Seltzer water, in the spring, might be of service to her.

Each of these gentlemen, it is plain, had a system of his own; a perspective, through the medium of which all objects appeared to him of one hue. As to the rest of the neighbours, consolidated, on the one hand, by their own short-sightedness, and placing on the other, undiminished confidence in the glasses of those that have been mentioned, each adopted one of the foregoing opinions, according as he was more or less connected with the authority, or as it agreed with some interest of his own.

The bookseller, who had pocketed a pretty considerable sum by the large orders for spiritual books, with which he had served Flavia, was entirely with the church party, and felt the liveliest joy at the unlooked-for conversion.

The dress-maker, whose best customer Flavia had been, and who had now wholly lost her custom, supported, or rather went beyond the doctor, giving, to what he called melancholy, the name of madness.

The shoemaker, who suffered only partially, was of the moderate opinion of the president, and only lamented that so charming a lady as Flavia should not know her own mind.

Only one man in the city, a man quite of the common stamp, and a linen-draper by trade, but one who had not impaired his sight, which was naturally good, by the use of spectacles or glasses; and who, besides, had never shared in any part of the custom of

Flavia; this man had a better guess than all the rest, and was fortunate enough to dive into the truth.

Being, one Sunday, in company with certain of his fellow citizens, and the bookseller introducing the subject, which he did by the following ejaculation, accompanied by a deep sigh, 'The grace of God has wrought miracles upon our neighbour, Mrs. Flavia!' he maintained roundly to his face, that, on the contrary, the finger of heaven had had nothing to do in the business. A moment after, flatly he contradicted the dress-maker, who was for constructing the whole into madness; and the shoemaker, who, repeating his old common-place, alleged, that 'She did not know what she would be at!'

This lady, said the linen-draper, understands perfectly well what she is about; and if you, my friends, were not blind, you would understand it too. Pray, tell me, who was the person held in most estimation, in our city, during the life-time of the late privy-counsellor?—The privy-counsellor himself. And, after his death, when the doctor came to reside among us, to whom did we pull off our hats with the greatest ceremony?—why nobody but the doctor. And when his highness thought proper to send among us the dean, who was the man that made a greater figure in the town than the doctor?—No other than the dean himself.—Very well! only weigh this circumstance, as you thought, and you will find the matter out.

The whole company smiled; and the general opinion was, that the little linen-draper, notwithstanding his dull heavy look, had given a true explanation, an opinion which elated him much, and emboldened him to proceed: 'Yes, gentlemen,' added he, striking the table with his fist, if this dean should chance to die, and no person succeed in his office, I give you my word for it, the lady will return again to the doctor, and his bells!'

Circumstances did not exactly fall out in this manner; but what actually came to pass was not very different in its nature. The prince, who was a very religious sovereign, recalled

the dean to his court, where he made him his confessor; and, shortly after, sent a regiment to this obscure city. The major of the regiment, a very personable man, carried his wife, soon after his arrival, to sup with Flavia; and Flavia returned the compliment at the major's. The major's wife, when, in the dress of an amazon, she mounted her horse, was the admiration of the whole city, for the elegance of her figure, and the gracefulness of her carriage. Flavia, who was convinced that her own figure and carriage were in no wise inferior to those of the major's wife, lost no time in purchasing a horse, and was soon seen at the side of the fair stranger, dressed also like an amazon, in a green jacket, edged with gold.

'This woman has no character at all!' exclaimed the president of the college, as she passed under his window.

The parish-priest, returning from visiting the sick, pronounced her no longer in a state of grace.

'This is as it should be!' cried the doctor, as he sat at his door, on the opposite side of the way, smoking his pipe, in the morning: 'This is as it should be! she observes a better regimen now, and takes the air.' 'I' faith, she is in a fair way of recovery!'

Thus each found in the new occurrence some thing to strengthen, or at least agree with his own system; and, what ought to have undeceived them, served only to confirm them in their error. But the linen-draper, once more, considered the subject in its proper point of view. Meeting Flavia, near the bleaching-ground, on horse back, and in her military costume, he shook his great head, and said, within himself, 'See, what vanity can do!'

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 12.

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM IV.—BY LEBEID, CONTINUED.

The poem of Lebeid abounds with beauties of the highest order; and,

though it is possible, that among its six companions, there may be others that possess a stronger charm for native readers, with foreigners, at least, it is this that must take undisputed possession of the first rank. Others may surpass him in popular allusions or sentiments, in favorite descriptions, and even a daring energy; but his genius leads him to the tender and the beautiful, and in these walks he has in the whole Moallakat, no rival. Every delicate and interesting circumstance presents itself to his imagination, and is ready to his pen. What exquisite painting have we in his address to the remains of the camp, and his narrative of the departure of the tribe! Of the camp, nought is left but the trenches, called by Sir William Jones the *canals*, cut round the tents, to drain the spot on which they stand, and the *thamam-plants* with which they are joined.

The sound of striking the tents is a very beautiful circumstance: 'How were thy tender affections raised, when the damsels of the tribe departed, when they hid themselves in carriages of cotton, like *envelopes* hid in their hair, and the tents, as they were struck, gave a piercing sound.' Surely we hear and see this departure.

They were concealed in vehicles well covered with awnings and carpets, with fine-spun curtains and pictured [embroidered] veils; a company of maidens were seated in them, like wild heifers of Tuda; or the roes of Wagers tenderly gazing on their young. They hastened their camels, till the saltry vapour gradually stole them from my sight; and they seemed to pass through a vale, wild with tamarisks and rough with large stones, like the valley of Beisha. This fine picture is followed by the remonstrances of Lebeid's companions against the continued indulgence of a hopeless passion; but he, resolved to visit her, commences the description of his camel.

It is here, as well as in every place where the manners of animals are to be drawn, that the genius of Lebeid bursts forth with peculiar lustre. In the passage just quoted, he compares the females of the tribe with the roes

of Wegera, *tenderly gazing on their young*; and, in his sketch of the valley in which the camp had stood, he tells us, that there *the large-eyed wild cows lie suckling their young, who will soon become a herd on the plain*. But, in the description of the camel, we have two of the finest pictures, of this class, that poetry can show; that of the male and female wild ass, in their savage retirement, and that of the *wild-cow, whose calf has been devoured*. Buffon is admired as the *biographer* of animals, and surely Lebeid is their *poet*!—A female wild-ass, whose teats are distended with milk, while the male, by whom she is with foal, is grown lean with driving his rivals from her, with biting and kicking them in his rage. He runs with her up the crooked hills, although he has been wounded in his battles; but her present coyness, compared with her late fondness, fills him with surprise. He ascends the sandy hillocks of Thalbut, and explores its deserted top, fearing lest an enemy should lurk behind the guide-stones. There they remain till the close of the sixth month, till the frosty season is past: they subsist on herbage, without water; their time of fasting is long. The thorns of the buhma-plant wound their hind-legs; and the sultry winds of summer drive them violently on their course. At length, *they form in their minds a fixed resolution of seeking some cool rivulet*, and the object of their *settled purpose* is nearly attained. They alternately raise high clouds of dust, with an extended shade. He passes on, but makes her run before him; for such is his usual course, when he fears that she will linger behind. They rush over the margin of the rivulet; they divide the waters of the full stream.

The lively simplicity of this picture will recommend it to every reader; in that which follows, are many exquisite touches:—A wild cow, whose calf has been devoured by ravenous wild beasts, when she had *suffered* him to graze apart, and *relied for his protection* on the leader of the herd; a mother with flat nostrils, who, as soon as she misses her young, ceases not to run hastily round the vales between the

sand-hills, and to fill them with her mournful cries; *with cries for her white-haired young*, who now lies rolled in dust, after the dun wolves, hunters of the desert, have divided his mangled limbs, and their feast has not been interrupted.—They met him *in the moment of her neglect*; they seized him with eagerness; for, oh! how unerring are the arrows of death! What a collection of beautiful circumstances follow:—She passes the night in agony, while the rain falls in a continued shower, and drenches the tangled groves with a profuse stream. She shelters herself under the root of a tree, whose boughs are thick, apart from the other trees, whose fine sounds are shaken by her motion: yet the successive drops fall on her striped back, while the clouds of night veil the light of the stars. Her white hair glimmers when the darkness is just coming on, and sparkles like the pearls of a merchant, when he scatters them from the string. At length, when the clouds are dispersed, she rises early, and her hoofs glide on the slippery ground. She grows impatient, and wild with grief; she lies frantic in the pool of Soayed for seven whole days, with their twin sisters, and now she is in total despair: her teats, which were full of milk, are grown flaccid and dry, though they are not worn by suckling and weaning her young.

We may observe the art of the poet, in thus heightening the distress of his picture by the introduction of a heavy rain, which drives the *mother with flat nostrils* under the shelter of a tree, a tree, the poet tells us, grows among others, with a straight and naked stem, but one that stands apart, and has spreading branches. The fine sand at its foot trembles with her motion. But, under this tree, still the rain falls in successive drops on her striped back. To tell us that her back is *striped* is to enable us to see it; had the rain fallen on her back only, so general a picture would have affected us but little. The horror of darkness is superadded to that of the rain; this is nothing extraordinary; but the judicious poet could not neglect to present it to our imagination: we might have overlooked it. The circumstance

that follows none but a rural poet could have thought of delineating; but it is a genuine touch: *Her white hair glimmers amid the darkness of the evening.* 'At length, when the clouds are dispersed, she rises early.' Every cow does this; but what rural painting! She rises early, *to seek her young.* Yet another, distressful circumstance: amid the impatience of her mind, her hoofs slide on the slippery ground. Then, the fever which follows, and induces her to lie seven days and nights in the pool of Soayed! and, lastly, her teats, which are flaccid and dry, *though they are not worn by sucking and weaning her young.* The gaiety of the strains that follow, and the description of the horse, are also among the distinguished beauties of this poem.

The Mahomedan writers tell a story of Lebeid, which deserves to be mentioned here: it was a custom, it seems, among the old Arabians, for the most eminent versifiers to hang up some chosen couplets on the gate of the temple, as a public challenge to their brethren, who strove to answer them before the next meeting at Oadth. Now Lebeid, who, we are told, had been a violent opposer of Mahommed, fixed a poem on the gate, beginning with the following distich, in which he apparently meant to reflect on the new religion: *Are not all things in vain, which come not from God? and will not all honours decay, but those which he confers?* These lines appeared so sublime, that none of the poets ventured to answer them; till Mahommed, who was himself a poet, having composed a new chapter of his Alcoran (the second I think), placed the opening of it by the side of Lebeid's poem, who no sooner read it, than he declared it to be something divine, confessed his own inferiority, tore his verses from the gate, and embraced the religion of his rival; to whom he was afterwards extremely useful in replying to the satires of Amrookais, who was continually attacking the doctrine of Mahommed: the Asiatics add, that their lawgiver acknowledged, sometime after, that no heathen poet had ever produced a nobler distich than that of Lebeid just quoted!

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

THE ADELPHIAD.

No. 52.

The thanks of mankind are undoubtedly due to the biographer of Cowper, for giving us so much in the language of his author, and so little in his own. Adopting a mode of writing sanctioned by a respectable modern precedent, he has arranged the familiar letters of Cowper to his friends in the order of time in which they were written, and has thus made his author *speak his own Biography.* A man must be blind indeed to the beauties of polite writing, who does not see, at a single glance, how far the style of Cowper transcends his biographer. However, all criticism on this subject is foreign from our present purpose. The reader will observe in these interesting memoirs a man constitutionally miserable. The nerves of Cowper were formed dangerously delicate. Those little rubs and vexations of life, which in an ordinary man would have been forgotten as soon as felt, deranged the whole economy of a system so peculiarly formed. Added to this susceptibility of misery, he was afflicted with a melancholy that overshadowed his whole life, and sometimes brooded on his mind with Egyptian darkness. It is difficult to conceive the misery of such a life protracted to a late date, when another phantom more terrible still was added to this melancholy group, *despondency of salvation.* Characters of this kind are not formed for active life. All that can be expected from them is, that in a state of seclusion from the world, surrounded only by a circle of a few select friends, in the midst of innocent avocations and amusements, they would endeavour to nurse their diseased minds into tranquillity and repose. Hence arose Cowper's passion for retirement, which was so inveterate, that nothing could subdue it. The glitter and decorations of London had no fascinations for a mind sick and sore under the pressure of constitutional evil. The integrity of his virtue he kept to the

last. Nothing can be a more interesting spectacle than to see calm and patient virtue suffering, but not repining, at the afflictions of Providence, and awaiting the hour of its dissolution, and majestic in the midst of its sorrows. The brilliancy of Cowper's character acquired new force from surrounding darkness. For a long period of his life, his reason was unable to cope with opponents so powerful, and the diseases of his mind settled into insanity. A Reverend Divine, in his funeral sermon, wantonly exposed a part of his character in these awful moments, which natural delicacy, a tenderness for the memory of the deceased, and above all a regard to the religion which he professed, should have taught him to conceal. The public have no right to know what is done or attempted by any man in his hours of insanity, and no one can divulge it without a shameful dereliction of duty. The biographer has drawn a benevolent veil over this part of Cowper's life, and testified by his silence his respect to his memory. Whenever it comports with the designs of a mysterious and inscrutable Providence to deprive a fellow-mortal of his reason, we may justly tremble for the integrity of our own. A restless night, a mind broken by the anxieties of business, deep study, sickness or lassitude, the most ordinary vicissitude to which human nature is liable, frequently converts the man of brilliant intellect into a candidate for Bedlam. Genius is peculiarly liable to such tremendous attacks. That rapid and intuitive glance of the mind on the subject, and that facility of combination which are the distinguishing properties of genius, are of themselves nearly allied to insanity. From this cause perhaps, more than any other, men who were regarded by their own time and by after ages as prodigies of genius, have paid dearly for the value of the boon, and fell martyrs to madness. Such a malady calls for the tear of compassion, for all the aids that charity can lend, and a benevolent concealment of its actions. Thus was Cowper afflicted; he turned his back on the kindling glories of the firmament, and contemplated the gloom of his own

shadow. We shall shortly see that his page is oppressed by the melancholy of his life, to which it is a faithful expositor.

THE ADELPHIAD.

No. 59.

There is a ridiculous kind of prudery in definition, when applied to particular objects. Men who have worn away their intellects against the sharp corners of a triangle, judge of poetry as they would of a mathematical problem. It is a sufficient answer to all such affectation of precision to say, that *poetry appeals to the passions, and is therefore incapable of definition*. So long as the heart is delighted; so long as the reader's passions flow in the same channel with the author's; whatever rigid pedantry may say in disparagement, the *poetry is good*. Nature, in the production of the mind, acts as she does in *external creation*. Here the eye roves over a range of prospect disposed with *mathematical exactness*; and there it groups together mountains, rivers and forests, with a *license truly poetic*. In short, poetry, like the occult forces in nature, is best known by the effect. The page of Thomson resembles a pellucid lake, where the spectator beholds the earth, the sky, and all the gay varieties of creation, reflected in a fair and regular proportion. We gaze on the multitude of objects there assembled, with an equanimity of pleasure, until some superior thought, like a curl upon the surface of the lake, causes the mind to swell with joy and admiration.

Personification of inanimate objects has ever been a dexterous engine in the hands of the poet. The reader will observe how Thomson has managed it. We contemplate with complacency the character of Russia's illustrious Peter, until the last line lifts the mind from its serenity into a swell of delight.

"Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every part,
(His sceptre laid aside) with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, and useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.

Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities rise amidst the illumin'd waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd;
The astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar."

The endowing one object with the properties of another, to which it bears a remote and fantastic affinity, forms another prerogative of the poet. This enables him to give to his subjects new properties, not obvious to an ordinary eye. How finely has Thomson availed himself of this privilege to tell us, that the polar regions are uninhabitable! His muse, it seems, is

"Still pressing on beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life itself goes out."

Thomson's muse is usually too delicate for satire; but occasionally she assumes a tone of reproof. The clergyman, who mixes in riot and dissipation, and appropriates to his own enjoyment what he censures in others, may recognize in Thomson's mirror the fidelity of the original.

"Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch;
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times."

It is well known that our passions are variously affected by our different circumstances in life. Whether the heart is exhilarated by hope, or depressed by despair, confirmed by confidence, or shaken by doubt, it still obeys the impulse of accident. The poet must therefore consider the human heart in all its relations; and trace the vicissitudes of passion according to the *vicissitude of events*. He must accommodate his mind to the situation of his hero, and pour out his own passions through the channel of another. This is what is called *writing from nature*. The reader then goes hand in hand with the author, and is amazed to find the feelings of his own heart so forcibly expressed by a stranger to its sensations. Let us now try Thomson by this test.—Observe now the night-bewildered man, in the midst of a snow-drift, "stung

with the thoughts of home," yet fearing to proceed, not knowing what treachery lies lurking beneath its deceitful surface.

"Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,

Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent, beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge
Smooth'd up with snow, and what is land unknown,

What water of the yet unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

Mix'd with the tender anguish, nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the *dying man*."

The poet has not left to conjecture what the cause of this anguish is; for

"Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friend, nor sacred home."

There is certainly some propinquity between the following passages from Thomson and Gray:

"In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence."

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

Let us now reverse this gloomy picture; for it is injustice to our bard to suppose him capable of leaving the heart of his reader in a melancholy state. Behold now the sheep in the hands of the shearer:

His benevolence, on which we have commented so much, is again awakened, and vents itself in the following beautiful apostrophe:

"How meek! how patient! the mild creature lies!

What softness in his melancholy face!
What dumb complaining innocence appears!"
"Fear not, ye gentle tribes; 'tis not the knife

Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you war'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guarded shears,

Who, having now to pay his annual care,
Barrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbersome load,

Will send you bounding to your hills again."

W.

For the Port Folio.

For the following sketch of Stanley, an early English writer, we are indebted to the researches of George Ellis, Esq. The specimens of poetry that follow, are very honourable to the talents of the author.

He was a very learned editor of *Æschylus* and the author of "*The History of Philosophy*," and nephew of Sandys, the traveller and poet. He pursued his studies first at home, and afterwards in Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, under the direction of Mr. William Fairfax, son to the celebrated translator of Tasso. Having continued at the university till he had taken the degree of A. M. and been admitted to the same at Oxford, 1640, he then travelled in foreign countries; and on his return lived, during part of the civil wars, in the Middle Temple. He was the friend of Shirley, Sherburne, Hall, and Suckling. His poems, 1651, 12mo. consist principally of translations, with a few original compositions, from which the following specimens are borrowed. He married when young, and died in 1678.*

Philips, after commending his other works, adds that Stanley was particularly honoured for his smooth air and gentle spirit in poetry; which appears not only in his own genuine poems, but also from what he has so well translated out of ancient Greek, and modern Italian, Spanish and French poets, as to make his own.

SONG.

When, dearest Beauty, thou shalt pay
Thy faith and my vain hope away,
To some dull soul that cannot know
The worth of that thou dost bestow:
Lest with my sighs and tears I might
Disturb thy unconfin'd delight,
To some dark shade I will retire,
And there, forgot by all, expire.
Thus while the difference thou shall prove,
Betwixt a feign'd and real love,
Whilst he more happy, but less true,
Shall reap those joys I do pursue:
And will those pleasures crown'd be,
Which faith, which love, design'd for me?
Then those perhaps thyself will find,
Cruel too long, or too soon kind.

* See Laugbain. Wood's Fasti, I. 284, and the Biographia Britannica.

Though when I lov'd thee, thou wert fair,
Thou art no longer so:
Those glories all the pride they wear,
Unto opinion owe.
Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre shine,
And 'twas my love that gave thee thine.
The flames, which dwell within thine eye,
Do ne'er with mine expire;
Thy brightest graces fade and die,
At once with my desire.
Love's fires thus mutual influence return,
Thine cease to shine when mine do burn.
Then, proud Celinda, hope no more;
To be implor'd or woo'd;
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestow'd.
And thy despis'd disdain too late shall find
That none are fair, but who are kind.

LOVE'S HERETIC.

He, whose active thoughts disdain
To be captive to one foe,
And would break his single chain,
Or else, more, would undergo;
Let him learn the art of me,
By new bondage, to be free.
What tyrannic mistress dare
To one beauty love confine?
Who, unbounded as the air,
All may court; but none decline.
Why should we the heart deny,
As many objects as the eye?
Wheresoe'er I turn or move,
A new passion doth detain me;
Those kind beauties, that do love,
Or those proud ones, that disdain me:
This frown melts, and that smile burns me;
This to tears, that ashes turns me:
Soft fresh virgins, not full blown,
With their youthful sweetness take me;
Sober matrons, that have known,
Long since, what these prove, awake me:
Here, staid coldness I admire,
There, the lively active fire.
She that doth by skill dispense
Every favour she bestows;
Or the harmless innocence,
Which no court nor city knows;
Both alike my soul inflame,
That wild beauty, and this tame.
She, that wisely can adorn,
Nature with the wreath of art,
Or whose rural sweets do scorn
Borrowed helps to take a heart;
The vain care of that's my pleasure,
Poverty of this, my treasure.
Both the wanton and the coy,
Me with equal pleasures move;
She whom I by force enjoy,
Or who forceth me to love;
This because she'll not confess,
That, not hide her happiness.
She, whose loosely flowing hair,
Scatter'd like the beams of th' morn,

Playing with the sportive air,
 Hides the sweets it doth adorn;
 Captive in the net restrains me,
 In those golden fetters chains me.

Nor doth she with power less bright,
 My divided heart invade,
 Whose soft tresses spread, like night,
 O'er her shoulders a black shade;
 For the starlight of her eyes,
 Brightly shines through those dark skies.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
 I alike with all can sport,
 The bold sprightly Thais' woo,
 Or the frozen vestal court:
 Every beauty takes my mind,
 Tied to all—to none confin'd,

[In the Boston Repertory, a political gazette of uncommon merit, we find the following ingenious and satirical article. From internal evidence, we ascribe it to one of the first orators and statesman in our country: a splendid and a sound character, whose industry keeps pace with his genius, and whose integrity is not less pure than his style.]

‘A man who has travelled in Europe will be struck, when he returns to his own country, at the style of our newspapers. He will see Bonaparte play Emperor with a body-guard of tall grenadiers of some thousands. He will see a little German prince, who has less land in his principality than belongs to the heirs of the late Mr. Bingham, in our eastern country, parade it with a military establishment, twice as large as that of the United States. The King of Prussia, with a population little more numerous than that of the United States, is going to stand the first shock of the French, which is always impetuous.

The American nation is highly civilized, full of resources, of an enterprising spirit, and growing up to greatness as rapidly as their own Indian corn. There is no country where men are produced so fast, or where their labour is worth so much, or so much in demand. Of course, a pair of hands is a part of the public stock, and of the stock too that brings in the highest interest and profit of any. Every male child comes into the world with a purse of one hundred guineas in his hand.

An American returning from France or England will be struck, we repeat it,

with the style of our newspapers. For instance:

“There will certainly be war on the frontier next to Mexico. The Spaniards are in force 1500 regular troops, chiefly cavalry, and General Wilkinson, the commander in chief of our regular troops, has advanced to meet them. Our army is 300 strong. A reinforcement of 100 militia is expected from the province of Louisiana. Notwithstanding the inequality of force, Gen. Wilkinson, who thinks a battle inevitable, hopes to give a good account of the enemy!!”

In the foregoing, there is no exaggeration of the ridiculous tenor of our newspaper articles.

One would really think the republick of St. Marino were going to war. When Roxbury voted not to arm its shipping, even Roxbury could have arrayed as great an army, and a Commander in Chief as high in rank as Gen. Wilkinson.

The diminutive part we play in the great world is unspeakably shameful. A nation that we have fondly hoped was born for glory, and destined to play a great and conspicuous part on the world's stage, is let down by a coward's reign, below notice. We seem to have dropt through a scuttle, and to have disappeared from off the stage. The world must see cause to think better of us before it will honour us with its contempt.

Our several play-houses have as many candle-snuffers as poor Wilkinson has soldiers: and these candle-snuffers are sometimes paraded, alas, with what danger to liberty! as soldiers. Massachusetts, with almost 500 townships, has more constables. The several States and Congress can muster nearly two thousand legislators, rank and file; and dire work they make of it for six weeks every year.

Yet our STANDING ARMY, that is less numerous than our gangs of counterfeiters, our play-house candle-snuffers, our constables, or our legislators, has produced a dreadful revolution in our government, and to this day will not let our people sleep.

The genius of the Englishman, Opie, or American, West, might embody on canvass the following images of a real poet. SCOTT, in his lay of the last Minstrel, a poem of which we can never tire, has displayed powers of genius; that, not only in the present, but in the after time, will ensure him the Poet's meed.

EXTRACT.

From Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.

So passed the day—the evening fell;
Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm;
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchmen on the tower
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret lov'd and blest
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret, sitting long,
She wak'd at times the lute's soft tone;
Touch'd a wild note, and all between,
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green;
Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eye sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

Is yon the star o'er Peachryst-Peh,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?
O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw fier tightened breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

The war-drum with its blazing string,
And blew his war-note loud and long;
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood and river, rung around:
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
And started forth the warriors all,
Far downward in the castle-yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glar'd,
And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,
Were in the blaze half seen, half lost,
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was reddened by the torch's glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud.
"On Peachryst glows a ball of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaugwiring,"
&c.

For the Port Folio.

[The genius of D'Israeli, who is extremely happy in his recollection, and elegant in his manner of telling anecdotes of literature, has adorned the ensuing narrative

with his usual grace. Miss Edgworth alludes to this Jewish fable, very ingeniously, in her Practical Education.]

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

From the curiosities of literature.

I recollect a pretty story, which, in the Talmud or Gemara, some Rabbi has attributed to Solomon.

At the foot of the throne stood the queen of Sheba; in each hand she held a wreath of flowers; the one composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labor of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues, and the variegated beauties of nature; so that at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which was the natural and which the artificial. The sagacious Solomon seemed posed; yet to be vanquished, tho' in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David—he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions, "from the cedar to the hyssop," to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman with shreds of paper and glazed paintings! The honor of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient presented itself to the king—and it must be confessed, worthy of the Natural Philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering round a window, he commanded that it should be opened. It was opened. The bees rushed into the court, and lighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other; the decision was not then difficult: the learned Rabbi shook their heads in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical tale; it would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral; that the bee only rests on the natural beauties, and never fixes on the painted flowers, however inimitably the colour may be laid on. This applied to the ladies would give it pungency.

For the Port Folio.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[For the amusement of the general reader, as well as for the edification of the gentlemen of the Bar, we delight sometimes to select from the Law Reports of London, such cases, as may excite a smile in the countenance of the gravest Judge or Barrister.]

Middlesex sessions, Sept. 16.

ASSAULT AND CRIM. CON.

Mrs. MARY HIGGINS, a responsible dealer in *oysters, muscles, ferrywinkles, &c. &c.* from the parlours of Carnaby Market, was indicted for violently assaulting a female friend, named Elizabeth Bradley. From the testimony of the Prosecutrix it appeared, that the Defendant is the wife of a shoe-maker, who carries on his leathern operations in a room contiguous to the stall of his rib; that Mrs. B. who was an acquaintance of the family, one day paid them a morning visit, either for the purpose of tasting Mrs. Higgins's oysters, or having her shoes heeltapped by her friend Crispin. But, as those friendly meetings are seldom deemed *cordial* without a modicum of *gin* or *anniseed*, just to oil the wheels of affection, Mrs. Higgins was detached with her *pocket-pistol* for a pint of Hodges's *best high flavoured juniper*, leaving her *sposo* and her female friend *tête-à-tête*; but on her return with the reviving elixir, what was her astonishment and indignation to find her *sposo* and her friend in a situation not to be named! the gin bottle flew at their heads in an instant: *lasts, lap-stones, hammers, and fegging awls*, following in quick succession.—Mrs. Higgins *bristling* up with anger, *waxed* exceeding wroth; and, brandishing the *boot-trees*, threatened to close her husband's days, and put an end to her life.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all."

—CRISPIN, terrified at the vengeance of his enraged *sposa*, apprehensive of a severe *leathering*, and not liking *size-stick*, with which she threatened to measure his head, abandoned his quarters, took to his heels and *vamped* off without ceremony, leaving his frail gossip

to receive from Mrs. Higgins a complete *welting* in black and blue; from which no *crap* could save her; although she sought to conciliate the ire of Mrs. Higgins, by assuring her that her husband was as much to blame as she was.

Mrs. Higgins, satisfied with the ample damages she had taken of her rival, had no notion of proceeding to Doctors Commons for further revenge; but Mrs. Bradley thought fit to prosecute for the assault.

Mrs. Higgins acknowledged the fact, and was of course subject to a verdict of guilty, and fined one shilling.

For the Port Folio.

POLICE.

MANSION HOUSE—BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR.

Yesterday *thirteen bakers* were summoned before the Lord Mayor, upon a charge of making a false return of the average price of flour last week, namely, at 75s per sack instead of 70s the real average, in order to mislead his lordship in regulating the assize of bread for the week.

The deception was discovered by comparing the return of the bakers with that of the meal-weighers; and the Lord Mayor very properly resolved to punish the attempt. The whole batch looked quite *brown* upon the occasion; and on being taxed with their deception, one or two attempted to be *flowery* in pleading their excuse, though for the most part, they seemed rather *meaty-mouthed*. Some appeared quite *soddened*, others affected to *rise* in their consequence; some appeared *flat* as cakes, others *fermented* with apprehension, like yeast; some looked *sour* as alum, and others pale as *dead men*, at the discovery. But the Lord Mayor, with a laudable antipathy to all *rogues in grain*, determined to *work* these gentry, who, full of *old leaven*, no doubt expected to *sack* a round sum by the manœuvre from the industrious poor, who are but too frequently *ground* by such exaction. They were every one fined, and obliged to "come down with their dust," at which they seemed con-

foundedly *crusty*. Convinced that this was not the way to butter their *bread*, they all *bolied* together; and, resolving to try their hands at *malt*, since they were so unlucky in *meal*, they *mizzled off* to the next beer-house for a *soak*, determined to *wet their sponges*, and concert some mode of recovering their costs in the *rolls-office*, or the *college of corn doctors in Mark-lane*.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

PARODY.

I love that drum's re-echoing sound,
Parading round and round and round,
To me it tells of martial deeds,
Of tented fields and neighing steeds;
Of British standards wide unfurl'd,
Defying still a threatening world;
Of hearts elate, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings we enjoy to guard.

I love to hear that cheering drum,
Which strikes the pallid Frenchman dumb;
It calls to mind the glorious blaze
Of Edward's, and of Henry's days;
Of Egypt conquer'd, Acre's height,
And Bonaparte's disgraceful flight—
Still may we hear the gladsome sound,
Till Bonaparté bites the ground.

EXTRACT

From the "*Wanderer of Switzerland*," a Poem,
lately published in England.

A wanderer of Switzerland, advanced in years, accompanied by his wife, his daughter, and her children, emigrated from their country, in consequence of its subjugation by the French in 1793. On their way they stopped at the cottage of a Shepherd, when the following dialogue takes place.

SHEPHERD.

"Wanderer! whither dost thou roam?
Weary Wänderer, old and gray!
Wherefore hast thou left thine home,
In the sunset of thy day?"

WANDERER.

"In the sunset of my day,
Stranger I have lost my home;
Weary, wandering, old, and gray,
Therefore, therefore, do I roam.

"Here mine arms a wife enfold,
Fainting in their weak embrace;
There my daughter's charms behold,
Withering in that widow'd face.

"These their infants,—Oh! their sire,
Worthy of the race of TELL,
In the battle's fiercest fire,
In his country's battle—fell!"

SHEPHERD.

"Switzerland, then, gave thee birth?"

WANDERER.

"Ah,—'twas Switzerland of yore:
But, degraded spot of earth,
Thou art Switzerland no more!

"O'er thy mountains sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd,
Like the waters of the flood,
Rolling round a buried world."

SHEPHERD.

"Yet will time the deluge stop;
Then may Switzerland be blest;
On St. Gothard's hoary top
Shall the Ark of Freedom rest."

WANDERER.

"No!—Irreparably lost,
On the day that made us slaves,
Freedom's Ark, by tempests tost,
Founder'd in the swallowing waves."

SHEPHERD.

"Welcome, Wanderer, as thou art,
All my blessings to partake;
Yes, thrice welcome to my heart,
For thine injur'd country's sake.

"On the western hills afar,
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favorite star,
Bright'ning on the brow of night."

INSCRIPTION FOR A BOWER.

Thou, whom the sacred love of sweet repose
From the vexatious cares of busy life
Hath won, with confidence approach this
Bower!
Abstracted from the follies, guilt, and woes,
That haunt too oft the crowded scene of strife,
Here may'st thou pass the calm, the blameless hour;
While dripping rocks their limpid stores
distil,
And with a gentle, soul-composing sound,
Into the vale descends the murmuring rill;
And birds their blended song pour thro' the
shades around.

HAFIZ.

Of all the terrible tempests that deform the face of nature, and repress human presumption, the sandy tempests of Arabia, once Africa, are the most terrible, and strike the imagination most strongly. To conceive a proper idea of these, we are by no means to suppose them resembling those whirlwinds of dust, that we sometimes see scattering in our air, and sprinkling their contents upon our roads and meadows. The sand storm of Africa exhibits a very different appearance. As the sand, of which the whirlwind is composed, is excessively fine, and almost resembles the parts of water, its motion resembles that of a fluid; and the whole plain seems to float onward, like a slow inundation. The body of sand, thus rolling, is deep enough to bury houses and palaces in its bosom: travellers, who are crossing those extensive deserts, perceive its approach at a distance, and, in general have time to avoid it, or turn out of its way, as it generally extends but to a moderate breadth. However, when it is extremely rapid, or very extensive, as sometimes is the case, no swiftness no art can avail; nothing then remains, but to meet death with fortitude, and submit to be buried alive with resignation.

It was the fault of the philosophers of the last age to be more inquisitive after the causes of things, than after the things themselves. They seemed to think that a confession of ignorance cancelled their claims to wisdom: they therefore had a solution for every demand. But the present age has grown, if not more inquisitive, at least more modest; and none are now ashamed of that ignorance which labour can neither remedy nor remove.

When I consider, says the pensive Goldsmith, the various vicissitudes of nature; lands swallowed by yawning earthquakes, or overwhelmed in the deep; rivers and lakes disappearing or dried away; mountains levelled into plains, and plains swelling up into mountains; I cannot help regarding this earth as a place of very little sta-

bility; as a transient abode of still more transitory beings.

If, says Coleridge, we except Lucretius and Statius, I know not of any Latin poet, ancient or modern, who has equalled Casimer, in boldness of conception, opulence of fancy, or beauty of versification. The odes of this illustrious Jesuit were translated into English, about one hundred and fifty years ago, by a Thomas Hilt. I never saw the translation. A few of the odes have been translated, in a very animated manner, by Watts. I have subjoined an imitation of the third ode of the second book, which, with the exception of the first line, is an effusion of exquisite elegance. In it I am sensible that I have destroyed the effect of suddenness, by translating into two stanzas what is one in the original.

The solemn breathing air is ended,
Cease, O lyre, thy kindred lay
From the poplar branch suspended,
Glitter to the eye of day.

On thy wires, hovering, dying,
Softly sighs the summer wind:
I will slumber careless lying,
By yon water fall reclined.
In the forest, hollow moaning,
Hark! I hear a deepning sound;
Clouds rise thick with heavy lowering,
See! the horizon blackens round.

Parent of the soothing measure,
Let me seize thy wetted string:
Swiftly flies the flatterer, pleasure,
Headlong ever on the wing.

Cowley sometimes, even when love is his theme, can talk a little like a man of this world.

Well then, I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy.

And they methinks deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive the city.
Ah! yet e'er I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have;
And a few friends, and many books, both true,

Both wise, and both delightful too;
And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good, as guardian angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me.

PESTS OF SOCIETY.

There is not a more intolerable nuisance, says Mons. Chevreau, than a false friend. Nothing more formidable than an opulent scoundrel and an avaricious judge. Nothing more disgusting than a dogmatical scholar. Nothing more common than a knavish gamester. Nothing more despicable than a Prince devoid of truth. And nothing more ridiculous than an amorous old woman.

The grumblers in Mr. Pitt's day, because he taxed *Wine*, will surely now be pleased with his successor Petty, since he only taxes *Small Beer*.

A learned schoolmaster being lately interrogated by one of his scholars with respect to the etymology of the word *syntax*, replied, after some sage consideration, that it received its meaning from the circumstance of the ancients having laid a *tax* on *sin*.

WRITTEN ON A LOOKING-GLASS.

In me, false Thais, as you pass,
Your likeness may be seen;
Without, all tinsel, paint, and glass,
All *mercury*—within.

ANECDOTES.

The late John Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally practised in the same humble though hereditary occupation himself, being one day strutting in the Green Room, in a pair of glittering buckles, a gentleman who was present remarked, that they really resembled diamonds. "Sir," said the actor, with some warmth, "I would have you know I never wear any thing except *diamonds*."—"I ask your pardon," replied the gentleman, "I remember the time when you wore nothing but *paste*." This produced a loud laugh, which was heightened by Jack Bannister jogging him on the elbow, and dryly saying, "D—n me, Jack, why don't you *stick* him against the wall?"

When Mr. Wilkes was persecuted in the year 1769, and confined in the King's Bench, General C——informed the K—g, that many presents had been

sent to him by his numerous admirers; among the rest a gentleman had sent him forty-five hampers of different wines; on this his M——y punningly observed, that it was not a very friendly office to *hamper* him more than he was already.

A quaker at Bristol was remarkable for never giving a direct answer to any question that was put to him. A gentleman one day laid a considerable wager that he would draw a direct reply from Obadiah to a question that he should put to him. He accordingly went, and met the quaker in the street. "Pray, sir," says he, "is the post come in?" "Dost thee expect any letters?" asked the quaker—So the bet was lost.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"The verses with the signature of SPARTA" are elegant in their versification, but the principles inculcated in them are most abominably infamous. The author, beyond a doubt, is a furious jacobin.

This is a fatal circumstance. This is the "dead fly in the ointment, which causeth the whole to send forth a nauseous savour." The fairest chaplets of the muse cannot adorn the detestable brow of such a character; the corrutions of genius itself serve only to aggravate the horrors of political depravity. The radiance of a mind, thus perniciously exerted, is like the glare of the falchions of Milton's apostate troop.

The sudden blaze far round illumines—HELL.

Our tiny friend need not repine at his diminutiveness. His mind is capacious, though his body is small.

My lord CLARENDON tells us, that the celebrated John Hales, of Eaton, was one of the *best men in the kingdom*, and one of the *greatest scholars in Europe*.

From R. who favoured us with a very curious epitaph on an African slave, which was inserted in our tenth number, we shall be happy to hear again.

SELECT POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

From the Hebrew of Moses.

In high Jehovah's praise, my strain
Of triumph shall the Chorus lead,
Who plung'd beneath the rolling main,
The horsemen with his vaunted steed.
Dread breaker of our servile chains!
By whom our arm in strength remains,
The scented alnum forms thy car:
Our father's God, thy name we raise
Beyond the bounds of mortal praise,
The chieftain and the Lord of war.

Far, in the caverns of the deep,
Their chariots sunk to rise no more,
And Pharaoh's mighty warriors sleep,
Where the Red-sea's huge monsters roar.
Plung'd like a rock amid the wave,
Around their heads the billows lave,
Down—down the yawning gulf they go:
Dash'd by the high expanded hand
To pieces, on the pointed sand,
That lines the shelving rocks below.

What lambent lightnings round thee gleam,
Thy foes in blackening heaps to strew!
As o'er wide fields of stubble stream
The flames, in undulations blue;
And lo, the waters of the deep
Swell in one enormous heap,
Collected at thy nostrils' breath:
The bosom of the abyss reveal'd,
Wall'd with huge chrystal waves, con-
geal'd,

Yawns hideous as the gate of death.
"Swift steeds of Egypt, speed your course,
"And swift, ye scythed chariots, roll;
"Not Ocean's bed impedes our force,
"Red vengeance soon shall glut our soul;
"Soon shall the sabre sharp embroe
"Its glimmering edge in gory dew."—
Impatient cried the exulting foe:
When, ponderous as a mass of lead,
They sink, and sudden o'er their head
The bursting waves impetuous flow.

But thou, in whose sublime abode
Resistless might and mercy dwell,
Our voices, high o'er every God,
To thee the lofty lay shall swell.
Outstretch'd, we saw thy red right hand,
The earth her solid jaws expand;
Down, down the gulf, alive, they sink;
While we, within the incumbent main,
Beheld the tumbling floods, in vain
Storm on our narrow pathway's brink.

But, far as Fame's shrill notes resound,
With dire dismay the nations hear:
Old Edom's sons, in war renown'd,
And Moab's warriors melt with fear;
The petrifying tale disarms
The might of Canaan's countless swarms;

Appall'd their heroes sink supine;
No mailed bands with thrilling cry
The banner'd Hebrew host defy,
That moves to conquer Palestine.

Nor burning sands our course invade,
Where nature's glowing embers lie;
But led by THEE, we safely tread
Beneath the furnace of the sky.
To fields, where fertile olives twine
Their branches with the clustering vine,
Soon shalt thou Jacob's armies bring,
To plant them, by thy mighty hand,
Where the proud towers of Salem stand;
While Jao reigns their warrior king.

Low in the deep's unfathomed caves,
The warrior's rest, of Mazur's land,
Save when the surge, that idly raves,
Heaves their cold corpses on the sand.
With courage unappall'd, in vain
They rush'd within the channel'd main;
Their heads the billows folded o'er;
While thou thy chosen host hast led
Through the green Ocean's coral bed,
To ancient Edom's palmy shore. H.

The memory of the wonderful event which this Hebrew Ode commemorates, according to Diodorus, was long preserved by tradition among the natives of the African shore of the Red Sea. The ancient Hebrew, or rather Arabic names of different mountains or passes on the African and Arabian shores of that sea are still retained, with little variation.

RUNIC ODE.

The Haunting of Havardur.

BY C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

Son of Angtrym, warrior bold,
Stay thy travel o'er the wold;
Stop, Havardur, stop thy steed;
Thy death, thy bloody death's decreed.
She, Coronzon's lovely maid,
Whom thy wizard wiles betray'd,
Glides along the darken'd coast,
A frantic, pale, enshrouded ghost.
Where the fisher dries his net,
Rebel waves her body beat;
Seduc'd by thee, she toss'd her form
To the wild fury of the storm.

Know, thou feeble child of dust,
Odin's brave, and Odin's just;
From the Golden Hall I come
To pronounce thy fatal doom;
Never shalt thou pass the scull
Of rich metheglin deep and full:
Late I left the giant throng,
Yelling loud thy funeral song;
Imprecating deep and dread
Curses on thy guilty head.

Soon with Lok, thy tortur'd soul,
Must in boiling billows roll;
Till the God's eternal light
Bursts athwart thy gloom of night;
Till Surtur gallops from afar,
To burn this breathing world of war.

Bold to brave the spear of death,
Heroes hurry o'er the heath:
Hasten to the smoking feast—
Welcome every helmed guest,
Listen hymns of sweet renown,
Battles by thy fathers won;
Frame thy face in wreathed smiles,
Mirth the moodiest mind beguiles.—
Yet I hover always nigh,
Bid thee think,—and bid thee sigh;
Yet I goad thy rankling breast;—
Never, never, shalt thou rest.

What avails thy bossy shield?
What the guard thy gauntlets yield?
What the morion on thy brow?
Or the hauberk's rings below?
If to live in anguish fear,
Danger always threatening near:
Lift on high thy biting mace,
See him glaring in thy face;
Turn—yet meet him, madd'ning, fly,
Curse thy coward soul, and die.

Not upon the field of fight
Hela seals thy lips in night;
A brother, of infernal brood,
Bathes him in thy heart's hot blood;
Twice two hundred vassals bend,
Hail him as their guardian friend;
Mock thee, writhing with the wound,
Bid thee bite the dusty ground;
Leave thee suffering, scorn'd, alone,
To die unpitied and unknown.

Be thy naked carcase strew'd,
To give the famish'd eagles food;
Sea-mews screaming on the shore,
Dip their beaks, and drink thy gore.
Be thy fiend-fir'd spirit borne,
Wreck'd upon the fiery tide,
An age of agony abide.

But soft, the morning-bell beats one,
The glow-worm fades; and, see, the sun
Flashes his torch behind yon hill.
At night, when wearied nature's still,
And horror stalks along the plain,
Remember—we must meet again.

THE GAMEKEEPER'S RETURN AT NIGHT.

BY S. E. BRYDGES, ESQ.
Thro' the long morning have I toil'd
O'er heath and lonely wood,
And cross the dark untrodden glen
The fearful game pursu'd:—

But deeper now the gathering clouds
Collect along the sky,
And faint and weary warm my steps
Their homeward course to hie.

And now the driving mist withdraws
Her grey and vapoury veil:
I mark again the sacred tower
I pass'd in yonder dale.
A little while, and I shall gain
Yon hill's laborious height;
And then perhaps my humble cot
Will cheer my grateful sight.

Ah now I see the smoke ascend
From forth the glimmering thatch:
Now my heart beats at every step,
And now I lift the latch;
Now starting from my blazing hearth
My little children bound,
And loud with shrill and clamorous joy
Their happy sire surround.

How sweet when Night first wraps the
world

Beneath her sable vest,
To sit beside the crackling fire,
With weary limbs at rest;
And think on all the labours past,
That Morn's bright hours employ'd,
While all, that toil and danger seem'd,
Is now at home enjoy'd.

The wild and fearful distant scene,
Lone covert, whistling storm,
Seem now in Memory's mellowing eye
To wear a softer form;
And while my wand'ring's I describe,
As froths the nut-brown ale,
My dame and little list'ning tribe
With wonder hear the tale.

Then soft enchanting slumbers calm,
My heavy eyelids close,
And on my humble bed I sink
To most profound repose;
Save, that by fits, the scenes of day
Come glancing on my sight,
And, touch'd by Fancy's magic wand,
Seem visions of delight.

A QUERY ANSWERED.

“Why, pray, of late do Europe's kings
No jester to their courts admit?
They're grown such stately solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.
But though each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their faces;
Yet all mankind, behind their backs,
Supply the honest jesters' places.”

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by JOHN WATTS, N. E. Corner of Second
in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

I N D E X

TO

VOL. II,

OF THE

PORT FOLIO.

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